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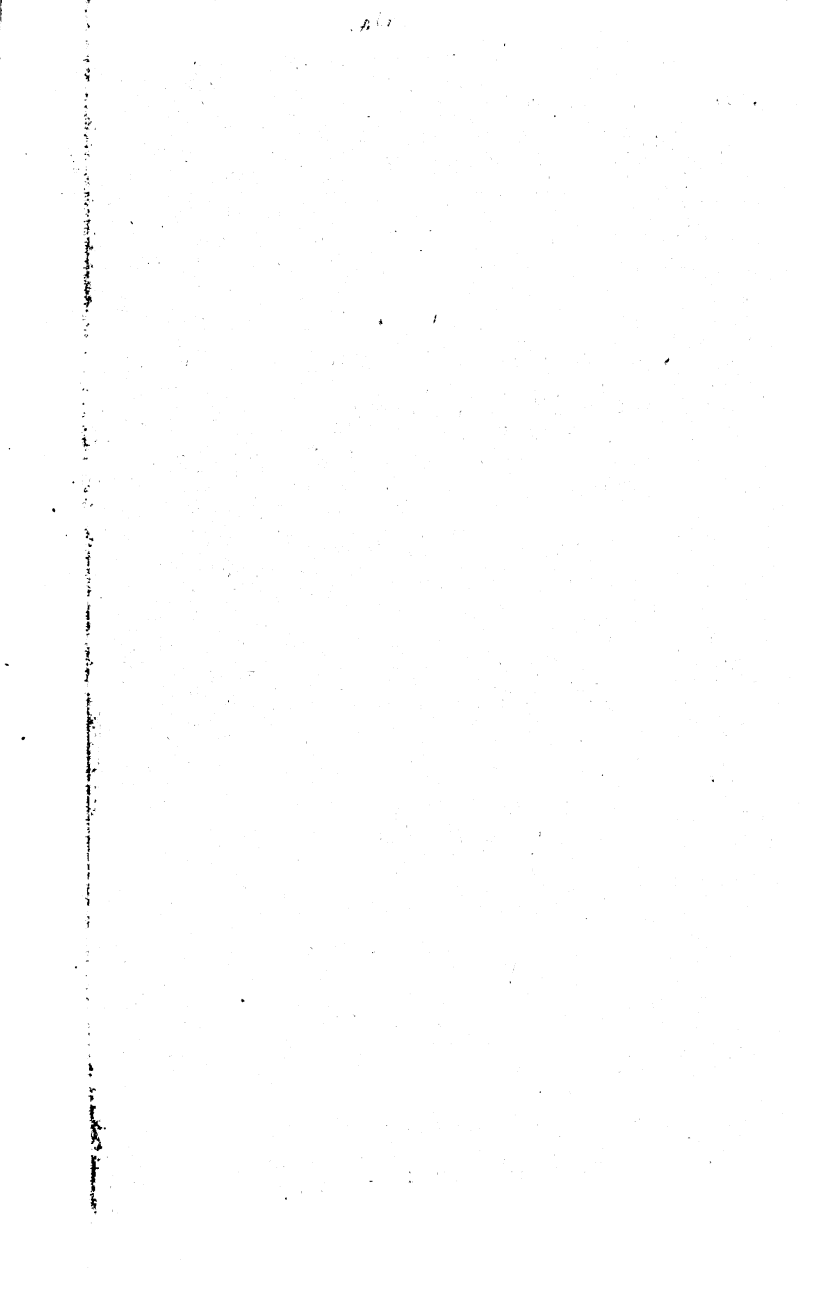


IN MEMORIAM
Frederick Slate
Professor of Physics



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Frederick A. B. W.
Professor of Physics

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TEMI CORRETTI

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GRAMMATICA INGLESE.

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TEMA 1.

Have you the bread?— Yes, sir, I have the bread. —
Have you my bread? — I have your bread. — Have you
the meat?—I have the meat. — Have you your meat?—
I have my meat.—Have you the salt?—I have the salt.
—Have you my salt?—I have your salt. — Have you the
sugar?—I have the sugar. — Have you your sugar?—
I have my sugar — Have you the water?—I have the
water.—Have you your water?—I have my water.— Which
paper have you?—I have my paper.—Which table have
you?—I have my table.—Have you your table?—I have
my table.— Have you the hat, sir?—Yes, sir, I have the
hat.—Have you the stick, sir?—Yes, sir, I have the stick.
—Have you my hat?—Yes, I have your hat.—Have you
the paper, sir?—Yes, I have the paper.—Have you your
glass?—I have my glass.—Have you your pen?— I have
my pen.—Have you my bottle?—I have your bottle.—
Have I your meat?—You have your meat.—Which salt
have you?—I have your salt.—Have you the pen?—Which
pen?—Your pen?—Yes, sir, I have my pen.—Have you
my table, sir?—I have your table.—Which ribbon have

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you?—I have my ribbon.—Have you my stick?—Yes, sir, I have your stick.—Which meat have I?—You have your meat.

TEMA 2.

Which sugar have you?—I have your sugar.—Which horse have you?—I have my horse.—Have you my meat?—I have your meat.—Which ribbon have you?—I have my ribbon.—Which water have I, madam?—You have your water.—Have you the old dog?—Yes, sir, I have it.—Have you the good bottle?—No, sir, I have it not.—Have I your fine table?—Yes, sir, you have it.—Which knife have you?—I have your large knife.—Have you my pretty fork?—No, sir, I have it not.—Have I your ugly meat?—You have it.—Have you my new glass?—I have it not.—Which bread have you?—I have my good bread.—Have you my old spoon?—I have it not.—Have I your large stick?—You have it.—Which book have you?—I have my fine book.—Have you my beautiful (fine) horse?—I have not your beautiful horse.—Which house have you?—I have my small house.—Have I your pretty ribbon?—You have not my pretty ribbon; you have my ugly dog.—Which salt have you?—I have your bad salt.

TEMA 3.

Have you the new stick?—I have the new stick.—Have you the bad book?—I have the bad book.—You have the new, good pen.—Have you not my large bottle?—I have not your large bottle.—You have your large bottle.—Which knife do you see?—I see my small, old knife.—Have you the bad paper, which I have?—I have not your bad paper; I have my good, fine paper.—Which hat have I?—You have not your hat, you have my new hat.—Which ribbon do you see?—I see your old ribbon.—Which fork have you?—You see, which fork I have.—Do you see my new house?—I see your new house; I do not see your large horse.—Do you see the book?—Which book?—My old, good book.—I do not see your

old, good book; I see my new, bad book.—Do you not see my large bottle?—Which glass do you see?—I see the fine, small glass, which you have.—Do I not see the fine, new bonnet (*perchè è cappello da donna*), which you have, madam?—You do not see my fine, new bonnet, sir; I see your ugly, old hat.—Which ribbon do you see?—I see my ribbon, I do not see your ribbon.—Which dog do I see?—You see my dog, you do not see your dog.—Which stick do you see?—I see your new, fine stick.—Have you my good paper?—I have not your good paper.—Do you see the good, new pen, which you have?—I do not see the good, new pen which I have; I see the large, ugly spoon, which you see.

TEMA 4

Which hat have you?—I have your fine paper hat.—Have you my straw hat?—I have it not.—Which stocking have you?—I have the worsted stocking.—Which shoe have you?—I have the leather shoe.—Have you the wooden gun?—I have it.—Which boot have you?—I have the pretty leather boot.—Which money do you see?—I see your good money.—Have I your fine silk bonnet, madam?—No, sir, you have it not.—Do you see my steel pen?—I do not see your steel pen.—Which gold watch have you?—I have your fine, small gold watch.—Have I your silver knife?—You have my small silver knife.—Do you not see my leather boot?—I do not see it.—Have you the earthen pot?—I have not the earthen pot.—Which table have you?—I have the new wooden table.—Have you not the old stone table?—I have not the old stone table; I do not see it.—I have the leather boot.—Have you my silk thread?—I have not your silk thread.—Which thread have you?—I have my woollen thread.—Do you not see my silver knife?—No, I do not see it.—Have I your steel fork?—Yes, you have it.—Which gold fork have you?—I have my gold fork.—Have you my small, leaden horse?—I have it not.—Which steel knife have I?—You have my steel knife.—

No, I have it not.— Which book have you?— I have your book.— Have you your button?— No, I have it not.— Do you see my fine steel pen?— No, I do not see it.— Do you not see my paper?— No, I do not see it.— Do you not see my glass bottle?— No, I do not see it.— Do you not see my large dog?— No, I do not see it.

TEMA 5.

What do you see, madam?— I see an ivory stick.— Do you see my ivory stick?— I do not see your ivory stick.— Have you a good wooden shoe?— I have an old leather shoe.— Do you see the fine garden?— I see the new, fine garden, and the old, ugly house.— Have you a large, fine dog and cat?— You have a small, ugly dog.— Have you a room and table?— I have a small room and large table.— Have you a good gold fork and large steel knife?— I have a new gold fork and an old, large steel knife.— What have you?— I have a gold watch and my silver knife.— What have I?— You have an earthen pot.— What do you see?— I see an old table.— Have I not an ugly arm?— No, you have a fine arm.— Have I not a large foot?— No, madam, you have a pretty, small foot.— What have you?— I have a small leg and an ugly foot.— Have I not an excellent house and a large garden?— You have an excellent garden and a small wooden house.— Have you a silk thread?— Yes, madam, I have a good silk, and old woollen thread.— Which stick and button have you?— I have my ivory stick, and a metal button.— Have you an old book?— I have an old book and your bad paper.— Do you see an ugly glass?— I see an ugly glass bottle.— What do you see?— I see a house, which you do not see.— What do I see?— You see an old chair, which I do not see.— Have you an old knife?— I have an old knife, and a new fork.— Have you the new horse?— I have it.— Do you see an ugly cat?— No, I do not see it.— Do you see the large, ugly horse, which I see?— I do not see the ugly, large horse, which you see; I see the fine, small dog, which you do not see.

TEMA 6.

Have you a good book?—No, I have none.—Have you a silver spoon?—I have none; but my son has a new, fine iron fork.—Have you not a silver watch? (ovvero: no silver watch?)—No, I have no silver watch; but I have a new cloth coat.—Which ribbon does your daughter see?—She sees the fine, new ribbon, which you have.—Does your old brother see the string, which I have?—He does not see the string, which you have; but he sees the good cheese, which I have.—What do you see?—I see a new, good book.—Has your brother a young horse?—He has no young horse; but an old cat.—Does your good uncle see my new leather shoe?—He does not see your new leather shoe; but your old steel pen.—Has he any good paper?—He has some.—Has he no bad salt?—He has no bad salt; but some ugly sugar.—Has your good mother anything?—She has nothing; but my handsome, young daughter has a new silk thread.—Which pen have you?—I have my good gold pen.—What have you?—I have nothing.—Have you your new cloth coat?—I have not my new cloth coat; but my old wooden gun.—Which candlestick has your young son?—He has my iron candlestick.—Has your handsome sister a new silk ribbon?—She has no silk ribbon; but an old gold button.—Have you any good coffee?—I have no good coffee; but some bad tea.—Does your young mother see anything?—She does not see anything (she sees nothing); but your old aunt sees some good soap.—Has your good brother any bad wine?—He has no bad wine; but my handsome daughter has an ugly, old thread string.—Has your mother any bad silk?—She has some.—Does the good woman see the young husband?—She does not see the young husband; but the bad man sees the handsome, young wife.

TEMA 7.

Does your son see the fine silver fork, which I see?—He does not see the fine silver fork, which you see; but the fine iron candlestick, which I have.—What has your

mother, madam?—My mother has a good daughter, sir.
—Has your father a new cloth coat?—He has no new cloth coat; but an old wooden boot.—Which pen has your uncle, sir?—He has your fine steel pen.—Has my brother any good wine?—He has no good wine, he has nothing.
—What has your handsome sister?—She has something; she has a fine silk string.—Has the woman a daughter?
—Yes, madam, she has a handsome daughter, and an ugly son.—Has my young son any bad wine?—He has no bad wine; but my good father has some ugly bread.—Do you see your good brother?—I do not see my good brother; but my bad sister sees your old husband, madam.
—Does your handsome sister see my new horse?—My handsome sister does not see your new horse; but your good uncle sees my old cat.—Does your wife see my daughter?—My wife does not see your daughter; but my good father sees your bad son.—Has not your uncle a fine dog? (Has your uncle no fine dog?)—My uncle has no fine dog; but your brother has an ugly cat.—Does not your wife see my new garden?—She sees your new garden; but she does not see my old earthen pot.—Have you a new wooden chair?—I have no new wooden chair; but a wooden leg.—Does your son see my ugly ox?—He does not see your ugly ox; but your fine horse.—Has the man a wooden arm?—He has no wooden arm; but my good brother has a wooden leg.—Have I a fine room?—You have an ugly room; but a fine garden.—Does your handsome aunt see my new gold watch?—She does not see your new gold watch; but my silver knife, and my thread stocking.—Have you a worsted stocking?—I have no worsted stocking; but a good iron pot.—Does your young son see anything?—He sees nothing; but my old brother sees something: he sees some good bread and excellent meat.—What have I?—You have nothing.

TEMA 8.

What does your good father see?—He sees, what my bad aunt sees.—What has your pretty daughter?—She has, what your old sister has not: she has a small foot and fine arm.—Do you see the new, useful book, which your excellent uncle has?—I do not see the new, useful book, which my excellent uncle has; but the old, ugly soap, which your young wife has.—Have you the new wooden chair, which your husband sees, madam?—I have not the new wooden chair, which my husband sees; but the bad, ugly iron pot, which your good son does not see.—Has your good sister anything pretty?—My good sister has nothing pretty; but something old.—What has she old?—She has your old, ugly glass bottle, und my new, fine straw hat.—Has she my worsted stocking?—She has not your worsted stocking; but my small thread stocking and your large silk ribbon.—What shoe has your young sister?—She has a fine leather shoe.—What candlestick has my old uncle?—He has an old silver candlestick.—Which spoon has my good husband?—He has your fine leaden spoon, madam.—What man do you see, sir?—I see the fine, tall man.—Is your sister my mother?—My sister is not your mother; but my uncle is your father.—Is this tall man my son?—This tall man is not your son; but that little man is your uncle.—What a little man my uncle is!—Is your pretty daughter hungry or thirsty?—She is not hungry, but thirsty.—Does your father see my good son, or my ugly daughter?—He does not see your ugly daughter; but your good son.—Is this your house?—No, sir, this is not my house.—What stick has your uncle?—He has a small ivory stick.—Which silk is this?—This is my good, new silk.—What chair is that?—That is an old, ugly wooden chair.—What excellent paper your father has!—Do you see that little woman?—I see no little woman; but a tall man.—What book have you?—I have a good, useful book.—Which garden does your good son see?—He sees the pretty, new garden; but he does not see the bad, old house.

TEMA 9.

Are you hungry?—I am not hungry, but thirsty.—What have you fine?—I have nothing fine; but my little brother has something fine: he has some good meat and excellent paper.—Has your father any money?—My father has no money; but a large, new house, small, fine garden and fine gold watch.—Do you see that large earthen pot?—I do not see that large earthen pot; but this silver button and that wooden boot.—What does your little sister see fine?—My little sister sees nothing fine; but your handsome aunt sees something good.—What does she see good?—She sees some good salt, and excellent cheese.—Is your little son thirsty?—My little son is not thirsty, but hungry.—Is that little man your husband, madam?—That little man is not my husband, I have no husband; but that tall man is my good father.—What a small watch this is!—Is that a new gold string?—This is no new gold string, madam, it is old; but that fine silk ribbon is new.—Do you see the silver button, which my little sister has?—I do not see the silver button, which your little sister has; but the new cloth coat, which my bad, old uncle has.—Have you any tea, madam?—I have no tea, sir; but some good coffee, excellent cheese and old wine.—Is that tall man my good father, madam?—That tall man is not your good father; but that little woman is your good mother.—Is my young brother hungry or thirsty?—Your young brother is not hungry, he is thirsty.—Do you see the new soap, which my handsome, young wife has?—I do not see the new soap, which your handsome, young wife has; but the fine iron thread, which my bad brother has.—What knife have you?—I have a good steel knife.—What stick has your little son?—My little son has no stick; but my tall brother has a fine ivory stick.—Which bottle have you?—I have the fine, new glass bottle.—Do you see this new, young horse, or that old, ugly ox?—I do not see that old, ugly ox; but this new, young horse.—Has your young sister a fine arm?—She has a fine arm, and foot.—Do you see a garden or

a house?—I see a garden.—What garden do you see?—
I see a fine garden.—Do you not see the new iron pot?
—I do not see the new iron pot; but the old worsted
stocking.—What have you?—I have a dog and an ox.

TEMA 10.

Whom does your little boy see?—He sees the merchant.
—What has the joiner?—He has a stone table.—Has your
shoemaker the new leather shoe, or the old wooden boot?
—He has neither the new leather shoe, nor the old wooden
boot; he has the good woollen cap.—Does my tailor see
a new pin or an old needle?—He does not see either a
new pin or an old needle; he sees a silver thimble and
a good pencil.—Does your uncle call my son?—My uncle
does not call your son; but my good father calls my little
boy.—Which man calls?—The good tall man calls.—
Has your son a purse and any money?—He has none.—
Is your daughter sleepy?—My daughter is neither sleepy,
nor hungry; she is cold.—Has your sister your pin or
mine?—She has neither mine, nor yours.—Which has
she?—She has the good new metal pin.—Whom does my
shoemaker see?—He sees your good boy.—Does he see
my little brother?—He does not see your little brother;
but mine.—Who is a good boy?—I am a good boy.—
Who calls me?—My father calls you.—Who calls my
mother?—My sister calls your mother.—Is the little man
right or wrong?—The little man is right; but the tall
woman is wrong.—Is my sister right or wrong?—Your
sister is neither right nor wrong; but your little boy is
wrong.—Does he call me?—No, he does not call you, but
your brother.—Is the joiner hungry or thirsty?—He is
neither hungry nor thirsty; he is afraid.—Is the little
wife warm or cold?—She is neither warm nor cold; she
is afraid.—Does my husband call my son?—Yes, madam,
he calls your son.—Who has a florin?—I have one.—
Who sees me?—I see you.—Who calls the tailor?—My
son calls the tailor.—Do you call the shoemaker?—I do
not call the shoemaker, but the watchmaker.—Does my

good friend call my young son?—No, sir, your good friend does not call your young son; but your merchant calls your tailor.—Has my old uncle a good woollen cap?—Your old uncle has no good woollen cap; but a good, new cloth coat.—Does your handsome sister see the new silver thimble?—My handsome sister does not see the new silver thimble; but the little steel knife and new metal pin.—Has your merchant any good chocolate?—My merchant has none; but yours has some good coffee and excellent sugar.—Which woman sees me?—The little woman, the good wife, sees you.

TEMA 11.

Have you my watch?—I have not your watch; I have your purse and money.—Are you warm?—I am neither warm nor cold; I am afraid.—Has your good boy anything pretty?—He has nothing pretty; but my handsome daughter has something fine.—What has she fine?—She has a fine gold pin, and new steel needle.—Who calls the tailor?—My good father calls the tailor.—Has your good friend a pencil?—My good friend has none; but a fine iron gun.—Do you see this fine silver button?—I do not see this fine silver button; but this fine purse and thread stocking.—Is your little boy warm or cold?—He is neither warm nor cold; he is afraid.—Whose friend sees me?—Your good friend does not see you; but mine sees you.—Am I right or wrong?—You are not right, but wrong.—Who does not call my young son?—Your bad merchant does not call your young son; but the good watchmaker calls my little boy.—Has my tailor a new cloth coat?—He has none; but mine has one.—Has the shoemaker any good cheese?—He has none; but some fine soap, good meat, excellent bread and old wine.—Do you see your ugly bonnet, madam?—I do not see my ugly bonnet, but my leather purse and money.—Do you call me?—I do not call you.—Is the joiner right or wrong?—He is not wrong, he is right.—Who calls your young friend?—My good father does not call my young

friend, but yours.—Has your good daughter a fine thimble?—She has a fine silver thimble, and steel pin.—Has your uncle a fine garden?—He has one.—Who does not see my silk bonnet?—I see it, madam; but my sister does not see it.—Do you not call the joiner?—No, my father calls the joiner.—Have you not a good husband?—Yes, I have a good husband, and he has a good wife.—Do you see the florin, which my son has?—I see it.—Whose horse has your son?—He has my horse.—Whose son is this little man?—He is my son.—Whose watch has the watchmaker?—He has your gold watch.—Have you a sister?—I have no sister and brother; but my husband has a sister and brother.—What is this man?—He is a joiner.—Whose joiner is he?—He is my joiner.—Does your uncle call me?—No, he does not call you, but your brother and sister.—Whom do you call?—I call you.—Whom does your aunt call?—She calls your son.—Whom do you see?—I see the old tailor.—Who sees any good salt?—My young son sees some.—Is he cold or warm?—He is neither cold nor warm.—Has the shoemaker any good leather?—He has not any; but some iron, steel and good wood.

TEMA 12.

Which fork have you?—I have the mother's.—Have you my bread, or the baker's?—I have neither your bread, nor the baker's.—What have you?—I have the fine pen-knife of your merchant's brother.—Have you my brother's paper?—I have it not, sir.—Who has it?—The little man's sister has it.—Has your son my friend's gold watch?—He has neither your friend's gold watch nor your servant's steel thimble.—Have you my iron needle, or the steel one?—I have neither your iron needle nor the steel one.—Have you your stick, or your friend's?—I have neither mine nor my friend's.—What stick have you?—I have a fine iron stick.—Have you my needle, or my sister's?—I have neither yours nor your sister's; I have your mother's.—Have you your string or mine?—I have neither

yours nor mine.—What string have you?—I have a fine silk string.—Are you hungry or thirsty?—I am neither hungry nor thirsty.—Have you my salt, or that of my friend's brother?—I have neither yours nor that of your friend's brother; I have mine.—Are you sleepy?—I am sleepy.—Are you warm?—I am not warm.—Are you cold?—I am cold.—Are you afraid?—I am not afraid; but hungry.—Have you the shoe of the merchant's friend or yours?—I have that of the merchant's friend.—Have you my pencil?—I have not yours; I have your boy's.—Has your son my father's horse?—No, he has your uncle's horse.—Does your daughter see the fine colour of my new ribbon?—She sees it.—Does your brother's servant call me?—He calls you.—Does the brother of my father's friend see me?—He sees you.—Whom does my uncle's friend call?—He calls your cousin's servant.—Whose book have you?—I have your sister's book.—Has the friend of your mother's aunt a good cook?—She has a good cook.—Is your father's friend a good man?—He is a bad man.—Have you a German servant, or a French one?—I have neither a French nor a German one; I have a Dutch one.—Do you see this gold key, or that iron one?—I see neither this gold nor that iron one; but that of my brother's good friend.—Do you call my uncle's Spanish cook?—I do not call your uncle's Spanish cook; but my old cousin's Italian servant.—Have you the new woollen cap of my father's servant?—I have not the new woollen cap of your father's servant; but the old cloth coat of your cousin's German cook.

TEMA 13.

Have you an Italian book or a Dutch one?—I have neither an Italian book nor a Dutch one.—Whose chair is this?—It is my little brother's chair.—Has your friend an old dog?—He has one.—Which knife have you?—I have my brother's steel one.—What ribbon has your daughter's friend?—She has a silver one.—What man does the baker call?—He calls a tall one.—Which man

calls me?—The little one calls you.—Is the little man right or the tall one?—The little one is right; but the tall one is wrong.—Is my sister right or wrong?—Your sister is neither right nor wrong; but your little brother is wrong.—Does he call me?—No, he does not call you, he calls your brother.—Have you my purse?—I have not your purse; I have your watch.—Which key have you?—I have the gold key of my aunt's merchant.—Have you my woollen cap or my sister's?—I have neither yours, nor your sister's; I have my mother's.—Have you the pocket-book of my friend's father?—I have it not.—Which boot have you?—I have that of your shoemaker's boy.—Have you anything good?—I have nothing good.—What garden have you?—I have no garden; but I see the fine garden of my merchant's sister.—Have you the merchant's thimble or the tailor's?—I have neither the merchant's nor the tailor's; I have the silver one of my friend's father.—Have you my spoon or my fork?—I have neither your fork, nor your spoon; I have your gun.—Have you my gold string?—I have not your gold string; I have the steel needle of your father's tailor.—Are you sleepy or afraid?—I am neither sleepy nor afraid; I am hungry.—Have you a silver candlestick or a leaden one?—I have neither a silver candlestick nor a leaden one; I have a wooden one.—Do you see my neighbour's iron key or my baker's gold one?—I see neither your neighbour's iron one, nor your baker's gold one; I see my joiner's silver one.—Does your father's good friend see the fine colour of this new gold button?—He does not see it; but the ugly colour of that bad sugar.—Have you a new iron pot or an old earthen one?—I have neither a new iron pot nor an old earthen one; I have a fine iron knife and a new silver spoon.—Has your young daughter a fine arm?—My young daughter has not a fine arm; but my wife's good sister has a fine arm and small, pretty foot.

TEMA 14.

Have I the tailor's button or my merchant's?—You have neither the tailor's nor my merchant's.—Have I my neighbour's fine or ugly dog?—You have the fine one.—Has your friend my mother's fine or ugly silver fork?—He has the fine one.—What do you give me?—I give you a florin.—Do you give anything to my merchant's son? (Do you give my merchant's son anything?)—I give him nothing.—What does your uncle give to his son?—He gives him a silver watch.—What does your aunt give to her daughter?—She gives her an Italian book.—What does your friend give to his servant?—He gives him a new coat.—Does anybody give me a gold watch?—Somebody gives you one.—Who gives it me?—Your father gives it you.—Does every father give his son a good book?—Every good father gives his good son a good book.—Do you call the servant?—I do not call him.—Who calls him?—Your father calls him.—Who sees the poor man?—Your brother sees him.—Is anybody sleepy?—Nobody is sleepy; but somebody is afraid.—Who is afraid?—My tailor's boy is afraid.—Is everybody right?—No, sir, somebody is right, but somebody is not right; somebody is wrong.—Does your mother call her servant?—She calls her.—Does your sister call her?—My sister does not call her.—Has your aunt my silk ribbon or hers?—She has neither your silk ribbon, nor hers; but she has the woollen one of my good friend's sister.—Does your cousin give her sister a book?—She gives her one.—Does she give her a Dutch book?—No, she gives her an Italian one.—Do you give her the English book?—No, I do not give it her.—Does everybody see my brother's young horse?—Somebody, but not everybody sees it.—Does your good father give me anything?—My good father does not give you anything (gives you nothing); but my brother gives you something; he gives you an old, ugly cat.

TEMA 15.

Do you call your mother?—I call her.—Does your brother see you?—He does not see me.—Who sees you?—Somebody sees me: my good friend sees me.—Does everybody give you anything?—Everybody gives me something.—Does everybody see the book, which I give you?—Everybody does not see it.—Does anybody see it?—Somebody sees it.—Who sees it?—Your father sees it.—Does anybody call me?—Somebody calls you.—Do you call anybody?—I do not call anybody, your father calls some one.—Do you give anybody a fine purse?—I give somebody one.—Does not somebody call my servant?—Nobody calls him.—Who calls me?—Nobody calls you.—Do you call nobody?—No, I call nobody.—Does nobody give this poor man anything?—Your friend gives him something.—What does he give him?—He gives him a gun.—Do you see the gun, which he gives him?—Yes, I see it.—Do you see my wife's poor brother?—I do not see him; but my wife sees him.—Do you give my son or my daughter a book?—I give your son a Spanish book; but to your daughter I give nothing.—Everybody gives her something, do you give her nothing?—I give her nothing.—Who gives me a silk thread?—I give you one.—Am I right?—No, madam, you are wrong.—Is my merchant's aunt not wrong?—No, she is right.—Has your father a good tailor?—Yes, he has one.—Have you everything?—I have not everything.—Has that man a friend?—Yes, he has one.—Does your aunt see my daughter or hers?—She sees neither your daughter nor hers; she sees my merchant's son.—Does she give him any money?—She does not give him any money (She gives him no money), but some good meat and excellent old wine.—Does that rich man call his son?—He does not call his, but that of his neighbour's friend.—Does he see him?—He does not see him; but my father sees him.—Does your uncle give anybody anything?—He gives a good book to each of his sons (He gives each of his sons a good book).—Have you my merchant's tea, or the shoemaker's?—

I have neither your merchant's, nor the shoemaker's; I have my brother's.—Have you the fine key or the ugly one?—I have the fine one.—Which pen have you?—I have my good aunt's pretty gold pen.

TEMA 16.

Do you see the man, whom I call?—I do not see him.—Has this old man much honey?—He has not much; he has very little.—Has the Italian any butter?—The Italian has no butter, but much biscuit.—What has the Spaniard?—The Spaniard has some leather and cotton; but he has no ink.—Has the Dutchman any paper?—The Dutchman has some paper; he has some butter and wine; but he has no beef.—Has he no soup?—No, he has none.—Who is the Englishman's enemy?—The German is his enemy, and the Spaniard too.—Have you any mutton?—I have not much.—Is your good father rich?—He is not rich, he is poor.—Is your brother very tall?—He is very tall.—Who has much beer?—Everybody has much (a great deal).—Does anybody call me?—Nobody calls you; but somebody calls your brother.—Is this soup very good?—It is not bad.—I have neither your umbrella nor the Englishman's.—Have you my beef?—I have it not.—Which beef have you?—I have my sister's.—Have you my corkscrew or the carpenter's?—I have neither yours, nor the carpenter's.—Which have you?—I have that of my father's merchant.—Have you my iron nail, or that of my uncle's joiner?—I have neither your iron nail, nor that of your uncle's joiner; I have your shoemaker's iron hammer.—Have I your cotton or the rich merchant's?—You have neither my cotton nor the rich merchant's; but the good young man's.—Is this the good young lady's silk gown?—This is not the good young lady's silk gown; it is my bad aunt's new woollen gown.—Do you see the fine chicken?—I do not see the fine chicken, but the old cat.—Is this the carpenter's trunk?—This is not the carpenter's trunk, but the joiner's.—Have you a candle?—I have one.—Has your enemy a new cotton bag?—He

has no new cotton one, but an old thread one.—Have you your spoon or the tailor's?—I have neither my spoon nor the tailor's; I have my good neighbour's leaden one.—Have I the Frenchman's biscuit or the Englishman's?—You have neither the Frenchman's nor the Englishman's.—Have I anything fine or ugly?—You have nothing fine; you have something ugly.—What have I ugly?—You have the old woollen umbrella of the Dutchman's servant.—Do you call me?—I do not call you, but the boy of the shoemaker, to whose friend you give a cork.—To whom do you give a hammer?—I give one to the young man, to whom you give a florin.

TEMA 17.

Have I my beef or the cook's?—You have the cook's.—Have I your mutton or that of the Italian's servant?—You have neither mine nor that of the Italian's servant; you have my friend's.—Which butter have you?—I have your neighbour's.—Have I the tailor's button or the shoemaker's?—You have the shoemaker's.—Is this man your friend?—No, he is not my friend.—Is he your enemy?—He is neither my friend nor my enemy.—Whose friend is he?—He is my uncle's friend.—Which uncle's?—He is the friend of my uncle, whose horse I have.—Has the Frenchman much butter?—He has not a great deal.—Does the Englishman give the poor Spaniard any soup?—He gives him some.—Does he give the German anything?—He gives him nothing.—To whom does he give anything?—He gives nobody anything.—What does the rich Italian give to your son?—He gives him an excellent Italian book.—Does the Dutchman, too, give him one?—Yes, he gives him a Dutch one.—Has the Frenchman a silk umbrella?—He has a very good one.—Which Italian does the Englishman call?—He calls the Italian, whose son has your book.—Does the Dutchman see the little man, whose ivory stick your son has?—No, madam; he sees the tall woman, to whose friend you give a gold needle.—Has your sister my pencil?—No, she has it not.—Who has it?—Nobody

has it; have you not it?—I have no pencil.—Has your neighbour's friend much honey?—He has a good deal.—Has the Italian any too?—No, he has none.—Has your brother much biscuit and soup?—He has much biscuit, but very little soup.—Am I right or wrong?—You are neither right nor wrong; you are afraid.—You are not sleepy.—You are neither warm nor cold; you are hungry.—Have I your beef?—You have it not.—Have you my cloth bonnet or my silk one?—I have neither your cloth bonnet nor your silk one, madam; I have your husband's straw hat.—Which house have I?—You have my good mother's.—Have you the young lady's trunk?—I have not hers, I have her mother's.—Have I your candle or the baker's?—You have neither mine nor his; you have yours.—Has the woman the man's bag?—She has it not.—What has she?—She has my sister's chicken?—Who has the young man's pen?—His sister has it.—Has his sister his ink?—She has not his; she has hers.—Is your friend hungry?—No, sir; he is not hungry, but thirsty.—Is the young lady cold?—She is not cold.

TEMA 18.

Have I your candle or the captain's?—You have neither mine nor the captain's, but the peasant's.—Have you much rice?—I have little, but enough.—Who has the young man's pen?—His sister has it.—Is your friend hungry?—He is neither hungry nor thirsty, but ashamed.—Who has the cook's rice?—His daughter has it.—Has she his chicken?—She has it not.—Has the young lady my broom?—She has it.—Who has my bird?—The rich Englishman's servant has it.—Has the captain's son my fine ship?—He has her not.—Who has my wife's broom?—Nobody has her broom, but somebody has her brush.—Have I the handsome young lady's nut?—You have it not.—Have I her brother's?—You have it.—Has anybody my beer?—Nobody has your beer.—Has the sailor his mattress?—He has not his mattress, but his fine looking-glass.—Does your son see the tall tree?—He does

not see the tall tree, but a fine pistol, and his sister's new silk glove.—Does the merchant praise my corn?—He does not praise your corn, but your rice.—Does your captain give me a note?—My captain does not give you a note; but his sailor gives you something.—What does he give me?—He gives you his fine boat and a new snuff-box.—Has your sister a fine head?—She has a beautiful head, fine arm and small foot.—Which mattress does the peasant give me?—He gives you his old woollen mattress.—Does the Dutchman or the German praise me?—Neither the Dutchman nor the German praises you.—Why does the Dutchman not praise me?—Because he is your enemy, and the German does not praise you, because he is not your friend.—Do you give your son any bread and wine?—I give him some bread, but I give him no wine.—Do you call the sailor, who has your silk umbrella?—I do not call him, but another sailor.—Which other sailor do you call?—I call your good captain's sailor.—Whose box is this?—It is the sailor and peasant's box.—Whose garden is this?—It is my good father and mother's garden.—Do you see the young wife, my friend's glove?—I see it.—Have you my friend, the Italian's nut?—I have it not.—Has your father corn enough?—He has enough.

TEMA 19.

Do you give my husband's brother a potato?—No, madam, I give him none.—Why do you not give him one?—Because I have none.—Why do you give me this bad paper?—Because I have no other.—Has your friend any other?—Yes, madam, he has some other.—Have you another French book?—I have another.—Have you corn enough?—I have enough.—Who has rice enough?—The peasant has enough.—Is this glove very fine?—It is fine enough.—Who has my snuff-box?—That man has it.—Is this not my pen-knife?—No, this is mine and that is yours.—Who is this young lady?—She is my friend, the rich Italian's sister.—Has she not a fine foot?—She has not a fine foot, but a small mouth and fine arm.—Whose

house is this?—It is my mother and her sister's house.—Whose garden is this?—It is my aunt and her husband's garden.—Why does this man give the cook an umbrella?—This man gives her one, because she has none.—Is the sailor right?—The sailor is neither right nor wrong, but ashamed.—Does this old man give anybody anything?—He gives nobody anything; he is a very rich, but also bad man.—Have you this note or that?—I have this.—Have you your mutton or the peasant's?—I have neither mine nor the peasant's; I have the sailor's.—Does the stranger see the captain's fine ship?—He does not see her, but the sailor sees his new iron boat.—Does the young lady give me her gown?—She does not give it you, but she gives you a good chicken and a candle.—Is your enemy afraid or ashamed?—He is neither afraid nor ashamed; he is sleepy.—Do you see the fine colour of that young lady's glove?—I do not see its colour.—Has the merchant a large granary?—He has not a large granary, but a great deal of good corn.—Why does he not give you any?—Because he is my enemy.—Does the cook give the poor peasant a potato?—She gives him one.—Has this handsome lady much bread?—She has not much bread, but much beef and biscuit enough.—Is this tree tall?—It is tall enough.—Does my English friend's servant give me a brush?—He gives you one, and the Dutchman's cook gives you a bag too.

TEMA 20.

Have you my books?—Yes, sir, I have your books.—Have I your bottles?—No, sir, you have not my bottles.—Have I your fine pens?—You have not my fine pens.—Which pocket-books have I?—You have your friend's fine pocket-books.—Has the sailor our dice?—He has not your dice, but your calves.—Do you see this little mouse?—I do not see it, but this large wolf.—Who has the tailor's good needles?—Nobody has his needles, but somebody has his fine leather shoes.—Has the Englishman's boy my good looking-glasses?—He has not your good

looking-glasses, but your geese.—Who has our fine gold watches?—Nobody has our fine gold watches, but somebody has our new silver snuff-boxes, and steel knives with the ivory handles.—Has your neighbour the trees of your garden?—He has not the trees of my garden, but his deer and sheep.—Do you see the young thieves?—I do not see the young thieves, but some other people.—Have you the leaves of your tall tree?—I have not its leaves, but the potatoes of that young lady's good cook.—What does your sister see?—She sees her fine nuts.—Do you praise your asses?—I do not praise my asses, but my oxen.—Has your French book large leaves?—It has large ones.—Do you see those people?—I do not see those people.—Whose ribbons does my good cousin see?—My good cousin sees those of her sister's good friends.—Does the Englishman give the poor boys anything?—He gives each a penny.—Does the Dutchman give the poor children anything?—He gives each a florin.—Has your young sister fine eyes?—She has beautiful eyes and teeth.—Has she fine feet too?—She has fine small feet.—Do you call your neighbours?—I call my neighbours.—Do you give me anything?—I give you some good brushes and new snuff-boxes.—Has your neighbour's enemy any calves?—He has no calves, but some large oxen and small asses.—Do you give these poor people (men) any potatoes?—I give these men no potatoes, because these men are rich and not poor.

TEMA 21.

Which houses has your mother?—She has the fine houses of her friend's children.—Which gardens has the Englishman?—He has no garden, but he sees those of his enemy's brothers.—Does he see any other garden?—He sees no other garden.—What does your young son give me?—He gives you his fine knives with the wooden handles.—Do you see my neighbour's good boys?—I do not see your neighbour's good boys, but our merchant's handsome girls.—Do you give our captain's old sailors anything?—I give our captain's old sailors nothing, but

to the poor peasants I give some woollen mattresses and some chickens.—Why do you not give the good young ladies any gloves?—Because I have not enough.—Does the thief see the fine colours of your daughter's silk gowns?—He does not see the fine colours of my daughter's silk gowns, but my neighbour's money and our fine silver candlesticks.—Does the captain give me these notes or those?—He gives you neither these notes nor those, but ours.—Has the peasant any asses?—He has some; he also has some oxen, swine, deer, cats, dogs, geese and sheep.—Has he not any calves too?—He has no calves, but some fine young horses.—Has he any horse-shoes also?—He has some too.—Do you give my aunt's good boys any leaves of these books or of those?—I give your aunt's good boys neither any leaves of these books nor of those, but I give the sailor's handsome daughters some new, ivory dice.—Do you give my enemy's joiners any pence?—No, sir; but I give my merchant's shoemakers some thread stockings and our captain's sailors some cloth coats.—Does our enemy's brother call these thieves or those?—He calls neither these thieves nor those; but our neighbour's young, handsome wife calls the good boys of my sister's cook.—Has your daughter fine teeth?—My daughter has ugly teeth, but fine eyes; and my sister has fine arms, but large, ugly feet.—Have you no other brushes?—I have no others; but the rich Englishman's servant has some.—Why is our merchant's son ashamed?—He is ashamed, because he has no money.—He is not right, because I, too, have none.—Do you see the new, fine, gold snuff-boxes, which your father gives to the poor peasants and to the bad thieves?—I do not see the snuff-boxes, but the iron hammers and nails, and woollen mattresses, which he gives to our captain's good sailors.

TEMA 22.

Which gloves have your uncle's rich merchants?—They have not theirs, but those of your friends' handsome

daughters.—Have the peasants the hay of the horses?—They have not their hay, but their horse-shoes.—Has your hatmaker my brother's fine cloth hats?—He has not their fine cloth hats, but the young ladies' silk umbrellas.—Which gardens have the Englishmen?—They have their boys' fine gardens.—What have the merchants?—They have our fine trunks.—Have the thieves one pencil or two?—They have only one.—Have your friends one neighbour or two?—They have two very good neighbours.—Do your enemies' brothers see one dog or two?—They see three ugly dogs.—Have the Frenchmen four rooms or five?—They have six rooms: one bedroom and five others.—Has your room two doors or three?—It has only one.—How many locks has the door of your bedroom?—It has only one.—Do you give your merchants' sons nine florins?—I give their sons nine florins, and to their daughters I give only four.—Why do you give them only four florins?—Because they are bad.—Do your friends praise the Englishman's beds?—They praise them.—Do your brothers' servants call the Spaniards?—They do not call them.—Have the Italians much money?—They have not much, but enough.—How many snuff-boxes have your joiners' uncles?—They have five.—Have they no others?—They have no others.—Have the Dutchmen much silk?—They have no silk.—How much money do you give to my sister?—To your sister I give four pence.—Have your hatmakers' cousins many steel pens?—They have not many, they have only eight.—How many leaves have your French books?—My books have as many as those of your brothers' neighbours.—Do you see those men with their wives?—I see many men and women, but I see no men with their wives.—Has your enemy's wife a child?—She has two.—Does your good brother give my neighbour as many pence as I give him?—He does not give him so many; he gives him only seven.—Have you as much bread as corn?—I have as much of this as of that.—Why have the shoemakers' boys not so many brooms as mine?—Because the shoemakers do not give them so many as you give yours.

TEMA 28.

Is your friend's aunt a good woman?—She is a very good woman, and her husband is a very good man too.—Do you see the rich Dutchmen?—I do not see them, but the poor peasants and good, old sailors.—How many pence of English money has a florin?—A florin has only twenty four.—Has a horse as many feet, as a goose?—No, sir, because a horse has four, and a goose only two.—How many feet have seven deer and eight sheep?—As many feet as ten sheep and five deer.—I see three women, of whom one has one child, and each of the other two has three; how many children have the three women?—Seven children.—Do you give your cook any salt, madam?—I give each of my cooks much salt and little wine.—Whose house is as large as our uncle's?—My uncle's house is as large as that of yours.—Have the peasants our horses or their asses?—They have neither your horses, nor their asses, but their geese and sheep.—Has the carpenter his wooden tables?—He has not his wooden tables, but his stone ones and his iron trunks.—Which wolves have the foreigners?—They have our peasants' wolves.—Has our neighbours' friend our fine silver forks with the ivory handles?—He has them not, but our fine steel pen-knives, and many silver spoons.—What brooms have the Germans?—They have no brooms, but some fine ivory dice and many potatoes.—Have the hatmakers cloth enough?—They have not cloth enough, but a good deal of silk and little leather.—Are our captains' sailors sleepy?—They are not sleepy, but afraid.—Why are they afraid?—Because they are bad.—Do you see the calves of our neighbours' servants?—I do not see their calves, but their oxen, swine and deer.—Have the joiners our wood or theirs?—They have neither your wood nor theirs, but their merchants' iron.—How many oxen has our uncle's young son?—He has only one.—Have our tailors' boys as many watches as ours?—They have not so many, but many watchkeys, and some fine new pocket-books.—Have they as much coffee as sugar?—They

have not so much of that as of this.—How many candlesticks does the bad thieves' enemy give to the watchmaker's wife?—He gives her four silver ones and two leaden ones.

TEMA 24.

Have you these flowers or those?—I have neither these nor those.—Does your father sell my horse or his?—He sells neither his nor yours, but the Scotch painter's fine picture.—What does our good friends' merchant sell?—He sells paper, leather, wood and apples.—Does he sell ivory too?—He sells excellent ivory and good strawberries.—Who sells me a good wooden chair?—The joiner sells you one.—Is this potato large enough?—It is large enough.—Is this my picture?—No, madam; this is mine; yours is there.—Who is that woman?—She is my brother's cook.—Why does my brother's cousin sell my enemies' neighbour an umbrella?—Because he has none.—Why does he give her any money?—He gives her some money, because she sells him an umbrella.—Are we right or wrong?—We are neither right nor wrong, we are ashamed.—When does your father come?—He comes to-morrow.—Does your uncle come to-day?—No, he comes to-morrow.—Does the Englishman's sister come?—She does not come.—Do you expect me to-night?—I expect you this morning and to-night.—What ships have the Germans?—The Germans have no ships.—Have you any good old wine?—I have some.—What leather has the shoemaker?—He has some excellent.—Does your father come to-night?—He does not come to-night, he comes every morning.—Do you see the Irishmen?—I see them every day.—Does the Frenchman praise the Spaniard?—He does not praise him.—Does your father call you every morning?—He calls me every morning.—Do you see my two brothers' fine combs?—I see them; how many have they?—They have not many; one has two, and the other four.—Where are my father's jewels?—They are here.—Has my relation many flowers?—He has not many, but we have many pictures, apples,

straw-berries, letters and combs.—What are you, sir?—I am a painter.—Is your brother also a painter?—No, madam, he is a hatmaker.—How many boys have you, sir?—I have five.—Which of these boys gives me any hay, the tall or the little one?—The little one gives you some.—How many leaves are in our Italian book?—In your Italian book are as many leaves as in mine.—Is your brother in my garden?—He is not in your garden, but in my house.—Have you too many straw-berries?—I have not too many.

TEMA 25.

Does your brother come?—He does not come yet, I expect him to-night.—Does he come with his good friend?—No, sir, he does not come with his good friend.—Have you many mice in your house?—We have many in our house.—Has the poor man a sheep?—The man is not poor, he has ten sheep and two oxen.—Has he also as many deer, as your servant's father?—He has not so many, but he has twelve sheep and nine oxen.—Do you see the women in that garden?—I see them.—How many women do you see?—I see eleven.—What tooth is this?—It is the tooth of a deer.—How many teeth has your little child, madam?—It has four teeth.—Has your little boy as many teeth as mine?—It has not so many; it has only two.—Do you see those poor people?—I do not see them, but my father calls them.—Have the Spanish sheep as good wool as the Italian ones?—The wool of the Italian ones is not so good as that of the Spanish ones.—Have the five Germans as many horses as the four Englishmen?—The five Germans have not so many as the four Englishmen.—Do the merchants sell apples?—The merchants sell no apples, but good straw-berries and excellent honey.—Who has the rich peasants' fine chickens?—Your cooks have them.—Has anybody your fine pictures?—Nobody has them; but my rich brothers have some fine jewels and flowers.—How many friends have you?—I have two good friends.—Have you too much bread?—

I have not too much, but enough.—Have our neighbours' hatmakers as many umbrellas, as our cousins' enemies?—They have not so many, they have only one each.—Does this man sell good combs?—He does not sell good ones, he sells only very bad ones.—How many beds have you in your bed-rooms?—We have two in each of our three bed-rooms.—Has the Frenchman eleven or twelve servants?—He has neither eleven nor twelve.—Have your servants any brushes?—They have many.—Do these fathers praise their sons?—They do not praise them, because they are bad.—Where does the Frenchman sell his horses?—He sells them in his garden.—Are these girls' fathers rich?—No, they are very poor.—Do the Scotch painter's servants call us?—They do not call you.—How many young ladies do you expect this evening?—I expect nine or ten.

TEMA 26.

Which are the negroes of that ship, these or those?—Neither these nor those are the negroes of that ship.—Does your little friend, the Frenchman, often come to you in the evening?—He never comes to me, neither in the evening nor in the morning.—To whom does he come?—He comes to my father every day.—Does the French lady praise your daughters and sisters?—She never praises either these or those.—What forks do you give to my little boys?—I give them steel ones.—Where are our neighbours' sons?—Here they are.—Where are my good sons' apples?—There they are.—Where is the fine picture of our enemy's cousin?—Here it is.—Do you see it too?—I do not see it.—Does your father give you meat enough?—He gives me too much.—Where is your silk, madam?—My silk is in my box, where is yours?—There it is.—Does the servant praise my silk umbrella?—She does not praise it, because it is not good.—Does this old man give anybody anything?—He gives nobody anything, for he is a very bad man.—Does the Englishman's sister often come to yours?—She often comes to her.—When

does she come to her?—She comes to her in the evening.—Does my uncle often come to your father?—Yes, he comes to him almost every day.—When does the hatmaker come to my rich uncle's?—He comes either this morning or to-night.—When do you expect your rich relation?—I expect him to-day.—Does your little brother work already?—He works already, he works almost every morning.—Have you salt enough?—I have not yet enough.—Has our cook's daughter soup enough?—She has enough, for she has very much.—Is my good mother ever wrong?—She almost never is wrong.—Does this man often give his wife anything?—He very often gives her something.—What does he give her?—He gives her either a new, useful book or a fine silk ribbon.—Does the woman also often give her husband anything?—She never gives him anything.—Have you no other wine?—I have some other French.—Have you more chairs in your room, than I have in mine?—I have more in mine than you have in yours; for I have twelve, and you have only eleven.—How many horses has your uncle more than the Englishman?—He has three more than the Englishman; for he has nine, and the Englishman has only six.—Does your father praise me more than my brother?—He praises more your brother than you.—Has your friend any horses?—He has several.—Has he more than mine?—How many has yours?—Five.

TEMA 27.

Which of these handsome girls works more, the tall one or the little one?—The tall one works more than the little one.—Do my sisters work more than yours?—They work more than mine, but they do not work so much as my cousins.—Does your cousin work much?—Yes, madam, she works every day, either in the morning or in the evening.—Has the Spaniard more money than the Italian?—He has more jewels, but he has not so much money as the Italian.—Are these ladies my enemies?—They are neither your enemies nor your friends.—Are

your sisters right or wrong?—They are neither right nor wrong, they are afraid.—Are the merchants as rich as the peasants?—They are as rich as the peasants; but they have not so much money and so many jewels as the Dutchmen.—Does your aunt praise me as often as your uncle?—My aunt does not praise you so often as my uncle.—Does your mother expect as many ladies as young ladies, and as many boys as girls to-night?—She expects as many ladies as young ladies, but she does not expect so many boys as girls.—In which houses are more mice, in the negroes' or in the neighbours'?—In the negroes are as many as in the neighbours'.—In which gardens are more trees, in mine or in yours?—In my gardens are as many trees as in yours.—Does your mother expect many people to-day?—She does not expect many people, but my sister expects many.—How many persons does she expect?—She expects eleven or twelve.—Do these good persons give much to those poor people?—They give much to those poor people.—Do you give these people anything?—I give them as much as I have.—What do those people give the children in your garden?—They give to each of the boys eight new ivory dice and to each of the girls they give five.—Are these books Spanish ones?—No, madam, they are Italian ones.—What a beautiful lady this is! Do you see her?—I do not see her.—Are our neighbours' sisters here?—There they are.—Are the pencils, (which) this man sells you, good?—They are good and bad, many are very good.—What does this man sell?—He sells now almost nothing.—Who calls me?—The Frenchman calls you.—He very often calls me.—Have you your new hat already?—I have it not yet.—When do you expect it?—To-morrow.

TEMA 28.

Do you know, whose horses my brothers have?—I do not know.—Do your sisters know, when your aunt expects our uncle?—Our sisters do not know, but our cousins know.—Do you know my dog?—I know it.—Does your

son know mine?—He does not know him.—Do our neighbours know my cousin?—They know her.—Do your brothers know the American painters?—I do not know, whether they know them.—Do you know more Spaniards than Italians?—I do not know, if I know more of these than of those.—Do these gentlemen know these ladies or those?—I do not know, if they know these or those; but I know that I know neither these nor those.—If my sister's niece is good, I give her something.—What do you give her?—I give her a fine silk ribbon and some good pears.—Does the merchant give the countryman any pepper and vinegar?—If he has any money, he gives him some.—How much money has he?—He has only a little; he has only two crowns, three shillings, and eleven pence.—Has your little boy much courage?—He has not much courage, but an excellent heart.—Has your handsome girl many apples, or few pears?—She has few apples and a few pears.—How many shillings has a crown?—A crown has five shillings.—And how many pence has a shilling?—A shilling has twelve pence.—Do you know our hatmaker's nephew?—I know his nephew and niece.—Has the child many cherries?—It has only a few, but it has many plums.—How many volumes has this book?—It has nineteen.—Does my niece work more than your friend?—She works more than my friend; but she does not work so much as our servant.—Does your servant work so much?—Yes, she works every day in the morning and in the evening.—How many pence of English money are in a florin?—Twenty four.—How much is seven and six?—Seven and six are as much as nine and four: thirteen.—How much are fourteen more than five?—As much, as thirteen are more than four.—Which is more, eighteen or sixteen?—Eighteen are two more than sixteen.

TEMA 29.

Does the new merchant sell spectacles?—He does not sell spectacles, but good scissors and excellent pencils.—

How many plums have you, my little boy?—I have fifty.—Have you many cherries and apples too?—I have but few apples, and only a few cherries.—Which has more feet, a horse or a goose?—A horse has more feet than a goose; for a horse has four feet, and a goose has but two.—A deer and a sheep have each four feet; how many feet have nine deer and eleven sheep?—Eighty feet.—How many teeth has your little child?—It has many, it has ten.—Are not twenty and four as much as sixteen and eight?—Yes, sir, one is as much as the other.—Do you know me, madam?—No, sir, I do not know you.—Does your husband know this man?—He knows him.—Do your sisters know these young, handsome ladies?—I do not know, whether they know them.—Does your niece know this young man?—She does not know him.—Does your uncle give you anything?—He gives me a few pictures and much money; he is so rich!—Do these five boys know us?—We do not know, whether they know us.—Do these young ladies know our sisters?—They know them.—Do you know, where my keys are?—I do not know, but my nephew knows.—How many young ladies do you expect this evening, madam?—I expect nine or ten.—Does the Scotch painter sell eight or nine horses?—He sells eight horses and nine dogs.—Have the peasants much pepper?—They have but a little.—Has the cook much vinegar?—He has a little.—Has the captain any fine jewels?—He has none.—Have those gentlemen many plums?—They have a few.—How many volumes has your book?—It has five.—Have the English captains many ships?—They have but very few.—Have the Italians many horses?—They have many oxen, but few horses.—Do you give me your scissors, madam?—I do not know, where they are.—Has the Russian painter any fine pictures?—He has some fine ones.—Have the peasants any other bags?—I do not know, whether they have any others.—Have you our carpenters' iron nails or our joiners' wooden ones?—I have neither these nor those.—How many cork-screws has the sailor?—Five.

TEMA 30.

Are these the horses of the Italians or those of the Spaniards?—They are neither the horses of the Italians nor those of the Spaniards, but they are those of the Germans.—Have you the children's boots?—Which children's?—Of the children of the Turks and Englishmen.—I have them not.—Where are my sisters' and brothers' straw-berries?—Your sisters' and brothers' straw-berries are either in their room or in the garden; I do not know, where they are.—Are these your aunts' and uncles' houses?—They are neither my aunts' nor my uncles' houses.—Whose houses are they?—They are the houses of my friend's nephews and nieces.—Are those my sons' or daughters' pens?—They are neither your sons' nor your daughters' pens; they are mine.—Is your brother at home?—He is not at home.—Are your cousins at home?—They are not at home.—Do you not know, whether my friends are at home?—I do not know, whether they are at home.—Does the servant of the Frenchmen know, whether the Englishmen are at home?—He does not know, whether they are at home.—Is anybody at home here?—The servant is at home.—When does the painter come home?—He comes home every evening at seven.—When does the Russian come home?—He seldom comes home before eight.—What o'clock is it?—Is it already twelve o'clock?—It is not yet twelve o'clock.—How much is it after four o'clock?—It is not yet much after four; it is only eleven minutes past four.—Is it not yet more than half past one?—No, sir, it is not yet half past one.—When do your servants come home?—Our servants come home at a quarter before nine.—Do your sons come home as early as your daughters?—No, my daughters do not come home so early, as my sons; they come home late.—Do your children always work in the evening?—They do not always work in the evening.—When does my father praise me?—He praises you, when you are good, and when you call him early in the morning.—Do you call the Italian early?—Yes, I call him very early.—Does your

brother call mine early or late?—He calls him very late; for he never calls him before half past seven.—Am I ever wrong?—You are never wrong, you always are right.—How many minutes has an hour?—An hour has sixty minutes, and a minute has sixty seconds.

TEMA 31.

Who are these little men?—They are my neighbours.—Is not this man's wife a very handsome lady?—She is a very pretty lady.—What books are these?—They are French books.—What knives are these?—They are steel ones with silver handles.—Which man is that in your room?—He is my friends' servant.—Whose sons are at home?—Your friends' sons are at home.—What o'clock is it?—I do not know, what o'clock it is.—Is it not yet a quarter past one?—Yes, it is already almost a quarter.—How many minutes is it after a quarter past one?—It is thirteen minutes after a quarter past one.—At what o'clock does the servant of the Italians call our good English captain?—He calls him very late, because he never calls him before a quarter to eight.—That is not very late; it is not so late, as my servant calls me.—When does he call you?—He calls me every morning at a quarter past eight.—That is not only not early, but very late.—Does your friend come as early as your little brother?—Yes, he comes as early.—When does he come?—He always comes at a quarter or half past eleven.—Is it already half past nine?—No, it is only fourteen minutes past nine o'clock.—Are those my nuts?—They are yours.—Who has the key of the Englishman and Frenchman's room?—Their servants always have the key.—Who sees these men's wives?—I see them, but I do not see those women's children.—Do you give me the children's apples or these people's pears?—I give you neither these, nor those, but I give you the notes of our enemies' cousins.—Do you give your cook a spoon, madam?—I give each of my two cooks a fine silver spoon.—Do you know who sells good brushes?—

I do not know who sells good brushes, but who sells very good brooms.—Why does your servant give his sailors more mattresses, than you give yours?—Because he has more than I, and he has not so many sailors.—Have you many mice in your house?—I have a great many.

TEMA 32.

Has the stranger my combs or his sister's?—He has neither these nor those.—What has he?—He has his good iron guns.—Have the Dutchmen our ships or those of the Spaniards?—They have these, but they have not those.—Have we any more jewels?—We have some more.—Has our horse any more hay?—It has no more.—Have you any more coffee?—I have no more coffee, but some more excellent butter.—Have the sailors many more biscuits?—They have not many more.—Has our cook much more beef?—He has not much more.—Has the German any more dishes?—He has some more.—What have you more?—I have nothing more; but I see some more boats and many sailors.—Have you any more courage?—I have no more.—Does he give me sugar enough?—He gives you too much.—Have your sons quite as many cakes as apples?—They have more of those than of these.—How many fingers has the Russian captain's servant?—He has ten.—How many legs has the Spanish sailor?—He has but one, the other is a wooden one.—How many hands and eyes has that gentleman?—He has two hands and two eyes.—Have we fewer knives than our friends' children?—We have fewer than they.—Who has fewer friends than we?—Nobody has fewer.—Has the Turk as much of your money as of mine?—He has less of mine than of yours.—Has your baker fewer pictures than the joiner?—He has more than the joiner.—How many days has a week?—Seven.—And how many has a month?—Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty or thirty-one.—How many hours has a day?—Twenty-four.—How much is seventy and seventeen?—Seventy and seventeen are eighty-seven.—How

much is fifteen, fourteen, thirteen and twenty-three?—
 As much, as thirty-two, thirteen and twenty: sixty-five.
 —How much is one, three, five, seven, nine and eleven?
 —One more than ten, sixteen, eight and one: thirty-six.
 —Whom do your children call?—They call you, madam.

TEMA 33.

Have we crowns enough?—We have not enough.—
 Has the joiner too much wood?—He has only a little.—
 Have you many more hammers?—I have many more.—
 Have our enemies' neighbours one more garden?—They
 have only one more.—Has our friend's brother one more
 umbrella?—He has not any more.—Do the Russians give
 us a few more books?—They give us a few more.—
 Does the sailor sell buttons?—He sells no more.—Has
 your hatmaker any more cloth?—He has some more.—
 Has our relations' cook eggs enough?—She has not eggs
 enough, but much money and some good cakes.—Do we
 see the thread stockings or the worsted ones of the
 Americans?—You see neither the thread stockings nor
 the worsted ones of the Americans.—Have you any more
 oxen?—I have no more, but my brother has a few more.—
 Do you work more or less than the Scotchman?—I do
 not work so much as he works; he works every day in
 the morning and in the evening.—Does the peasant sell
 less eggs than our good friend's servant?—He sells less
 than he.—Does the painter's boy see as many birds as
 chickens?—He sees more of these than of those.—Who
 has more plates than our father's cook?—Our neighbour's
 servant has more.—Have the thieves as much courage
 as the sailors?—They have not so much courage as the
 sailors, but they have more than the Irish gentleman's
 servants.—Where are my spectacles?—I do not know,
 where they are.—Do you know that Russian gentleman?
 —I do not know him, but my father knows him, for he
 calls him.—At what o'clock does the Turk come home?
 —I expect him at half past nine; he always comes home
 early.—What is more, twenty-seven and forty-two, or

thirteen, twenty-three and thirty-three?—One is as much as the other: sixty-nine.—How much is twenty-one and twenty-three?—As much as sixteen, seventeen and eleven: forty-four.—How much is nineteen and sixty?—Nineteen and sixty are seventy-nine.—How much is nineteen and ninety?—That I do not know.—Are they not twenty-seven more than eighty-two?—Yes, you are right.—When does the Italian painter work, in the morning or in the evening?—He works neither in the morning nor in the evening, but in the forenoon and in the afternoon.—What o'clock is it now?—A quarter to four; it is not yet late.—Is your wife pretty?—Yes, she has large, beautiful eyes, a small foot and hand.

TEMA 34.

Have the Poles any blotting-paper?—The Poles have not any more, but the Danes have a great deal more.—Does my horse want any new shoes?—It wants some.—Does your mother want my silk?—She wants it.—Who wants a good pen-knife?—My brother wants a good one.—Does your son want much money?—He wants a great deal.—How much money does he want?—He wants eighty-five florins.—Do you call me?—Yes, I want you.—Who calls me?—My father calls you, because he wants you.—Which shoes do you want?—I want my sisters' cloth ones.—Which horse do you sell?—I sell that, which I do not want more, the little one.—Which room do you want?—I want that which has only one door.—In which room do you work?—I work in that of my friends.—Who gives you any money?—He who has some.—What does he give you, who has none?—He who has none, does not give me any (gives me none).—Who calls me?—The Polish servant calls you.—Which Polish servant?—He who has the new brushes.—What do you expect?—I expect what you expect.—Which of the Danes do you expect?—I expect him, whom your father knows.—To which of those ladies do you sell any silk shoes?—I sell some to her, whom you see there.—To which of these girls do you

give any fine ribbons?—I give some to them to whom you give a silk gown.—Which of the pen-knives do you want?—Those which you do not want.—Have you the same room which your brother has?—I have the same room which he has.—Do you expect the same people this afternoon whom I expect this forenoon?—I do not expect the same people whom you expect, I expect some others.—Which people do you expect?—I expect the young Dane, the two Poles and the Dutchman with his nice wife.—Do you sell paper?—Yes, my little boy; what paper do you want?—I want some small paper, have you any?—I have none, but my neighbour has some fine, small; he has a great deal more of it than I.—How much are seventy and seventeen more than eighty and eighteen?—Seventy and seventeen are not so much as eighty and eighteen; for eighty and eighteen are ninety-eight, and seventy and seventeen are only eighty-seven; eighty and eighteen are eleven more than seventy and seventeen.—Do you see the Danish lady?—Which?—Her, to whom your father gives a fine woollen gown.—I do not see her.

TEMA 35.

Who is this nice girl?—She is my sister.—Does she not want any more paper?—No, sir, she has too much.—Does your brother want my watch-key?—He does not want it now.—Do my cousin's friends want the same books, which I give their sisters?—They do not want the same, but some others.—What does your brother praise?—I know nothing that he praises so much, as his aunt's good, old wine.—Do you praise it also?—I do not praise the same wine, but some other wine; I praise our good neighbour's.—Do you not want an new hat?—No, I do not want a new hat.—Who wants one?—Our shoemaker's boy wants one.—Does anybody want any blotting-paper?—I want some, and my brother too.—Do you want any water?—I want some.—Which boots has the servant?—Those which you give to the poor man.—Which of my sisters is at home?—She who always works

in your room.—Which of the French young ladies
 my silk?—She who gives you her wool.—To which
 my sons do you give a book?—To him who works
 and always calls me early in the morning.—Which
 servants does my brother call?—He calls him who
 wants.—Which does he want?—He wants him who
 do not know yet.—Is your room as large as mine
 is not so large as yours, but finer than yours and
 which the Polish painter has.—What does your
 give you?—My father gives me what your uncle
 you.—My uncle gives me a gold watch and chain
 two fine silver knives with ivory handles.—Have
 already your new watch-chain and watch?—I have
 watch, but I have not yet my chain.—Why have
 not yet your chain?—Because I want one which
 long as my brother's and the merchant has not
 more.—Do you see more gentlemen or ladies?—
 just as many of those as of these.—Do you want
 blotting-paper, my son?—No, I do not want any
 brother gives me of his, if I want any.—At what
 do you expect the foreigners?—I expect them
 past five.—How many people do you expect?—I expect
 seven: a Danish lady, two young Polish gentlemen,
 Spanish painter, and three Turkish sailors.—Do you
 expect any other people?—No, are not these enough.

TEMA 36.

Do you hear that noise?—We do not hear it.—
 your little boy read much?—He does not read much
 is very lazy.—Do your sisters' friends often go to
 theatre?—They almost never go there, because they
 much to work.—What do the Chinese eat?—They
 some good rice and some biscuit and they drink
 tea.—How much does it want to nine o'clock?—It
 eight minutes.—Have you time to buy any
 ?—I have time but no mind to buy any.—Have
 s time to work?—They have time to work
 ve much to do also.—What has the locksmith

do?—He has much to do.—Has the little child the courage to call the old sailor?—He has not the courage to call him.—Is your handsome daughter diligent?—She is very diligent, she always works in the morning, afternoon and evening.—What books do our old relations' good friends read?—They read some Spanish and Italian books.—Do they not read any Danish books too?—No, sir, they do not read any Danish books, but sometimes some Polish ones.—Are your sisters' friends tired?—They are not tired.—Who is at the theatre?—Many people are there, the Spanish painter and the Turkish captain are there too.—Do our aunts go to the ball?—They never go to the ball, they are old.—Are my friends in the garden of the German locksmith?—They are there.—What have they to do there?—They read some fine, useful books, eat some good cakes, and drink some chocolate.—Do they know, that I am here?—I do not know whether they know; but the Polish lady who also is in the garden knows.—When does your father, the good Englishman, come?—I expect him to-night.—Have you time to go into our neighbour's garden?—I have time, but no mind to go there.—Is the locksmith tired?—He is tired, because he works much; he is very diligent.—Does the idle shoemaker call me?—No, he does not call you, but his neighbour, the good Englishman.—Why does he not come?—Because he has much to do.—What has he to do?—He has to read a useful Italian book, and to go to his friend, the Russian's counting-house.—Do you see that nice young lady?—I see her, she is very handsome.

TEMA 37.

Has the locksmith a mind to go to our warehouses, or to those of the Dutchmen?—He has no mind to go either to these or to those.—Have you a wish to buy my mother's house or the English painter's garden?—I have no wish to buy either this or that.—Do you see the diligent Chinese?—I do not see him, but my brother sees him; he sees him every morning at a quarter to

eleven.—How much does it now want to eleven o'clock? —It wants only twenty minutes.—Has our neighbour's enemy the courage to speak to the thief?—He has the courage, but no time to speak to him.—Do you hear this great noise?—I hear nothing.—Who is there?—He to whom you give much to work and little to eat.—Does your wife go to the ball to-night?—She does not go to the ball to-night, for she is tired.—Have you time to speak to your old uncle's hatmaker?—I have time, but no mind to speak to him.—Do your nice cousins eat many cakes?—They eat only some biscuits, but they drink some good Chinese tea.—Where is your father?—He is not at home, but in our good friend, the Danish merchant's magazine.—Do you ever go to the ball?—I never go to the ball, but often to the theatre.—I only sometimes go to the theatre; I have much to do, and always am tired in the evening.—Is your little brother diligent?—He sometimes is very diligent, but now very idle, and therefore I give him neither books nor money.—Do you sell blotting-paper?—I sell a great deal, I sell more than my neighbour.—Do you give me anything to drink?—I give you some excellent French wine and good English beer to drink.—Does your little boy eat much?—He eats only very little; but he whom you see in my uncle's counting-house eats a great deal.—Whose son is he?—He is my good cousin, the Polish locksmith's son.—Have you fewer books than my friend?—I have as many as he, but I have more pictures than he.

TEMA 38.

What is the Italian willing to do?—He is willing to work and to drink some good wine.—What has your brother in his warehouses?—He has nothing in them, but he intends to buy many guns, some wood and rice.—Are you tired?—I am not tired, but my sister, Mrs. Bell, is tired.—Are you willing to write something?—I will write a small letter to my good friend, Mr. Bam.—How many oxen is the merchant willing to buy?—He

will buy a great many: he will buy twenty-nine.—Does the peasant cut many trees?—He cuts only a few, but he is willing to cut a great many more.—Why does he not cut them?—Because he is afraid.—Will your little son go home?—He will go home, because he is tired.—Is your father at home?—No, sir, but he comes home every evening at twenty minutes after eight, and it is already a quarter past.—There he is.—Good evening, Mr. Tallop.—Good evening, sir; here is a letter for you.—Is your new servant diligent?—No, madam, he is very idle, he works very little and eats and drinks very much, he eats as much as a wolf.—Where is your neighbour?—He is at home.—What has he to do there?—He has to speak to his wife.—Is his wife a good lady?—She is a very good lady, she always gives poor people something.—Does she know me?—I do not know, whether she knows you.—Have you a mind to pick up these nuts?—I have a mind, but I have no time.—Has our enemy a wish to buy another ship?—He has a wish to buy another, but he has no more money.—Will you look for my dog?—I will not look for it, because I am afraid.—Is the thief willing to drink much more wine?—He will drink much more.—Is the tailor willing to mend my new cloth coat?—He is willing to mend it, but he has no more thread.—Does the Spanish sailor drink anything?—Yes, he drinks some coffee.

TEMA 39.

Do you wish to speak?—I wish to speak.—To whom do you wish to speak?—I wish to speak to my good uncle, the Pole.—Is your neighbour willing to buy anything?—He is not willing to buy anything, he has all that he wants.—Will the English sailor work?—He will not work, because he is tired.—Does my good friend's sister wish to cut any paper?—She wishes to cut some, but she has no scissors.—What book does the Spanish lady read?—She reads a very useful and fine Danish book.—What looking-glasses does the Englishman intend

to buy?—He intends to buy some large ones.—Is your little girl willing to seek my umbrella or my stick?—She is willing to look for this, but not for that.—Do you wish to buy some stockings?—I wish to buy only a few of them, I have enough.—Do the peasants intend to buy any combs?—Yes, sir, they intend to sell their jewels, and to buy some combs and brooms.—At whose house is our uncle?—He is at his neighbour's.—To whose house do you intend to go?—I do not intend to go to anybody's, but my brother wishes to go to you.—Is the Irish painter willing to go to his friend's?—He does not go to, his friend's, but to his rich neighbour's.—Are you willing to seek these ladies' or my sisters' bonnets?—I am not willing to seek either these or those; I have no time.—Is the Russian captain willing to go to our rich merchant's?—He is willing to go there, but he is afraid.—Why is he afraid?—Because he never goes to anybody's.—Is the Scotchman at anybody's house?—He is at nobody's house.—Is the cook at home?—She is not at home, she is at the market.—At whose house is the American?—He is at ours.—Do you wish to speak to the German?—I wish to speak to him.—Where is he?—I do not know where he is; but my servant calls him.—Have you time to cut me any bread?—I have time, but I have no knife to cut you any.—Here is one.—Is your mother's servant willing to mend my gloves?—She does not mend them, because she has neither thimble nor needles.—Will you eat some more rice?—I will not eat any more.—Do you know the foreigner, Mr. Blanc?—No, I do not know him; but I know very well his wife; she is a nice, young lady.

TEMA 40.

Whose scissors has our neighbour's girl?—She has hers.—To which of these children does your wife give any pears?—To those, who are good and diligent.—Whose oxen are those, which we see there?—They are those of our rich Dutch merchants.—Does this watch-key belong

to your watch or to your good brother's.—It belongs neither to my watch nor to my good brother's, it belongs to the English locksmith's.—Do these chairs belong to this room or to our mother's bed-room?—They belong to our mother's bed-room.—Does this hay belong to our ass or to your ox?—It belongs neither to your ass nor to our ox, it belongs to our neighbours' horses; but this straw belongs to your oxen.—Do you wish to speak to the Irish merchants?—I wish to speak to them.—Does our joiner's son wish to see me in order to speak to me?—He wishes to see you in order to give you something.—Has the shoemaker money enough to buy a house?—He has enough.—Can you cut me any bread?—I am willing to cut you some; but I cannot, because I have no knife.—Can our neighbour's tailors mend our clothes?—They cannot mend them, because they have neither scissors, nor needles.—Do you speak English, madam?—No, sir, I speak only Italian; but my sister speaks English well.—Is this foreigner a painter?—No, madam, he is a merchant.—What is your brother, is he a joiner or a locksmith?—He is neither the one nor the other; he is a shoemaker.—Do you see this handsome lady?—I see her, but I do not know her; she is very beautiful, she has a little mouth, small hands and large, blue eyes.—Is your father at home?—Yes, sir, he is at home.—I wish you a good evening, Mr. Falk.—Good evening, sir.—Do you learn Polish?—I do not learn it, but I have a mind to learn it.—Will you call Mr. Moller, in order to give him his letter?—I will call him, but I cannot give him his letter, because we are enemies; he always buys at the market all that I wish to buy.—Do you intend to write to our good friend?—I intend to write to him, but I cannot, because I have neither pens, nor paper.—Do you see the stays of the woman, to whom I have given the thimble?—I do not see them.

TEMA 41.

Will you go to the theatre to-night?—I have no mind to go to the theatre, I am tired.—Have you anything to do?—I have several letters to write and to speak to my good friend.—When do you expect your father?—I expect him with his English friend to-night at half past nine.—Whose clothes are these?—They are this boy's.—Do you see these cattle?—Yes, sir.—To whom do they belong?—They belong to the rich German peasant.—Why does he not sell them?—Because he wants no money.—Does your little sister know less Italian than English?—She knows more of that than of this, but she is now learning English.—To whom do these pincers belong?—They belong to the carpenter.—Does he wish to sell them?—He wishes to sell them, if you give him much money.—I cannot give him much money, I have only very little.—Does the joiner sell as many tables as chairs?—He sells very few tables and fewer chairs.—Do all these people belong to this ship?—No, sir, only these four negroes belong to her, the other people belong to another ship.—Does your sister give you of the potatoes, which she buys?—She gives me none, she is very bad.—Whose horse is this?—It is my rich father's horse.—Do these leaves belong to your book or to mine?—They belong to mine.—Are you ashamed to read the books which I read?—I am not ashamed, but I have no mind to read them.—Do our neighbours speak Russian?—They do not speak Russian, but they learn it.—Have you an Italian hat?—No, sir, I have a Chinese hat.—What o'clock is it now?—I do not know what o'clock it is, but my sister knows.—Mary, do you know what o'clock it is?—Yes, my dear brother, it is half past seven.—At whose house is the French merchant?—He is at his friend's.—To whom are you willing to go?—I will go to you.—Does the painter wish to sell this picture or that?—He wishes to sell neither this nor that.—Will you give any mattresses to your neighbours?—I cannot give them any, because I want all I have.—To whom do you intend to sell your

umbrellas?—I intend to sell them to the foreigners.—Can you give me ten shillings?—I can give you them, but I will not, because you are my enemy, and I give money only to my friends.

TEMA 42.

Do you want any stockings?—Yes, sir, I want a dozen pair of stockings and six pair of gloves.—Where does your father buy his gloves?—He buys them of the Englishman who sells only good gloves.—Does the locksmith buy the iron at your uncle's?—He does not buy it, because he has enough.—Do you go any where?—I go to my aunt's to take to her the new English book.—Will you come with me?—I cannot go with you, I must go to the physician's in order to sell him a Dutch carpet.—Will you show it me?—I cannot show it you, because I have it no more.—Do you find your new cloth hat?—I seek it, but I cannot find it.—Mary, call your brother, I have something to give to him.—Give this old coat to your son, I do not want it any more.—I thank you, sir.—Will you give me these old boots too?—No, because I still want them.—Is your father at home?—Yes, sir.—Call him!—Good evening, Mr. Black, how do you do?—I thank you, quite well; and how are you?—I am well, too.—Let us go to the theatre, my good friend!—I cannot go there, because I am tired.—Do you sell thick paper or thin? (*Senza one perchè è un sostantivo di materia.*)—I sell neither thick paper nor thin; but my neighbour sells blotting-paper.—Will you give me a ruler?—I have none; go to my cousin's, he has many.—Bring me a bottle of wine!—Here is some excellent wine; do you want any bread and cheese too?—No, I am not hungry.—Carry this trunk to Mr. Carrington's!—Can you give me any money?—I cannot give you any, because I have none.—Take this note to our enemy, Mr. Bark's!—Call the physician!—I cannot, sir.—Why not?—Because I have much to do.—Do you still see Mr. Muggy?—I do not see him any more.—What is your brother?—He is a tailor.—Why

does he never come to me?—Because he is afraid.—Is he not ashamed too?—Yes, sir, he is ashamed.—Why is he ashamed?—He is ashamed, because he has no new coat and no money.—Will you give me any stockings?—What stockings do you want, thread or worsted ones?—Give me four pair of thread ones and two pair of worsted ones.

TEMA 43.

Do you hear that great noise?—I hear it, but I have not the courage to look what it is.—Give me my clothes!—I do not know, where they are.—Give me the snuffers!—I cannot find them.—Call my servant, he knows where they are.—Here he is!—Do you know, where my snuffers are?—Yes, sir, they are in the kitchen.—Are you willing to buy this cloth coat?—No, it is too thick and I am not cold.—Show me your copy-books!—You work very little! You are very idle!—No, sir, we have very much to do, and we have no time to work so much.—Where is your little boy willing to go?—He is not willing to go any where; he has much to do.—How is your sister?—She is not well.—Why does she not call the physician?—Because she does not know him.—Can you eat all this bread?—I can eat it, if you give it me.—Write to our friend, that we expect him to-morrow evening.—Take this glass to my neighbour's!—What do you buy fine?—I buy a pair of stays for my wife, she has only one pair.—Will you buy a pair for my sister too?—Yes, if you give me any money; because I have only a little.—What do those little boys eat?—They eat some apples and nuts.—Have you fewer pictures than your Dutch painter?—He has more than I.—Why do you not buy any more?—Because I want some money, and noboly will give me any.—Here are fifty crowns.—I thank you, sir.—Now I will buy a few more little pictures.—Take this note to my father's counting-house!—I do not know where it is.—My servant can show it you.—Does my brother go any where?—He goes no where, but our joiner

goes some where, he goes to the market.—To whom does this fine cloth carpet belong?—It is my father's, he intends to give it to my sister.—Your father is a very good man, he gives every body something.—Why does he not give anything to me also?—Because you want nothing, you are rich, and the people to whom my father gives something are poor.—Do you hear that noise?—Yes, sir.—What is it?—It is Miss L.'s ugly bad cat.—How many cats has she?—She has twelve cats, and they all are very bad and ugly.

TEMA 44.

Is your brother right in picking up all these nails?—He is not wrong in picking them up, because he has very few nails, and he cannot buy any more, because he has no more money.—Why do you not give him any?—Because I have only little, and I want it.—Why does the tailor not mend the old coat, instead of giving it to the poor peasant?—Because he has some others, and the poor peasant has none, and is very cold.—Can you send my sweet-heart any silk ribbons?—I can send her some, I have a great many.—Why does your servant not seek the letter, which you want?—I say, James, do, what I tell you, and not what other people tell you.—Charles, go to my tailor's and tell him to bring me my new coat, and my trowsers, which he has to mend.—Come and read this letter!—Cannot you read it?—No, I cannot find my spectacles.—What does he say?—He says, that he will not write to you any more, if you do not send him any money.—If you ever see him, tell him, that he is very idle, and that I give money only to those who are diligent, and who work much.—John, take this hat.—To whom do you wish that I give it?—Take it to my poor neighbour; he wants one.—For whom do you buy this fine cloth carpet?—I buy it for my good friend Mary.—Do you intend to carry these bonnets to my sister?—I intend to carry them to her.—Give me that plate!—I cannot give it you, I have no time.—Are

you not ashamed to say, that you have no time?—Who has more courage, the sailor or the peasant?—The peasant has much courage, but the sailor has still more.—James, tell me, to whom does this bird belong?—It is my brother's, sir.—Do you wish to give the chicken to the cook?—I am willing to give it him, but I do not know, where he is.—Do you intend to write to my father?—I intend to write to him.—What do you wish me to write to him?—Write to him, that I have no more corn in my granary, and that I have no money to buy any.—Can you lead this calf to the baker's?—I have no time, sir; but tell my brother, he has nothing to do.—I say, James, come here and look for my gloves, I cannot find them.—Here they are, sir!—I thank you, I want them no more.

TEMA 45.

For whom do you cut this bread?—I cut it for my brother's servant.—Does Mrs. Maran's daughter learn English?—She does not learn English, but French.—Why does she learn French, instead of learning English?—Because she wants more this than that.—Is my friend right in selling his garden?—No, he is wrong in selling it, because he wants no money.—Do you know my sweetheart?—I know her, she is a very handsome girl; she has fine, large eyes, a small mouth and very pretty hands.—To whom do all these calves belong?—They are my joiner's.—Can you send the locksmith this purse?—I can send it him.—Where does the tailor wish to go?—He will go nowhere.—How many florins does the young merchant intend to give to the shoemaker's boy?—He intends to give him more than twenty five.—John, tell the hatmaker to bring me my new hat!—Do you wish, that I ask him, whether he can bring your brother's too?—Call the physician, James!—Yes, sir.—Good evening, Mrs. Ulwich, how do you do?—I am quite well; and how are you?—I thank you; I, too, am well.—I say, Charles, show me your copy-books!—I cannot find them,

sir.—You never know, where your books are, you are very idle.—Will you tell my servant to give me a glass of wine?—I do not know, where he is.—Call him, he is in the kitchen.—Do you sell paper?—Yes, sir, I do.—Do you want any thick or thin?—I want a little thick and a ruler.—Have you a mind to ask my brother, whether he wishes to come to me?—I have a mind to ask him, but I have no time, I have much to do.—Are you willing to send these combs to my aunt, instead of sending her a letter?—I am not willing to send her either the ones, or the other, I will not send her anything.—Can you give my servant any nuts?—I can give her some, because I have a great many.—Do you intend to buy a little butter?—I have a wish to buy some, but I have no money.—I say, John, take this table and carry it to our neighbour, Mr. Mark's.

TEMA 46.

Have you a mind to buy any linen shirts?—Yes, if they are not too dear.—Of whom do you buy yours?—I buy them of a friend of ours, of Mr. Bird.—I will not buy any of him, because I know him very well; he sells very dear.—Why do you buy so long stockings?—Because I have long legs.—Our good neighbour is a very happy man; he has a handsome, excellent wife, a large house, and much money.—Has he any children?—Yes, sir, he has two sons, and three daughters: the girls are very good and diligent, but the boys are lazy and bad.—Why has your little son not a clean shirt, he always has a dirty one?—Because he is a bad boy.—Good morning, Mr. W., how are you?—Well.—Where have you been?—I have been at the market to buy some geese.—Will you do me a favour? Will you give me some paper, ink and a pen?—Yes; John, give this gentleman, what he wants.—Charles, make some fire, but make haste!—Do not forget to take the letter to my good friend's counting-house.—I cannot take it there now, because I must go and call the physician.—Put this coat into my trunk, I

want it no more.—M. N., can you lend me twenty-five florins?—I cannot do you this favour, because I have only little money.—Do not lose the book, which you have in your pocket.—James, call that gentleman!—Tell him, that I have been at his father's, and that he is very well. —Are you willing to drink some good wine?—No, sir, I thank you.—Have you been far?—No, I have been at our neighbour's, in order to tell him that I intend to sell all my sheep and to ask him, whether he wishes to buy them.—Can you lend me Byron's works?—I cannot lend them to you, I must give them to my brother.—I say, Charles, do not forget to bring me that new book!—Do you intend to answer your father?—No, I do not intend to answer him, if he does not send me any money (if he sends me no money).

TEMA 47.

Is your good father right in buying so many stockings for you?—No, he is wrong in buying me so many, because I have a great many already.—Of whom does he buy them?—He buys them of the merchant, who sells so good shirts of Irish linen.—Why do you break these nuts?—Because I am hungry and will eat them.—What does your brother Charles write to you?—He writes, that he is well, and that he has much to do.—Have you been at the theatre to-night?—Yes, sir.—Give me a little bread, my good sir, I am hungry.—Here is some!—But this is too little.—It is enough, it is all that I have.—Who is that gentleman with the long coat and short trowsers?—He is a good friend of ours.—John, give me the book which is there upon the table!—Which book? I see no one (o none).—You are an ass!—I thank you.—Will you lend my sisters some French books?—I cannot, because I have only two, and these I must give to Miss N.—You are a happy man, you know many young ladies.—To whom does this hat belong?—It belongs to my mother.—Why does she not take it?—Because she has no time to do it.—Tell the servant to take it to her bed-room, but do

not forget!—Have you a mind to answer our good friend's letter?—I have a wish to answer it, but I have no time.—Why do you not learn Dutch?—Because I want more English.—Take these two crowns and give them to your servant.—Where have you been to-day?—I have been nowhere; but my cousin has been in our mother's garden with two handsome ladies.—With whom?—I cannot tell you, because I do not know them.—Ask him!—He will not say it, but your neighbour says that he knows them, and that one is his sweetheart, and the other her sister.—Give me my hat, I will go and see them.—Make haste!—But they are no more in the garden.—You are right.—Put my hat upon that table, I want it no more.—Will you do me a favour?—What do you want?—Lend me fifty florins.—No, sir, I lend nobody any money.

TEMA 48.

Do you like this horse?—I like it, but it is too dear.—My brother's is finer, and less dear, and my father's is the finest and cheapest of all.—At what o'clock do you go to dinner with your children?—I dine at half past two, but they dine earlier, they dine at one o'clock.—These scissors are very bad, have you no others?—I have another pair, but my sister has it now.—Which of these two girls is handsomer, the elder or the younger?—The younger is handsomer than the elder.—Who goes later to the theatre, you or your father?—My father never goes to the theatre, but I go there every evening at half past eight.—Why do you not go there earlier?—Because I cannot, I have much to do.—Do you sup every evening at Mr. B's?—Not every evening, but very often.—Which of these leaves of paper is thinner, this or that?—This is thinner than that, but that which you see there upon the table, is the thinnest of all.—Do you like this silk ribbon?—No, madam, I do not like it, my sister's is much prettier.—Which room is larger, mine or yours?—Yours is larger than mine, but our uncle's is the largest of all.—Pray, sir, where is your father?—He is at dinner

now.—Do you not see that bad lady?—Yes, I see her, but she is not so bad, my wife is much worse.—Who sells the best paper here?—Mr. F. sells the best.—With whom do you generally breakfast?—I generally breakfast with my good mother.—Which is farther, my brother's house, or my sister's garden?—One is as far as the other, but my uncle's magazine is the farthest of all. - Do you see the last house?—I see it, it belongs to my good friend.—Why do you ask me?—Because he is willing to give it me.—Oh, what a good friend! Tell him to give me also something.—Let us go to dinner, I am hungry!—Good morning, my good friend!

TEMA 49.

Pray, sir, where is your sister?—I cannot tell you, because I do not know.—Have you many letters to write?—I have a great many to write, and I have little time.—You are very diligent, more diligent than I, and the most diligent man that I know.—Why do you not take this pen?—It is not good, mine is better; you always have the worst pens that you can find.—Your little boy has always a dirty shirt; he has the dirtiest shirt in the school. Why do you not give him a cleaner one?—Because I have none; I am very poor and cannot buy him any.—If you want any money, why do you not tell me?—Because I am ashamed.—Who is happier, you or your brother?—I am happy, because I have much money, but that is not enough to be very happy; my brother is much happier than I; he has a handsome, young wife, he is the happiest man that I know.—At what o'clock do you wish to dine?—At half past three.—What do you wish for dinner?—I eat very little; give me a good soup, some beef, and a little mutton.—Do you like this rice?—Yes, very much, give me some.—Which cloth is cheaper, that of your coat, or that of my trowsers?—I do not know, but my servant says, that the cloth of my coat is the finest in the magazine.—Why have you shorter trowsers than other people?—Because I do not like long trowsers,

and because I do, what I like.—You are right.—Which book is more useful, mine or your friend's?—My friend's is useful, but yours is more useful, and our father's is the most useful of all.—Which of your brothers is elder, Charles or John?—Charles is elder than John, but his sister Mary is still elder than he.

TEMA 50.

Have you bought the book of which I have spoken?—No, sir, not yet.—Why not?—Because I have not had any money (ovvero: because I have had no money).—Give me half a crown and then I will buy it.—Why does your father not come into town?—He has come; have you not seen him?—Have you heard anything new?—No, do you know anything?—My father has bought a new house.—How much has he given for it?—I do not know.—Do you know?—No.—Where is the locksmith?—He is in the country.—Why does he not come into town?—Because he has no wish to work.—Is your wife a French lady?—No, she is an English lady.—Have you sold your new cloth coat or your linen trowsers?—I have sold both.—Has your father gone to the theatre?—No, he cannot go there, he has many letters to write.—But I have nothing to do, therefore I will go there.—Good bye!—Has your servant much worked to-day?—He has worked very little; he is very idle.—How many books have you read?—I have read only one book to-day, that there upon the large table.—How do you like it?—Oh, I like it very much, it is a very beautiful book.—Do you want any pens or pencils?—I want some of the former; of the latter I want none, I have enough of them.—How handsome your sister is!—Yes, you are right, she is very pretty, she is as fine a lady, as your wife.—Do you want any money?—Yes, sir, because this is my last florin and I want some money to buy some milk for breakfast; Miss R.'s bad cat has drunk all my milk.—Whom do you call?—I call my friend, in order to show him the book which the merchant has sold me.

TEMA 51.

Why have you not praised my little son Charles?—I never praise children.—John, have you told the Dutch shoemaker that I want him?—Yes, sir, but he has said, that he has no time to come.—Well and what have you told him then?—That we have a great many shoemakers in town, and that, if he will not come, we can do without him.—What a fine picture you have here!—Where have you bought it?—Mr. Moro, the Chinese painter, has sold it me.—Does he sell cheap?—No, he sells very dear.—Where is he now?—Now he is in the country.—Charles, have you carried my wooden trunk to the English captain's?—Yes, sir, he has given me half a shilling; he is so good a gentleman!—Do not forget to tell him, if you see him, that I want my silver candlestick.—At what o'clock have you dined?—I have dined at two o'clock, I have eaten much and drunk still more, and now I am tired and sleepy.—Have you much spoken to-day?—No, madam, I always speak little.—Have you known the French joiner who has gone to London?—I have never seen him.—Do you like this wine?—Yes, it is good enough.—Pray, sir, do me a favour; tell my servant that I have no more paper, and that I want some.—Yes, sir.—How many ladies have you expected to-day?—Five.—And how many have come?—Six.—How dirty you are, Charles; are you not ashamed?—I have no clean shirt and my father will not buy me any.—Here, take half a crown, go and buy one.—I thank you, Good bye!—Which books has your daughter a wish to read, these or my mother's?—She has a mind to read the former, the latter she has read already.

TEMA 52.

Have you already forgotten, what my father has told you?—No, sir, I have not forgotten, but I have had no time to do it.—Do you go to sea together with your young friend?—No, sir, I go alone to sea, he must still go to school.—How many times have you lost your gold

watch with the steel chain?—I have lost it only once.—Who has found it?—My cousin William has found it.—Why have you killed Miss L.'s cats?—Because they have made so much noise, that I have not been able to write my letters.—Oh, my dear Henry, where do you come from?—I come from the country.—How many times have you broken your bad uncle's dear silver candlestick?—I have broken it twice, once he has paid for it, the other time I.—Charlotte, how beautiful you are! Give me your hand!—What will you do with my hand?—Give me my handkerchief.—I do not know where it is, I have lost it.—Will you take a cup of tea?—I thank you, Madam, I have already taken two cups.—Have you finished your letters, Edward?—Not yet, I have still three (*ovvero: three more*) to write.—Henry, open the door, it is too warm!—Will you remain at home or go out together with me?—I thank you, madam, I must remain at home, because I have not yet written all that I have to write.—Have you already dined, Charles?—Not yet, sir, and I am very hungry.—Have you already received the new Dutch book, which our good friend William has written?—I have not yet seen it, but my brother has told me, that he has read it twice and that it is very fine.—Does the captain not go any more to sea?—No, he intends to remain at home.—Are you willing to come back again into town from the country?—Yes, because I expect my mother and aunt.—Open that book, and read.—I cannot, because I do not find my spectacles.—Good bye, then, my dear friend!

TEMA 53.

Have you picked up all the nails, which the Italian joiner has forgotten in the warehouse?—I have not found them all.—Have you seen the English foreigner?—Yes, madam; I have seen him, but I do not know him.—Has your brother heard that great noise?—Yes, he has heard it, but he does not know what it is.—You have forgotten to tell my servant to make some fire.—Yes, sir, you are

right, I have forgotten.—Have your friends drunk much wine at dinner?—They have not yet dined, they always dine at half past three.—Has your little boy brought me the combs, which I have bought?—I do not know, whether he has already brought them; I have told him.—How many glasses has your servant broken?—I do not know, because he is not at home.—To whom have you written this morning?—I have written to my poor friend, who always is in bed.—Has your father sold his house?—Open your eyes, you are before a door!—William, have you spoken to my good father?—I have not yet seen him, I have been twice at his house and have never been able to find him.—Is your son with his good friend Edward?—Yes, sir, they always are together.—Does your little daughter Mary go to school already?—No, madam, she is still too young.—Do both your sons go to sea?—No, madam, Henry still goes to school.—Where does the English painter, Mr. Moore, come from?—He comes from my father's counting-house.—Do you like this cake, madam?—Yes, it is very good.—Have you bought any apples too?—No, madam, I have not been able to find any; the man, of whom I always buy what I want, does not sell any more.—Charlotte, seek my handkerchief! I cannot find it, I must have lost it.—Is your son already back from the country?—Not yet, I do not know, when he intends to come back again to town.—At what o'clock have you supped to-night?—At nine o'clock; I have eaten very little, because I have not been very hungry, but I have drunk much wine, because I have been thirsty.—Have you already killed the bad cat?—Not yet, because I have no gun, but I have told my friend Edward to buy one.

TEMA 54.

Has your tailor made my new coat?—Not yet, he has had much to do and has not been able to make it.—Where does your friend, Mr. Balmy, come from?—I think, that he comes from England.—Have you heard the news

from France?—Yes, but that from Italy is better.—Have you seen the German butcher?—I have not been able to see him and I have sought him more than one hour.—Does he sell veal and pork too, or only beef and mutton?—He sells of the former and of the latter.—It is very warm in this room!—Yes, too warm, open the window!—Italy is the most beautiful country in the world.—Yes, and England the richest.—Do you see that black cat?—I do not see it, it is too far.—Of whom have you bought this white handkerchief?—I have bought it of the Polish merchant.—Are you willing to eat any veal?—I thank you, I am not hungry.—Who is in the watchmaker's shop?—Nobody, the watchmaker has gone into the country.—Without money you cannot buy anything.—It is very dark in this warehouse!—And cold too, why do you not tell the servant to make any fire?—My little brother has bought two fine fishes for our sister Charlotte.—Allow me to kiss your hand!—My dear friend, listen to what your father tells you.—You have torn my coat, now you must pay me for it.—I cannot pay you, because I have no money.—Why have you not answered the letter, which I have written to you?—Because I have lost it and forgotten, what you have written to me.—Have you done a favour to this man, that he thanks you?—Yes, I have lent him fifty florins.—Why has your little boy cried so much to-day?—Because he has been bad.—When do you expect back your relations?—I expect them back to-day or to-morrow.—Why do you ask me, whether I have written my letters?—Because you are not diligent, you work little and go out much.—Listen to what I tell you!—Have you shown your new book to miss Matilda?—Yes, she likes it very well.

TEMA 55.

Why have you not yet finished what you have had to do?—Because I have had no time.—Is it very warm in your room?—Yes, it is very warm there.—Have you been in my Polish friend's shop?—I have not been there, be-

cause it is too far.—How many pigs has the Dutch butcher?—He has only one.—Have you been alone at the theatre to-night?—No, sir, I have been there together with our friend Edward.—When have you come back?—I have been back at half past nine.—Have you permitted to your little boy Edward to read this Italian book?—He has not asked me.—Have you been obliged to write many letters for your father to-night?—My father has told me to write seven, but I have not been able to do it, because I have had neither pens nor ink.—Of whom have you bought all these birds?—I have bought them of the English baker, who is my good friend.—Why has the tailor not mended my new cloth coat?—He has not been able to mend it, because he has neither scissors nor needles.—Have you led the calves to the butcher's?—Yes, sir, I have led them there, but he will not take them; he says that they are too dear.—Have you forgotten to pay for the pork which we have bought to-day?—I have not forgotten, but I have had no money to pay for it.—Have you cut my son's hair?—I have not cut it, it is not too long.—Where does the Dutch captain come from?—He comes from England.—Does he like England better than France?—Yes, madam, much better, he says that England is one of the finest countries in the world.—Have you heard the news which he has brought?—No, sir, I have not heard it.—Have the Danish sailors found their money?—They have not been able to find it, and they have sought it four days.—Why have you not listened to what your mother has told you?—I have had no time to listen to her, I have been obliged to mend my sister's silk gown, which her little children have torn.—James, it is very cold in this room, make some more fire.

TEMA 56.

What is your handsome sister Mary doing?—She is reading.—What is she reading?—She is reading a long letter which she has received from her friend Charlotte.—How many letters a month does she receive from her

friend?—She receives four a month, one a week.—Do you always write so fast?—No, madam, only when I have good pens and paper.—Are you fond of writing long letters?—No, madam, I have no patience, therefore I write very few letters and only to my best friends.—What is the matter with you, my dear friend?—Nothing is the matter with me; but I have lost all my money and nobody will lend me any.—How is your mother?—She is unwell.—What is the matter with her?—She has a violent head-ache.—Have you called the physician?—Not yet; my mother does not like to have to do with physicians.—What is the matter with the English locksmith's lazy neighbour?—His left hand is sore.—Is the Polish merchant's young wife fond of chocolate?—She is not very fond of it; she likes better coffee and tea.—Why have you not taken off your gloves before your coat?—Because my hands are dirty, and I have been ashamed to show them.—What is your servant working now?—He is making some fire.—Has he much to do?—Yes, sir; he must mend the torn clothes which my friends have taken off.—Which of these two bonnets do you like better (Which of these two bonnets pleases you better), this old silk one or my mother's?—I like neither one nor the other.—What income has your father, Mr. F.?—My father receives twenty florins a week.—Are you fond of horses?—Yes, I am very fond of horses and dogs, but not of cats.—Why do you not buy any horses?—My income is too small, therefore I cannot buy any.—Do not write so fast!—A thing too quick done, cannot be well done.—Love me little and love me long! Good bye!

TEMA 57.

Why have you not eaten any veal instead of eating some mutton?—Because I am poor and veal is dearer than mutton.—Has your father been right in selling his house?—He has been right, because he has been obliged to do it.—Do you like study, my good friend?—Which study?—The study of languages.—Very much.—Francis,

have you brought the empty bottle to my brother's?—Yes, sir.—And what has he told you?—That he has looked for a full one, but that he has not been able to find any.—Is your mother unwell?—She is well, but my wife is ill.—To whom does the white handkerchief belong which we have seen in the garden upon the tall tree?—I do not know, but I think, that it is my sister's.—How many English lessons a week do you take?—I take four a week.—How many times (*How often*) do you go to the theatre?—I go there twice a month.—Why do you not go there oftener?—Because I have not much money.—What is your handsome daughter reading?—She is reading a letter which she has received from her brother Henry.—What is the matter with the Spanish physician?—He has a violent tooth-ache.—Take care of yourself; health is the best thing in the world.—The English sailor has broken his left arm.—Poor man! He has seven children, and they still are all little.—Mr. Portly, take off your hat, when you are in my room!—I have forgotten.—How do you do?—Very ill; I have the head and tooth-ache.—Will you remain at home, or go to the theatre?—If you go there I will go with you; otherwise I like better to stay at home.—Has your father already gone out?—Not yet; he never goes out before dinner.—Is he unwell?—Yes, he has a violent tooth-ache and a sore eye too.—What are you mending?—I am mending what you have torn.—Whom do you love more, your father or your mother?—I love neither one nor the other, because they are very bad; they give me little to eat and much to work.—Which is the finest shop in town?—Mr. Bolich's.

TEMA 58.

When do you intend to go to church?—I intend to go there this evening at half past four.—Are you fond of snuff?—I am very fond of it.—Do you smoke, Mr. F.?—No, sir, I am very fond of smoking, but I have no tobacco.—When have you begun to read this book?—To-night.—Does your mother go to church every day?

—She goes there twice a day.—When has your son William set out?—He has not yet set out; but he intends to set out to-morrow.—What day of the month is it?—It is the twenty-ninth.—Of what year?—Of the year eighteen hundred and fifty five.—Of what month?—Of February.—How many bottles of wine have you in your cellar?—I have there only twenty, but my brother Edward has drunk them all.—Which volumes of this work have you read?—I have read the fourth and fifth volume.—Have you a wish to read the sixth too?—Yes, sir, but nobody will lend it me; and therefore I cannot read it.—I have lent it to my brother John, and he has lost it; therefore I cannot give it you.—Will you drink coffee?—I will drink some, but I have none.—Come to me before you go to church.—Why?—Because I must tell you something.—And cannot you tell me now?—No, because I have no time.—Does our captain's son intend to go to the market?—He intends to go there; but he has no money to buy what he wants.—Has your daughter ever been at the ball?—She has never been there.—What number have you written there upon the table?—I have written there the number one thousand, nine hundred and forty seven.—The English poet Thompson was born on the seventh of September, seventeen hundred, and died on the twenty-seventh of August seventeen hundred and forty-eight.—The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, and the day has twenty-four hours.—I have been three times at London, and only once at the theatre.—Write these numbers: nineteen thousand one hundred and twenty seven; three hundred and forty five thousand six hundred and eleven; one hundred and fifty one thousand one hundred and sixty seven.—London, the twenty-fifth of January eighteen hundred and fifty two.

TEMA 59.

Have you permitted your little boy to eat so many apples?—No, I have told him to eat only five.—What income has your good father?—He has one thousand four

hundred florins a year.—On what day of February have you received a letter from the Dutch captain?—On the twenty-seventh.—Have you been at church to-day?—Not yet; I have been forced to make some fire in Mr. Barthon's room, and to mend my father's clothes; therefore I have not yet been able to go there, but I intend to go there before I go to the market.—Are you fond of smoking?—I am not fond of it, because my father does not permit it me, and I am a good son, I do all that my father wishes.—Where have you wetted your clothes?—I do not know; I have found them so this morning.—Then you have put them on wet?—Yes, because I have no others.—At what o'clock does your mother go to church?—She goes there every morning at half past five.—In what month do you expect your brother back from the country?—I expect him in the month of July.—Do you drink coffee?—I thank you, sir; I never drink coffee.—What do you drink in the morning?—In the morning I drink milk.—How many empty bottles have you in your cellar?—I have there a thousand and fifty nine.—Why do you not buy any wine?—Because my father has written to me that he intends to send me some.—What has your son Charles learned at school to-day?—He has learned how to write the numbers: One hundred and twenty-five thousand, one hundred and fifty-six; sixty-five thousand, three hundred and fifty eight; one hundred thousand and one.—Can he read them too?—He has already forgotten; he is a very lazy boy.—Have you been acquainted with the American joiner who has been here to-day?—I have been acquainted with him in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two.—Do you smoke much?—I only sometimes smoke, when my father does not see me; because he does not allow it me.—When have you begun the study of the English language?—I have taken only four lessons.—How much a lesson do you pay?—A florin a lesson.—How much has your father paid for this house?—Fifty-six thousand, one hundred and twenty-five florins.—That is very little.

TEMA 60.

Have you seen the fine horse which your brother has sold me?—I saw it last week, when I was at his house.—How much have you given him for it?—Four hundred and fifty florins.—What has your good friend written to you?—He has written to me, that he has not yet received the money that I have sent him.—Have you answered him?—Yes, sir, I answered him the day before yesterday.—When have you been at the theatre?—I was there last night.—Have you already killed that bad cat which always makes so much noise?—Not yet; I was willing to kill it yesterday, but I had no gun.—Why did you not tell me? I have two.—When has our neighbour come?—He came last week.—Why have you cried so much today?—I have not cried, I have not yet been at home today.—Did you see the French joiner who was here two hours ago?—I did not see him, because I was not at home.—Will you send for some veal?—I will send for some, but I have no money; give me some!—Here are two crowns, that is enough.—Has your servant gone for any wine?—Yes, sir, he has gone for some.—Who cried so much yesterday?—The locksmith's little boy; he was hungry and had nothing to eat.—Why did nobody give him anything to eat?—He was alone at home, nobody was therefore able to give him anything.—Did you often go to the theatre last year, Mr. Bilfer?—No, sir, but I have been there six times this year.—Have you heard that great noise to-night?—I have not heard it, but my father told me, that your servant has broken a chair.—Did you pick up your father's nails yesterday?—No, sir, I did not pick them up, because I had no time.—When have you sold your new house with the fine garden?—I sold it an hour and a half ago.—Have you already read the Spanish book, which my cousin Charlotte has sent you?—I read it this morning.—Who is the man whom I saw at your house yesterday?—He is my physician, I like him very much.—Have you seen my uncle's fine gar-

den?—I have not yet seen it, but I have a mind to go there to-day.—Do you permit me to go with you?—No, I like better to go alone.—Have you called me?—No, I have not called anybody.—When did the Danish painter come?—He came four days ago.—Where did he come from?—He came from London.—Have you finished your letter?—Not yet.—Have a little patience!

TEMA 61.

Has the man, whom you saw at my house this morning, any more horses?—Yes, sir, he has a great many more.—Where were you yesterday?—I was in the country.—With whom were you there?—With my good friend William.—Did you know that gentleman, who was yesterday at your house?—Yes, sir, I knew him very well; but I had no mind to listen to him, therefore I told him that I did not know him.—Have you worked much to-day?—Yes, sir, I have been very diligent.—To whom did that table belong, before your father gave it you?—It belonged to the Dutch joiner.—Have you asked my brother, whether he intends to go to the theatre to-night?—I have not seen him to-day.—I saw him at Mr. Lark's ball yesterday.—To whom did you give the silk umbrella yesterday, which you had in your hand, when I saw you?—I gave it to my brother's servant.—What day of the month is it to-day?—To-day is the twenty-fourth.—What do^t you like better: a coat of black cloth or a pair of trowsers of white linen?—I like neither the former nor the latter, but a pair of trowsers of black cloth, because I want them.—Did you smoke, when you were in the country?—I smoked very much.—Did you listen to what your father told you the day before yesterday?—I listened to it and I will do what he wishes, because I love him very much, and he is so good a father!—Had your sister an English lesson this morning at seven o'clock?—She has no lesson to-day; she had it yesterday.—Did you see your brother's horse in the baker's garden yesterday?—I did not see it, because I was there with some ladies, and

therefore I showed them the pictures which are in my brother's house, instead of seeing his horse.—Were your friends at the French merchant's ball yesterday?—They were not there.—Were your sisters there?—Yes, madam, they were there together with my mother.—Where did you sup last night?—I supped with my cousin John.—When have you received these letters?—I received them four hours ago.—Will you give them to me?—I have not yet read them, have patience!—Did your merchant sell much hay last year?—He sold a great deal more last year than now; he does very little business now.—What income had your brother last year?—He received a hundred and twenty five florins a month.—What was the matter with you yesterday?—I had a violent head-ache.—Are you better now?—Yes, sir, I thank you.—How many letters have you written to-night?—I have written six.—You are very diligent!—Did you eat much yesterday?—No, but I have eaten too much to-day, therefore I am unwell now.

TEMA 62.

Is it true that Mrs. Mudry broke her leg yesterday?—Yes, sir, it is true.—What were your children doing, when you came home?—They were seeking a shilling.—Has your father done much business this year?—He has done very little; he did a great deal more last year.—How long have you been in Italy?—I have been there these five years and a half.—When is your son Henry come?—He came last Thursday.—Does he not go out?—I have not yet seen him.—Have you sent the servant for the children?—No, sir, because he is not yet come home.—When have you bought this green coat?—It is already old, I have had it these nine months.—What was your uncle William doing yesterday, when you were at his house?—He was writing some letters; he has always to do, he works very much.—Have you asked your friend, whether it is true that Mr. Tulbot sent him some very fine jewels yesterday?—Yes, I have asked him, but

he says he has received nothing.—When have you sent for any nuts?—I sent for some the day before yesterday.—How long has your son been ill?—He has been in bed all the week.—Good morning, Mr. R., how is your lady?—Mrs. R. is unwell, she has a violent head-ache.—How is Mr. Grini?—When I saw him last, he was very well.—How many times have you read this book?—I have read it three times, and now I am reading it for the fourth time.—How long was your lady in Italy?—She was there four months.—And how long has she now been in France?—She has been there these five years.—Does she still speak Italian or has she already forgotten it?—She has forgotten it already.—Good evening, gentlemen; where are you going?—We are going to the theatre, will you come with us?—I cannot, because I have much to do.—What was your tailor doing, when you were the last time at his house?—He was mending my green coat.—Where have you bought this red ribbon?—I bought it at Mr. D.'s yesterday.—Does your father do much business?—He did much last year, but he does not do any more now, he has lost all his money.—Where have you found this candlestick?—I found it in my mother's kitchen last night.

TEMA 63.

When has the tailor brought me my black coat?—He brought it you last Thursday.—Have you paid him for it?—Not yet, because I had no money.—Why did you not come to my house yesterday?—I could not come yesterday, because I had four very long letters to write.—And why did your brother not come?—He would not come, because he had no new coat, and he was ashamed to come with a torn one.—When have you been the last time at the theatre?—I was there last Sunday.—When have you written to your father?—I wrote to him last Saturday.—I was willing to write to him yesterday again, but I could not, because my uncle told me to dine with him.—Did you drink much wine?—I drank only a little

but I ate much, because I was very hungry.—Have you carried the wooden table to the joiner's?—I was willing to carry it to him yesterday, but I could not.—Why were you not able?—Because I had received a letter from my father, who wrote to me that my mother was very ill, and therefore I went to see her.—How is she now?—I thank you, she is better, but she has been in bed all this week.—What day of the month is it?—It is the nineteenth.—Of what month?—Of the month of January.—What day of the week is it to-day?—To-day is Sunday.—And you are working?—I have much to do, therefore I must work to-day also.—How long have you had this horse?—I have had it these four years.—James!—I am coming, sir!—Take this book and go to my brother's and ask him, whether he has already read it.—What are you looking for, John?—I am looking for the key, which Mr. Murrob has lost.—How long have you been studying Italian?—I have been studying it these two years.—Do you wish to drink coffee or tea?—I thank you, sir, I will not drink either one or the other; I drank coffee at Mr. Mably's an hour ago.—Are you fond of coffee?—Yes, sir, but I like better chocolate.—When have you bought this dog?—I bought it four months ago. Do you like it?—Yes, sir, I like it very much.

TEMA 64.

Will you have the kindness to correct my exercises?—I have already corrected them, they are done very well.—How long do you intend to remain at London?—Three weeks more.—How often have you spoken to the Italian physician?—I have spoken to him only four times, because I never was at home, when he came to see me.—When has your good uncle's joiner arrived?—He arrived last Wednesday.—Can you write?—No, sir, not yet; I am now learning to read and have no time to learn to write.—How many exercises have you done to-day, Henry?—I have done six.—That is not enough, you are very idle.—Are you tired?—I am.—Is your brother as rich

as you?—I think so.—Have you permitted to your little boy to eat so many cherries?—I have; he has been very diligent to-day, and therefore I have permitted it to him.—How is your mother?—She is very ill.—I am very sorry to hear that; what physician have you called?—We have called Mr. Hobkins.—When has he been the last time at your house?—An hour ago.—And what did he say?—That there is no hope.—Mr. N., I am very glad to see you, will you come and dine with me?—I thank you for your kindness, but I cannot; I have many things to do, and I have not yet done my exercises.—When have you your lesson?—Every morning at a quarter past ten.—Has your sister seen the foreigner?—She has, but she says that she does not like him.—Pray, give me my watch-key, which is upon the green table.—Here it is.—Let us see which of us can write quicker!—I have no pen, give me one.—Have you written?—I have, and you?—Not yet.—How many months has your brother William been at Vienna?—He has been there these seven months and a half.—Have you written to my mother?—I have, but she has not yet answered me.—Are you Mr. Wally's brother?—I am.—Have your daughters Mary and Charlotte received the new Irish books?—They have.—Are the English sailors tired?—They are.—Did you smoke much at my father's yesterday?—Yes, I did.—Does your lady speak Italian?—She speaks it well.—Where have you wetted my gown?—I have wetted it in my sister's kitchen, madam.—Why have you not told me?—Because I have not seen you.—What was your cook doing, when you were in the kitchen?—She was killing a few chickens.—Are you fond of snuff?—No, I am not, but I like very well tobacco.—Charles, you have smoked in this room of mine; open the window, you know that I am not fond of tobacco.

TEMA 65.

Do you intend do set out to-day?—I do not set out to-day, I am willing to remain a few days longer with my

mother.—Do you write your letters before you dine?—No, I do not write them before I dine, I write them in the afternoon.—In what shop have you bought this fine gown?—I bought it at Mr. Ruggini's yesterday.—How many bottles of wine have you in your cellar?—I had five thousand last year, but I have only fifty now.—Who has drunk so much?—All my relations; when they knew that I had some good wine, they came every day to ask me how I did.—And now, that you have no more?—They came the day before yesterday and asked me, whether I was willing to sell them the empty bottles.—When do you go into the country?—I go there every Friday.—Why do you not go there on Sunday?—Because my sister goes there on Sunday.—And cannot you go there together?—No, I do not love her, and therefore I do not like to see her.—Mr. C., your servant has broken his leg.—I am very sorry for it, call quick the physician!—I have already called him.—I am very glad, that my good friend William is arrived.—When did he arrive?—Four days ago.—Where does he come from?—He comes from Italy.—Does he intend to remain here long?—I think so.—Is he very rich?—He is.—Why do you ask me that?—Because I will tell him: Mr. B., you are rich, and I am poor, have the kindness to lend me a thousand florins.—But he has told me that he will lend nobody any money.—Oh, I am very sorry for it.—What did you do on last Monday?—I read the book which my good father has bought me.—How long do you think that your father intends to remain in the country?—I do not know, but I think, that he intends to come back on Thursday next.—Can you write as fast as my brother?—No, he can write quicker.—I am very glad, that your father has received some news about his ship.—Is she arrived any where?—Yes, she arrived at London a month ago.—How long have you had this black coat?—I have had it these nine years.—Have you paid much for it when you bought it?—I have forgotten, how much I paid for it, but I know, that it was very dear.—Good evening, gentlemen, where are you

going?—We are going to Mrs. Shabby's ball.—Come with me, I received five bottles of good, old wine yesterday.—You have too much kindness for us.—I am very glad to see you in my house.—When has your father set out?—The day before yesterday.

TEMA 66.

What is the name of that gentleman who has dined with your father to-day?—His name is Richard Blunty.—How old is he?—Twenty nine years.—Where does he come from?—He comes from Milan.—What is he?—He is a merchant.—What does he sell?—He sells sugar, coffee, wine, rice, and corn.—Most of his relations are merchants, too, but he is the richest of all.—Who knocks at the door?—Our friend Anthony.—Come in!—Good morning, my dear friends! How are you?—We are well, and you?—I thank you, I am well too.—What news do you bring us?—I know nothing new at all.—Where have you been?—I have been at my cousin Joseph's who is in bed.—What is the matter with him?—He has broken his arm.—Oh, I am very sorry for it.—Has your aunt Jane long been at Berlin?—She has been there these four months.—Does she intend to remain here long?—No, she intends to set out on Tuesday for Frankfort.—What age is the Danish painter's little son?—He is only eleven, but he is very tall of his age.—Anthony, take this waistcoat, I want it no more.—I am very much obliged to you, sir.—How is the weather to-day?—It is pouring.—Dick, in my chest must be a new waistcoat, bring it me.—I cannot find it.—Seek better, it must be there.—Here it is, now I have found it.—Where did you dine yesterday?—I dined with my good friend Joseph yesterday.—Where is your brother Dick now?—He is at Venice.—What does he do there?—He eats, drinks and smokes.—What a fine life!—What income has he?—Five thousand florins a year.—Has he already given you back the hundred florins you lent him last year?—Not yet. Most men forget what they have to pay.—Can you read

French?—I could, but I have forgotten.—Why do you not learn it?—To forget it again? I am too old for learning a language.—What age are you?—I am almost as old as Methusalem.—Oh, Methusalem was more than nine hundred years and you are only—I do not know how many?—Sixty-four.—What is your name?—My name is John.—How many children have you?—Five.—Which is the eldest?—My son Anthony.—How old is he?—Sixteen.

TEMA 67.

Why have you not yet given me back the book I sent you five months ago?—Because I have not yet read it; I had no time, I begun it seven times, but I have never been able to finish it.—Do you know our friend, Mr. Page?—Yes, why?—He found the glove of a handsome young lady the day before yesterday, and gave it her with these words,

„If from this glove thou takest the letter G,
The glove is love, which I devote to thee!“—

And what did she answer?—Oh! she answered very well,

„If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.“—

And what did Mr. Page say?—That he was not old, that he was but eighty.—How was the weather yesterday, when you were in the country?—It thundered and lightened.—When have you been at my sister Emily's the last time?—Last Tuesday.—What was she doing, when you were there?—She was mending a gown of hers, which she had torn at the last ball.—Why does she not buy a new one?—Because she has no money.—Indeed?—Yes, her father gives her twenty florins a month, but she is so good! she always gives every body what he asks her for.—How old is our neighbour John?—He is very young, he is only twenty two years.—Whose chest is this?—It belongs to my sister Jane, my father gave it her last week.—How was the weather last night, when you came home from the theatre?—It was pouring.—

Who knocks at the door?—Our good neighbour Dick.—Good evening, Mr. Pirz, I thank you for your kindness: You have done me a great favour, I am much obliged to you.—I know nothing at all: Somebody else has done you a favour, but not I; I can do no favours to anybody at all, because I am poor.—But you sent me the Italian book yesterday, which you received from Turin a few days ago.—You are right; I am glad that this book has pleased you.—Do not forget to give it me back, when you have read it.—Here it is, I have already brought it you.—I thank you.

TEMA 68.

Why has the English teacher chastised his son William?—He has chastised him, because he has not done his exercise.—Why has he not done it; was it perhaps too difficult?—No, it was very easy, but William is very idle, and his master was right in chastising him.—Has he been studying English long?—He has been studying it only these three months.—Does he find the English language more difficult than the French language?—He finds every thing difficult; but I say, „He who is diligent finds every thing easy.“—An Irishman, having been obliged to live with his master some time in England, when he came home again, a friend of his asked him, how he liked England?—He answered, „I was sick all the time I was there, and if I had lived there till now, I would have died a year ago.“—What did you do last night after having supped?—I went to bed.—In what month were you born?—I was born in the month of March.—Your father is a very good man: instead of telling me to give him back the money he has given me, he asked me, whether I wanted any more money; but I told him, that my father sent me a thousand florins last week, so that I did not want any more money.—Instead of keeping this money, you had better give my father back what he has given you.—I have already done that, and I have thanked him for his kindness.—Mr. Hopkins, will you

come with me as far as the hay-market?—I beg your pardon, sir; I know that I have promised it you, but I really cannot come, I have too much to do.—How is the weather?—It is pouring.—Where were you born?—I was born at Berlin.—When?—On the twenty-fifth of May eighteen hundred and twenty eight.—When did the French merchant die, who lived at Turin?—He has been dead these five months.—Have you received the Polish book I sent you a fortnight ago?—Yes, I am much obliged to you, but I really cannot give it you back yet, I have not yet been able to read it.

TEMA 69.

Do you know, what Mr. N. has done?—No, sir.—Being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of fish, and one being put upon his plate, he found it smell so strong, that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish as if he spoke to it, and after having done that, he took the plate and put it to his ear.—The gentleman at whose table he was, asked him what he was doing?—He told him that he had lost a brother at sea a fortnight ago and that he was asking that fish, if he knew anything of him.—And what did it answer you? said the gentleman.—It told me, that it could not tell me anything about him, for it had not been at sea these three weeks.—Where does Mr. Hartung live?—He lives number one thousand six hundred and fifty-four St. William Street.—With whom does he live?—He lives with his children and sister.—Instead of living with his sister, he had much better live alone.—Why?—Because she is a very bad woman.—How long does the peasant intend to remain in town?—Till he has sold all his oil and eggs.—And what does he intend to do after having done that?—He intends to buy some meal and to go home again.—Has he perhaps any relations in town?—No, sir, he knows nobody there.—Mr. Mops, you are very idle, you have not yet written the letters you had to write.—I beg your

pardon, sir, but my mother was dying yesterday.—How is she now?—I thank you, sir, she is better now.—Mary, have you a good mistress?—My mistress is the best I ever had.—Are the exercises, which your German teacher has given you to-day, difficult?—No, sir, they are very easy; I have done them in half an hour.—Have you ever been in a wood?—Yes, sir, I was in a wood last year, but I have forgotten its name.

TEMA 70.

A gentleman, being near the forest of Which-wood, asked a peasant, what was the name of that wood; he said, „Which-wood, sir.“—„That wood,“ said the gentleman.—„Which-wood, sir.“—„That wood, I tell you“—the peasant still said, „Which-wood.“—„I think,“ said the gentleman, „that you are as senseless as the wood we see here.“—„It will be so,“ answered the other, „but you do not know Which-wood.“—Where shall we dine to-day?—We shall dine to-day, where we dined yesterday, at home.—Who will be at our house to-night?—The English painter with his lady, two daughters, three sisters and two uncles.—Will your room be large enough for so many people?—I think, it will.—Shall I see you at the theatre to-morrow evening?—You will see me, if you remain very long, for I shall not be able to go there before half past ten.—Will your sisters and brothers not go to the theatre?—They will go there with my mother at half past seven.—Shall we be able to do any business together?—We shall be able to do some business, if you sell as cheap as I must buy.—Shall you have money enough?—I shall have a little, but not enough.—Who will give you any?—My father will give me some.—When will your sister receive the books her uncle has sent her?—She will receive them next month.—How much money shall you receive?—I shall receive twenty five pounds.—Will your mother be at home to-night?—She will.—Shall you be there too?—I shall.—Shall you go out after having done your exercises?—I shall, if it does not rain.—

Shall you love my son?—I shall, if he is diligent.—Will my aunt love your sister?—She will, if she does what she must do.—Will you pay your tailor?—I will (pay him), if I receive my money.—Will your father set out before you?—My father will set out this morning.—When has the Englishman set out?—He set out two days ago.—Will he soon come back?—I do not know, when he will come back.—Has the shoemaker made my boots?—He has not yet made them, but he will make them by and by.—When will he make them?—When he has time.—When shall you do your exercises?—I shall do them, when I have time.—When will your sister do hers?—She will do them on next Monday.—Shall you come to me?—I shall.—When shall you come?—I shall come on next Saturday (*ovvero soltanto next Saturday.*)

TEMA 71.

Will your neighbours go to our friend Charles' ball next Tuesday?—They will.—Shall you come to my garden to-morrow?—I shall, if I am not ill.—Shall you be able to pay me the hundred florins I gave you eight days ago?—I have lost all my money, so that I shall not be able to pay you.—Will the German be able to pay for his boots?—He will be able to pay for them, because he has much money.—An Irishman being asked, which was elder, he or his brother, said, „I am elder; but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of the same age.“—Another Irishman found once a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings.—Next day he saw another guinea on the street.—No, no, said he; I will have nothing to do with you.—I lost three shillings by a brother of yours yesterday.—Shall you see the English sailor to-day, to whom I gave a crown yesterday?—I shall not see him, because he went into the country last night.—Then my money is lost?—No, he will come back to-morrow morning, and he told me, that he will give you back the money you have given him.—When shall you send me the books

which you received yesterday?—I shall send them you by and by, I have not yet read them.—Shall you be chastised, my little boy?—Yes, my master will chastise me, because I have not done my exercises.—Do you go to the theatre to-night?—I go there (ovvero I do), if I have any money.—How long has the Englishman been here?—I do not know, how long he has been here, but he will set out to-night.—How many lessons will your daughter take a week?—She will take three a week.—At what o'clock will she take them?—At nine in the morning.—Will she dine (Does she dine) with you to-morrow?—No, because she has promised to her uncle Charles to dine with him.—When shall you finish your letters?—I have so many to write, that I do not know, whether I shall be able to finish them to-day.—Where were you born?—I was born at Berlin.—When?—On the twenty-fifth of April eighteen hundred and twenty nine.—Is John's mistress arrived?—Not yet, but I think she will arrive next Thursday.—Who knocks at the door?—I do not know, come in!—Good evening, gentlemen, I have received a letter for Mr. Poller, and I cannot find him; is he here?—No, we do not know where he is; but he has told us, that he will go to bed early, because he had the head-ache.

TEMA 72.

Is there any more wine in the bottle?—There is not any more.—Here is some money; go and buy some.—Have you been invited to Mr. Whimsy's ball?—No, sir, I am not acquainted with this gentleman.—Was it a fine ball?—A very beautiful one; there were more than three hundred persons.—When shall you leave for Turin?—As soon as I have sold my garden.—How much do you ask for it?—A thousand pounds.—That is not much, because the garden is large and it has many trees; but I do not know, whether there is a house too.—Yes, sir, there is a very beautiful house with twelve rooms, two kitchens and three cellars.—Then you sell it very cheap.

—A father told his son to rise earlier, and related him a story of a person who found a large purse of money early one morning.—Well, replied the young man; but the person who lost it rose earlier.—Have the diligent children been praised by the teacher?—Yes, but the idle ones have been chastised.—Give me a cigar.—I have not any more, there have been so many people at my house to-day, who are fond of cigars, that I have not any more.—How far does your nephew intend to go?—As far as Milan.—Has the physician been called?—Not yet, because we do not know where he lives.—Ask Charles, he will tell you, because he was there a great many times.—Go to the hatmaker's and ask him, whether my hat is ready.—I was there already this morning, but your hat was not yet ready.—He has no time to work.—My hatmaker is a very idle man.—Are you satisfied with yours?—Yes, sir, very much.—Will our neighbour's little sons be chastised?—They will.—Why?—Because their teacher gave them three easy exercises to do yesterday, and they have not done them, saying that they were too difficult.—Did the ball take place at Mr. Bold's last night?—Yes, it was a very beautiful ball.—You have already been in England, have you not?—Yes, sir, I have.—Will your brother lend me the book, which I want?—I do not know.—You received the books yesterday which I sent you, did you not?—Not all; I received only five, and you told me to send me eight.—You speak French, do you not?—I do, sir.

TEMA 73.

Has anybody been sent to the shoemaker's?—My brother's servant has been sent to him.—Where shall you dine to-day?—I shall dine at the young Frenchman's uncle's.—When have you been invited?—I was invited yesterday.—Will you show me the watch you bought yesterday?—It is still at the watchmaker's.—When shall you send for it?—He has promised me to send it me to-night.—Have you already paid for it?—I paid for it

yesterday.—Have you already heard, that the English locksmith's brother has broken his leg?—I have not yet heard it, I am very sorry for it.—Do you go to Mr. Delaberenga's to-night?—I do, if it does not rain.—When do you intend to pay your joiner?—I intend to pay him as soon as I receive the money my father promised me yesterday to send me.—What have you bought to-day?—I have bought some meal, oil, bread, and butter.—Have you seen the blind man who was at the Dutch painter's to-day?—I have not seen him, because I was there very early, and the blind man was there late.—Till when do you intend to remain in the country?—I do not remain there very long; I shall come to town when your friend has left.—Why? Is he your enemy?—I do not like him too much, and therefore I am not glad to see him.—How many exercises has your son Henry done to-day?—He has done only five; he is not too diligent, I told him, that he is very idle.—How many cigars have you smoked to-day?—I do not smoke, sir, because I have always the head-ache and the physician has told me, that I had better not smoke.—But are you fond of snuff?—Not very, because my wife does not like it.—How far did you go with our friend John yesterday?—I went with him as far as his mother's.—You are learning French, are you not? (You learn French, do you not?)—I have been studying it these five months, but I intend to tell my master, that I have no more time.—Have you really no more time?—I have no more money to pay him.—Are you satisfied with your cook, madam?—She does what I tell her, and all that I want.

TEMA 74.

At what o'clock did you rise yesterday?—I rose at a quarter past five yesterday.—Why did you not rise earlier?—Because I had nothing to do.—Obey your teacher and he will praise you.—Somebody knocks at the door; who is there?—It is I, I come and ask you, how you are.—I am very well, sir, and you?—I am well, too, I

thank you.—Have you seen Mr. Wilden's new carriage, which he bought at Vienna last week?—Not yet, because I have been ill, and not able to go out these eight days.—Why do you hate this poor man?—I hate him, because he has not been willing to obey me.—Why have you not chastised him?—Because my master does not allow me to chastise the other servants.—Can you recollect my uncle?—I cannot recollect him.—I hope, that you have received what I have sent you?—We have received nothing.—About what do you speak?—I speak about my books, have you not yet done with them?—No, I shall send them to you directly.—Mr. B. died last night.—Is it possible?—I hope that it is not true.—But his son told me so two hours ago.—Poor man! so young, and he was obliged to die.—Do you know my lawyer?—I have known him these nine months.—What is your son William doing?—He is being dressed.—What has this man stolen?—He is a very bad man; he has stolen all my parents' money, and has killed their servant.—Do you remember what you read yesterday?—Yes, sir, I remember it.—Can you still recollect that man, who always said, that he was our friend and who was our enemy?—No, I was too young then; I cannot recollect him any more.—Have you made many faults in your exercises?—I have made a great many; therefore my teacher has told me, that I shall be chastised.—Have you done breakfast?—Not yet, but we shall soon have done.—Do you love your parents?—I love them very much, they are my best friends in the world.—Who has come?—It is we; we come and ask you, whether you are willing to sell us your new house.—Do you know Mr. N.?—I know him; I saw him in church one day.

TEMA 75.

About what have you spoken with our neighbour?—We have spoken on business.—Have you heard, that Mr. Mallet is arrived?—That is impossible, because I saw him at Paris, a few days ago, and he told me, that

he intended to remain there all this month.—Have you done with my new gown?—Not yet, madam, I have not been able to find the cloth which you wish, and therefore I was obliged to write to my friend at Vienna to send me some.—How many faults have you made in your translation?—I have made very few, because my sister had the kindness to tell me the words I did not remember.—Instead of always speaking Italian, you had better speak English with me.—I have a great wish to do it; my father does not allow me to speak any other language than Italian.—How do you know that, have you asked him to permit you to study it?—No, because he has very often told me: My children must speak only Italian.—Indeed?—When have you been invited to Mrs. C's ball, madam?—I have not been invited; my husband (o meglio Mr. N.) will go there perhaps, because he knows Mrs. C, but I do not know her.—Do you go to the theatre to-night?—If my tailor brings me my new coat and if it does not rain, I shall go there (ovvero al principio della frase: *I do*).—Have you already done dinner?—We have done, but we cannot go out yet, it is still too warm.—Do you like my aunt's new carriage?—I like it very much.—Are you satisfied with it?—I am.—Who was in the kitchen last night?—It was my little brother, who was there.—Why are you so hated?—I am hated, because I will not give anybody any money.—Are you satisfied with your lawyer, madam?—I am, why? Do you want him?—Yes (ovvero: *I do*).—Do you go to the market to-day?—I shall go there (ovvero: *I do*), if it does not snow. —I hope, that the weather will be fine, because then I shall see my sweet-heart in the street.—Do you love him much?—I love him very much.—Where were you born?—At Paris.—In what month?—In the month of May.

TEMA 76.

When shall I go for your son John, sir?—At half past five; but before you go for him, you will go to the

tailor's and see whether my waistcoat is not yet made.—
 Yes, sir.—How much more money have you left?—I have
 four shillings left; though little, that is enough for me,
 I want very little.—Tell Richard that he shall come home
 directly, that I want him; he always goes out when he
 has much to do.—A dancer said one day to another per-
 son: You cannot stand so long upon one leg as I can.—
 True, answered the other, but a goose can.—Shall one
 of your servants come with you to-morrow?—No, because
 you have servants enough, I do not want mine.—Shall
 you be obliged to write a letter to Mr. L.?—My father
 told me, „You shall write this letter, otherwise I will give
 you no more money;“ and I answered him, „I will not
 write this letter, I will do what I like.“—When shall you
 set out?—As soon as my eldest brother is arrived.—
 When shall your servant John leave?—He shall leave
 to-morrow evening.—When shall you be allowed to go
 out?—In a fortnight.—How long shall you remain at
 Paris?—I do not know yet, how long I shall remain there.
 —You have deceived me, my good friend.—How, sir?—
 Yes, you told me that (*anche senza that*) you wrote to
 your brother yesterday about what I told you; but that
 is not true, you have not written.—But you are mistaken,
 my dear William, go to the post-office and ask, I was
 there three hours ago, and took there the letter I have
 written to my brother.—Did you dance much at Mr. Gör-
 res' ball last night?—I danced much there, but my mother
 did not allow me to dance any more and therefore I went
 home very early.—How are you to-day?—Tolerably well,
 I thank you.—I am to go to Buccari to-night.—Why?—
 I have a good friend there, who is ill, and I will see,
 how he is.—Charles, you will go to the watchmaker's
 and ask him, whether my watch is not yet ready.—The
 servant has made a fine mistake to-day; instead of putting
 some salt into the soup, he has put there some sugar,
 and no one of us was able to eat it.—How much more
 money has your brother James left?—He has only a little

left, because he has bought so many books, that he has now only twenty florins left.

TEMA 77.

Have you seen Mr. Marcy's fine dancer?—I have not yet seen her, but my sister told me, that she is the most beautiful girl in the town.—Who is she?—She is a daughter of the English merchant's.—Where are you going?—I am to go to my master's lawyer, and tell him, that he wishes to see him.—When shall I come back into town, sir?—To-morrow, you shall remain in the country to-day, otherwise I will send you away.—At what o'clock shall your little boy go to school?—At half past four, but it is not necessary, that you go with him, because I think, that my brother will go with him; the boy says, his uncle has promised it him.—Charles, if you come home every evening so late, I will chastise you.—I will never do it again, sir.—What shall I do now, sir?—Here are a few letters; if you have nothing else to do, you will take them to the post.—Shall Henry come with me?—No, I want him at home.—Will you answer your brother?—No, I will not write to him any more.—Why?—Because he wrote to me in his last letter, that I cheated him in the business we did together last year.—A brother who almost calls his brother a thief!—Is it my fault, that he has lost all his money?—He is a man who will never listen to what his friends tell him; and if he sees then that he was wrong, he says it was another's fault.—Do you remember, when he tried to do business together with Mr. Baldy?—Yes, I remember it very well; but you are mistaken, it was not Mr. Baldy, but Mr. Larron.—It is the same.—What is the matter with you? Are you ill?—No, sir, I only had a violent head-ache last night, but now I am better.—Have you already heard that my good friend, Mr. Rerops, has cheated me of five hundred florins?—How?—He gave me a pocket-book, saying, „Here are three thousand florins,“ and when I opened it, I found there only two thousand five hundred.—Shall your little

daughter learn Italian?—She shall learn it as soon as I have found a good teacher.—Do you not like Mr. G.?—No, I do not think him a good teacher.—Why not?—Because he speaks too much, and he who knows much, speaks little.—That is a very bad boy; instead of loving his parents, he hates them.—How much money shall you have left, when you have paid your shoemaker?—When I have paid him for my boots, I shall have ten florins left.

TEMA 78.

Have you a mind to take a ride?—Yes, but I have no horse; I had two horses of my own, and I was obliged to sell them eight days ago, because I wanted some money.—Who bought them?—My neighbour, Mr. Thimbley.—How much did he give you for them?—Three hundred florins for each.—How many letters has your sister written?—She has written five.—To whom did she give them, after having written them?—She gave them to John, telling him, to take them to the post-office.—Why has the joiner shut the door of his house?—I really do not know, but I think he has shut it, because it is already late, and he goes to bed every evening at half past nine.—Have you ever had your coat mended?—I have had it mended sometimes; but I always buy new clothes now, when the old ones are torn.—Has your friend Mary got her thread stockings washed?—She has not yet got them washed, but she will get them washed next week.—Why have you not had my boots mended, James?—I have had them mended, but I have not gone yet for them.—Why not?—Because the shoemaker told me to come at four; he has so much to do that it was impossible for him to have them done earlier.—By whom have you got your exercises corrected?—I have got them corrected by our English teacher.—Charles, why have you not got my rooms swept?—I have not been able to find the servant; he always goes out, when there is much to do at home.—Tell him, that if he will not remain at home, when he has to do there something, I will send him away.—Why

have you had little Dick chastised?—Instead of studying he has soiled all his books and when I told him to clean them, he answered, that he had no mind to do it.—I am told that Mr. Blag has broken his leg, but I do not know whether that is true.—No, that is not true; he only hurt his back, but he is well again now.—Is your servant a clever man?—No, he is very awkward.—I have been willing to send him away these eight days, but I think, that another will perhaps be still worse.—What did you do yesterday in the afternoon?—We took an airing in a carriage; we were as far as Volosca, and then back again.—Why do you not take a walk?—You are right, I will take a long walk this evening.—Do you not remember, that the physician told you to take often a walk, that it will do you good?—What has the thief stolen from you?—He robbed me of all I had; of all my money, jewels, clothes, and books; for these I am the sorriest.—Why do you fear this man?—Because he has told me to clean his boots, and I have not yet done it; he will tell me, that I am idle, and he will pay me nothing.

TEMA 79.

At what o'clock do you go to bed?—I go to bed every evening at a quarter to ten.—And at what o'clock do you rise?—I rise at half past five.—Why do you not rise later?—What have you to do so early in the morning?—I must clean my father's boots and my own, I must sweep the rooms, and make the coffee for breakfast.—When did you go away last night?—I went away only at half past twelve.—Did you immediately go to bed?—No, I had a few letters more to write.—At what o'clock have you risen this morning?—At twenty minutes past eight.—Have you already got the trowsers mended of which you spoke to me a fortnight ago?—I have not yet had them mended, because my tailor told me yesterday, that he had no time now, but that he will mend them the first days of next week.—What have the English sailors stolen?—They have stolen some oil and wine.—From

whom have they stolen it?—From the Dutch merchant who arrived five days ago.—Have you a stove in your room?—No, sir, it has been impossible for me to buy one; I had to pay the tailor, the shoemaker, the hatmaker, the joiner, and the locksmith; so that I had no more money left to buy a stove.—Which arm have you hurt?—I have hurt my left arm.—Do you know, what I was told last night in the theatre?—No, sir, what?—That Mrs. Maywood, the handsome English dancer has died.—I can tell you, sir, that it is not true, because I spoke to her two hours ago.—Do you fear your father, Charles?—I do not fear him to-day, I fear nobody to-day, because I have done my exercises; but when I have not done them, then I fear him, because he has me chastised, and tells me that I am a bad boy.—Henry, why have you not swept my room?—Because I swept it yesterday.—Are you already going away? Stay a little more.—I cannot; the physician has told me to take a little walk every day and I have not yet taken it to-day.—Are you perhaps willing to take an airing in the coach with me?—No, I thank you, another time, but to-day it really is impossible.—James, clean my boots; I have soiled them, when I was to take a walk.—When have you taken a ride the last time?—The day before yesterday; my friend Richard lent me his black horse, and we went as far as Superga.—Why have you sent away your servant?—Because he is good for nothing.—Have you already heard, that several thieves have robbed Mr. Rerops of all his money?—I have not yet heard it, but I am very glad of it, because he is a very bad man, he has cheated me of five hundred florins eight days ago; and he knows, that I am poor; that is worse than to be a thief.

TEMA 80.

It was said of one who remembered every thing that he lent, but forgot what he borrowed, that he had lost half his memory.—How many lessons have you learned by heart?—I have learned eight, but I intend learning

four more to-night.—Why have you sent for me?—Because I want you; I have no more money, and I intend borrowing some from you.—I assure you, my good friend, that I really cannot give you anything, because I have none.—It is always the same thing, if you wish to borrow any money; ask a friend of yours to lend you some, and he will say that he has none.—Marry a rich girl and then you will have enough.—But I am ugly, old and poor, no girl will marry me.—How many pupils have you now, Mr. Walking?—I have a great many, I have much to do.—That watch appears to be of gold, does it not?—No, sir, you are mistaken, it is but a silver one.—Do you go out early in the morning?—Yes, sir; I rise every morning at five, and go to the market with my cook, because otherwise he never comes back before eleven.—Why do you not send him away?—Because he will have been twenty years at my house next month, and he is very honest.—Why do you laugh at me?—Because your nose is very red.—Do you know Mr. Bull? Can you tell me, whether he is married?—No, madam; he is a bachelor.—How long have you been at Fiume?—I shall have been here three years next month.—Is your coachman fond of brandy?—He is very fond of it, therefore I intend to send him away.—Shall you have done dinner, before I come home?—If my cook does not give me much to eat, I hope that I shall have done.—Have you hurt your elbow, madam?—Yes, sir, but not much.—Will Henry have washed his hands, before he comes to us?—I do not know, but he generally has dirty hands.—Why do you laugh at me, John?—Because your left eye is black, and the right one blue.—But, sir, that is not my fault.—Do you know that maid?—I know her, she is my sister.

TEMA 81.

Of whom do the Dutchmen borrow any books?—They borrow some of their friends.—Why do you give me so bad a pen?—I beg your pardon, sir, it appeared to me

good.—Do you fear your father, Charles?—I do not fear him, I fear nobody, I do what I must do.—What has that man stolen from you?—He stole my golden watch from me at the theatre last night.—Charles, have you swept my room?—Not yet, I have not had time.—Have you got a coat made?—I have told my father, to have a coat made for me, but he answered me, that he had no money.—The little Richard has grown very much of late.—Yes, he is very tall of his age.—Do not laugh at that poor man, it is not his fault to be poor.—Why will you get married?—Because I want somebody who loves me.—Do you like Bulwer's new novel?—I assure you, that I do not like it at all.—Have you many pupils?—I have twenty two.—How long have you had this stick?—I shall have had it four months on next Monday.—Why have you sent for your gardener?—In order to tell him, that I am not satisfied with him at all.—Have you learned your lesson by heart?—Not yet, I had four letters to write and till now it really was impossible for me to do it.—Do you intend leaving to-morrow?—No, madam, I expect my mother next week from Vienna, and we shall set out together.—Does your brother live in a house of his own?—No, he has three houses of his own, and lives in a friend's; he says, that he likes better to live in another's house than in his own.—When do you intend marrying Miss L.?—As soon as her father has told me, that he is satisfied with my income.—Is he not now?—No, he says, that it is too small.—When shall you set out to-morrow?—I do not know yet at what o'clock, but I intend leaving early in the morning.—Is your brother Charles single or married?—He is a bachelor.—How rich your uncle Richard has grown of late!—He is very industrious, he works much, and does much good business.—I am told that your cousin Anthony is arrived, is it true?—Not yet, madam, but we expect him on Monday.

TEMA 82.

One telling Charles XII. before the battle of Narva, that the enemy was three to one, he answered, „I am glad to hear it, for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away.“—Why have you bought another bonnet, madam?—I had bought my new bonnet, before my husband gave me one.—Had you seen your aunt, before your brother saw your mother?—My brother had seen my father and mother, before I saw my aunt.—Where have you seen Mr. Merry?—I saw him one evening at your house.—When did you find this watch?—I found it one morning in the street.—Has that book long belonged to your sister?—She had had it long, when I gave her that new book, which I bought five months ago of Mr. S.—Do you work as often as your brother works?—No, he works more than I, he is much more diligent than I.—Had you still your house in the country, when you bought the new one in town?—I had already sold my house in the country, when I bought my house in town.—Were (o had) my cousins already gone out, when you called upon me?—Henry was gone out, but John was still at home.—Did the young gentlemen go home, after having been at the theatre?—They had gone home and seen my father, before they went to the theatre.—When did you buy this fine book?—I bought it at Berlin two months ago.—On what floor does your father live?—He lives on the second floor; he says, that he does not like to live on the first.—Have you seen my father's new house?—Yes, it is a very fine four-storied house.—I am indisposed, if you have time, come and see me.—I shall go and see the English foreigner to-morrow, who arrived the day before yesterday.—Have you known him long?—I had known him three years, before I went to London.—James, when you go into town, call upon Mr. Cocossar and tell him to send me some tea; he sells the best tea in the town.

TEMA 83.

Is Henry down stairs?—No, sir, he is still at school. —When he comes, tell him to come up stairs, I have something to tell him.—I have got all my shirts washed, and a thief has stolen them all from me now.—I am very sorry for it; if you wish, I will lend you a few.—As soon as I have received the money my father promised to send me, I shall get a few made.—But I assure you, that I have so many, that I can lend you as many as you want.—When my father is arrived, I will immediately go and see him.—Is it true, Miss Mary, that you intend getting married?—Every girl intends getting married, if she can find any one who is willing to take her, and I am now growing old, I have been seeking a husband these five years, but nobody will take me.—On what floor does Mrs. Koor live?—She lives on the second floor of her house. —How much money shall you have left, when you have paid for your boots? —Four florins, and as that is very little money, I have written to my merchant to-day, to send me some.—Do you think he will do it?—He must do it, because I lent him two thousand florins last year; therefore he, too, must lend me some money now, when I want to borrow some from him.—Who is down stairs?—It is I.—What is your name? —Joseph.—What do you wish?—I come to see you.—I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not know you.—Do you not remember that we lived together in the same house, on the same floor at Paris last year?—It is true, now I recollect, I beg your pardon; pray, come up stairs. —Why do you shut the door?—Because I am afraid; a thief stole fifty crowns from me last night.—Why do you laugh, madam?—I laugh, because I remember, that you told me two years ago that I was ugly, and now you ask me, whether I am willing to marry you.—When I go to dinner, I shall call upon Mr. Whimsy; do you want any thing of him?—No, sir, I thank you, I am not acquainted with him.—At what o'clock do you go to bed?—I go to bed every evening at half past nine.—And at what

o'clock do you rise?—I always rise early in the morning.—What age is your sister Jane?—She is only eleven years, but she is very tall of her age.—Do you think that my neighbour is arrived?—I think so.—Do you know perhaps my friend Charles?—I had known him nine years, before he arrived.—Then you have known him longer than I.—How long have you known him?—I shall have known him only four years the day after to-morrow.—How is your lady, Mr. B.?—Tolerably well, I thank you.—Have the kindness to tell her, that I shall come and see her the day after to-morrow.—I will.

TEMA 84.

A gentleman, having lent a guinea for two or three days to an acquaintance of his, in whose promises he had not too much faith, was very much surprised to find, that he punctually kept his word.—The same gentleman wished after some time to borrow the same sum.—No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and you shall not do it a second time.—Can you play the flute?—No, sir, I have been learning to play it these two years, but I do not know yet anything.—Can your brother play it?—He could, but he has forgotten, because he never had time to play it.—How much does it want to five?—It wants twenty minutes.—Do you not know, Captain Brave, whether your brother is arrived at last?—No, sir, he has not written me these five months, and therefore I do not know, when he will arrive.—Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?—I am neither the one nor the other, I am a Jew.—Why does that man always follow me?—Because he wants you, he is willing to borrow some money of you.—Is your brother married or single?—He is neither the one nor the other, he is a widower.—Do you like my mother-in-law's garden?—I do not like it, it is too small and there are too few trees.—Why do you beat the cat?—Because it has hurt my good dog; it is so bad a cat, I will kill it as soon as its mistress has left.—What has your daughter-in-law dropped?—She has dropped nothing, you are mis-

taken.—How much does my father-in-law's tailor owe you?—He does not owe me much, he owes me only fifty florins.—Why does he not pay you what he owes you?—Because he has few customers, he had many, but he has lost them almost all, because he was idle.—Why have you beaten your son this morning?—I have beaten him, because he has not done his exercises, and has not learned his lesson by heart.—Where and when have you made the acquaintance of Doctor Wurm (ovv. *Doctor Wurm's acquaintance*)?—I made his acquaintance in the country last year.—When in England, I always spoke English.—Are you fond of brandy?—I am not very fond of it, I very seldom drink some.—My new servant is very awkward, he has dropped two wine-bottles.—Did they break?—Yes, sir, they broke both.—Had you had long your English teacher, when I took mine?—I had had him four months before you took yours.—Does that man seem to you a Jew?—I hope he is a Jew, because I love very much the Jews, and that man pleases me.—How much more money do you owe your enemy, Mr. Foe?—I owe him much more money, and I have none; how shall I be able to pay him?—If you do, what I shall tell you, I will give you the book, which you want.

TEMA 85.

Have you a stove in your room?—Yes, sir; on the second floor, on which I live, there are five rooms and one kitchen, each room has its stove, the bed-room too, though we never make any fire there.—On what floor does our friend Henry live?—He lives on the sixth floor, in our brother-in-law's new house.—Is he satisfied?—Yes, very much, he says, that he never had so fine rooms as those in his life.—I shall have been in Italy nine years on Tuesday next.—Do you like that country?—Yes, sir, I like it much better than Germany.—When do you intend setting out?—To-morrow early in the morning.—With whom shall you set out?—I do not know yet, who will set out with me, but I was told, that an English

locksmith and a French joiner intend leaving to-morrow morning, too.—We shall perhaps be in the same carriage.—Are you fond of playing at cards?—No, madam, I hate all cards, I have grown poor, because I liked them too much, and I have nothing else left now, than to hate them, and to remember the money I have lost without the least pleasure.—Has our shoemaker many customers?—No, sir, he has not many; he has married a rich wife, and intends selling his shop now.—How many mistakes has Charles made in his translations?—I do not know yet, how many he has made; but the exercises I have given him are so easy, that, if there are many, I will have him chastised by his teacher.—You have bought a new house, have you not?—Yes, sir, but I have not yet paid for it.—Why do you beat this little girl?—Because she will not obey me.—Are you willing to take a walk?—I thank you, sir, but I really cannot; I have promised to my brother-in-law to take a ride with him, and after having done that, I am to call upon my sister's mother-in-law, in order to tell her, that I have received some very fine sugar and coffee.—How is the Spanish lawyer?—He is tolerably well, but his parents are ill.—How, both?—Yes, sir, they are both very ill.—When were you born?—I was born on the fifth of September eighteen hundred and thirty three.—Are you already ready to take an airing in the carriage?—Directly, sir, I want only my hat which I cannot find.—Why do you not call your servant?—He went to church; I am alone at home.

TEMA 86.

When do you sup here?—Generally at half past nine.—Has the thief been punished?—No, and I think, he will not be punished.—What have they asked you for these stockings?—They asked a florin and a half a pair, but they gave them to me for sixteen florins and a half a dozen.—Where can I buy a good umbrella? (ovvero: Where is a good umbrella to be bought?)—I was shown some very fine umbrellas in the new shop in William-

Street.—Where did you dine yesterday?—I dined together with my brother at Mr. Robert's.—When did you go to dinner?—We went to dinner at a quarter to four.—Were you at the theatre last night?—I was there, but it was so full that no seat was to be had; I was obliged to stand all the evening.—Can you tell me, where I can find any good coffee?—Good coffee is sold in this shop.—Did you dance much last night?—There was no dancing, there were too many people.—In how much time does one go now from London to Paris?—I cannot tell you, because I never was either at Paris or at London.—Why do you come home so late?—It is not our fault, the teacher kept us at school so long.—Mr. P., why do you never laugh?—I never laughed, since I lost my dear wife.—It is said that you never laugh, because you have lost several teeth.—They say, that we shall have war.—I do not believe it.—I am told (*They tell me*), that you speak English very well.—That is not true, let us speak English and you will directly see that you are mistaken, if you think that I know it well.—If they tell you, that you are good, ask yourself whether that is true.—I have been asked to-day, whether you are arrived.—What is the news?—Our good friend Richard died four days ago.—Can your children already read English?—They can already read and write it.—You know German, do you not?—No, sir, I learned German very long, but I have not spoken one word these four years, and I have forgotten almost all.—Do you believe in God?—Yes, he who does not believe in God, must be a bad man.—How do you say that in French?—I cannot tell you, because I do not know French.

TEMA 87.

When at the market to-day, I was asked, whether it was true that you have got married.—And I was asked, whether it was true that you intend setting out next Tuesday.—Why have you dropped the inkstand?—Because it was dirty.—Have I already told you, that I was promised

to go to the theatre?—No, I am very glad of it.—On what floor does the young widow live?—Why do you ask, have you perhaps a mind to marry her?—No, sir, she is poor, and I cannot marry a poor woman, because I, too, am poor.—Was there no singing at your house last night?—No, sir, there was cardplaying, till we went away.—Is what my brother Charles says believed at Berlin?—It is impossible that what he says is believed there, because he is not known there at all.—Yet he has been there these four months.—Yes, but he never goes out; I am told that he is ill.—Is my enemy, Mr. Bertold, arrived?—I think he is.—My son John shall not be chastised; he is not so bad a boy as his teacher says.—Has my silk gown been found?—No, madam; I think it has been stolen.—What is the name of that man?—I do not know, I am not acquainted with him.—Do you know French?—I knew, but I have forgotten it.—What were you answered, when you asked whether Mr. P. had come?—That he has not written these four weeks, and that it is not known, where he is at present.—I will be praised, when I do my exercises well!—They make excellent cloth in Germany.—Why were you not shown the Chinese ship who arrived five days ago?—I was not told anything, and therefore I have not asked.—What is the news?—As is seen from several letters arrived to-day, Mr. W. appears to have been killed.—I have been assured that it was not true; he is said to be in the country.—At what o'clock shall we go to the theatre?—As soon as my wife is ready.—Had you been at school long, when my son Joseph came?—I had been there almost two hours; the teacher had already corrected all our exercises, when Joseph came; he said that his watch had been stolen from him.

TEMA 88.

A gentleman who liked everything that was foreign, and was very fond of hard names, dining at a friend's house, asked him, what the name of the wine was, of

which he had just drunk a glass at table. His friend knowing it was the same what name he told him, and remembering that he had bought it at Stocks Market, told him it was the true Stoko Marketto; upon which he found the wine excellent, and praised it very much.—Why do you not believe in what Mr. N. tells you?—Because he is a great liar; he has so often lied already, that nobody believes any more in what he says.—Why has John not carried the trunk home?—Because it was too heavy.—What did you answer your father, when he told you, that you were a liar?—I was so astonished, that I was not able to speak and therefore I went away directly.—Have you found the book at last which you sought?—Yes, sir, after having been seeking it for more than five hours, I found it upon the table in our neighbour Charles' room; I was much surprised to find it there, because I had asked him twice, whether he did not know where my book was, and I have found it in his room now.—Were you surprised to hear that Joseph has turned Catholic?—I assure you, madam, this news has not surprised me at all.—Did you ever see the king?—Yes, sir, I saw him with the queen in the theatre the night before last.—My dear uncle, Henry has beaten me!—Never mind, beat him too.—Have you seen the young, handsome dancer who arrived four days ago?—I saw her in the street, but I have not yet seen her dance.—How does your son behave at school?—He does not behave very well; he studies much, but he will not obey his master, and I prefer a good behaviour to much diligence.—Does that hat fit you?—No, sir, it is too small.

TEMA 89.

Go to the tailor's and get me another waistcoat made, this does not fit me, it is too long.—Why has your brother turned locksmith?—He was a joiner, and has turned locksmith, because he receives more money now.—Will you go to the theatre with me to-night?—With great pleasure.

—Do you like that yellow bonnet?—Yes, madam, I like it; but I am not willing to buy it, because it is too large for me.—Is your brother's chest very heavy?—No, sir, it is very light; it is much lighter than yours.—Good morning, M. B!—Good morning, my dear friend, I am much surprised to see you so early, because you are said to rise very late.—I assure you that he who says that is a liar, because I rise every morning at half past six.—Have you already seen the new physician?—To be sure, he dined at my house yesterday, and we are invited together to Mr. Blury's to-day.—Do you write much now?—No, madam, I prefer reading a fine book.—But I prefer writing my exercises, and I have written so many this week, that my left eye is sore.—Did you sleep well last night?—Very well, I thank you; why do you ask me?—Because I am told, that you always walk up and down in your room in the night, so that nobody can sleep in the house, where you live.—That is not true, and he, who has told you so, has lied.—I have lost all my money.—I am very sorry for it; but never mind, I have enough; if you want any, tell me, and I will give you some.—Where is a good locksmith to be found?—That is very difficult to tell you, because all our locksmiths are very lazy, no one will work.—Have you already heard that my enemy, Mr. M., has turned Jew?—Indeed?—He was a Catholic, then he turned Protestant, and he now seeks his happiness in turning Jew.—If he is contented, he is right.—What is your sister Emily doing now?—She is playing upon the harpsichord.—Does she play it well?—Yes, sir, she is very skilful.—About what did you speak to my father last night?—We spoke on business.—Have you known him long?—I have known him these five years; I made his acquaintance five years ago, at Mr. L's ball.—Take these trowsers to the tailor's, they do not fit me, they are too large.

TEMA 90.

A person, being asked why there were so many white hairs on his head, that it was indeed quite grey, and that no one could be seen in his beard, answered, „That is a matter of course, the hair of my head is older than that of my beard by twenty years.“—When did you cut yourself?—The night before last at my brother's: I was going to cut some bread for his children, and I cut myself, because I am very awkward.—Have you cut yourself?—I have not cut myself.—Who has cut himself?—My little daughter has cut herself.—Has anybody given her a knife?—She found the knife upon the table.—Has your uncle praised himself again to-day?—Yes, he always praises himself.—Who praises your sister?—Everybody praises her, and she praises herself too. — Does your daughter see herself in the looking-glass?—She sees the looking-glass, but she does not see herself.—Why have you not cut the meat?—I have not cut it, because I was afraid to cut my fingers (*of cutting my fingers*).—Do you cut your hair?—I do not cut it myself, I have it cut.—Where has this man lost his leg?—He lost it in the battle.—How do you amuse yourself?—I amuse myself in reading and in writing.—How does your sister amuse herself, when she has nothing to do at home?—She goes to the theatre, when she has nothing to do.—Have you hurt yourself?—I have not hurt myself.—Who has hurt himself?—My aunt has hurt herself, because she has cut her finger.—Do you rise late?—No, madam, I rise every morning at a quarter past six.—Why do you chastise your son?—Because he has spoiled his new coat.—What are you going to do now?—I am going to write to my sister, I have not written to her these five months.—What countryman is your brother?—He is a native of Vienna.—How many ells of green cloth have you bought?—I have bought seven.—Do you see this man?—How old he is growing!—This room is twelve feet and four inches long.—How does my son conduct himself at school?—He conducts

himself very well, the teacher praises him every day.—Mr. B. has come back from England, he has become very rich.—What has become of our neighbour?—He has become a merchant, but his brother has become an officer.—Why have you turned Catholic?—Because I prefer this religion.—Do you amuse yourself in reading a fine book?—No, madam, I am not fond of reading; I prefer writing and taking a ride, if I find any one who lends me a good horse.

TEMA 91.

When have you been the last time at the theatre?—I was about to go home, the night before last, when a man came out of a house and beat me, so that he has broken my leg.—Have you sent for the physician?—To be sure; he has been here three times already, and assured me, that I shall be able to go out in three weeks.—Tell your physician that he is a liar, that is impossible, and if you go out in three weeks, you will lose your leg.—What cloth have you bought for your new coat, grey or brown?—I have bought neither the former nor the latter (*neither this nor that*); I have bought some green cloth.—I must go to the theatre, Good bye!—How do you amuse yourself?—I amuse myself in reading a fine book.—Why do you praise your brother Charles?—Because he has taken great pains to seek the book I had lost four days ago.—What are you going to do?—I am going to write a letter to my father.—And what are you doing now?—I am reading the letter I received from my father-in-law yesterday.—Why does your sister praise herself?—Because she has worked much to-day.—Can you see yourself in the large looking-glass?—No, sir; I can see you, but I do not see myself.—What countrywoman is your neighbour, Mrs. B.?—She is a native of Venice.—Why do you take so great pains to do your exercises well?—Because I wish to learn English, and if I do not study, I shall learn nothing.—Do you know this Spanish officer?—Which? That with the long beard?—Yes, that with the long nose and small

eyes.—He is my enemy, Mr. Rerops' brother-in-law.—Why do you not speak to him?—Because I do not like him, he is a liar, and has stolen once twenty five crowns from me.—I am much astonished, I was always told, that he was a very honest man.—That is not true.—How much does it want to six?—It wants only a quarter.—John, go to captain Mourn's and tell him, that I intend going to the theatre to-night; ask him, whether he wishes to come with me.—Is your neighbour married?—No, he is a bachelor.—Why does he not get married?—Because his income is too small.—Had you known Mr. B., my brother's father-in-law long, when I made his acquaintance?—I had known him five months.

TEMA 92.

„John, how many clothes have you brushed?“ asked a lady her servant. „When I have done this and three others, I shall have brushed four.“—I gave once a man a shilling, when I had to pay him only sixpence.—„Remember you owe me sixpence“, I told him. „May your Honour live till I pay you!“ answered he.—I never expected such an answer from a man, whose clothes could be dearly bought by the sum in question.—Houses are commonly built two stories high in this town.—How is your fine cousin Emily?—Tolerably well, I thank you.—I cannot believe that Henry is truly your friend; I fear that he deceives you.—No, madam, I assure you he loves me sincerely.—I do not know what to think; sometimes he lies and sometimes not.—Mary, have you prepared my new silk gown? I wish to go out.—It is already ready, madam.—Is it true, my good friend, that you intend setting out?—Yes, I have a mind to travel a little.—Are you willing to travel by water or by land?—I will go to England and Italy.—Have you heard what my father has said this morning?—Yes, madam, but I have not understood him; he speaks so fast, that I never understand him.—Why do you wear so old a coat?—Because I have given my new one to the servant, to get it brushed and mended.—Why

has Charles been rewarded?—Because he has studied much, he is the most diligent boy in school.—Has Robert, too, been rewarded?—No, he has been chastised, because he has not done his exercises and has spoiled his books.—Why do you warm yourself?—Because I am very cold.—My neighbour Joseph, too, was cold last night, he was going to warm himself, but he went too near the stove, and burned himself.—Why does the servant not make the fire?—He does not make it, because he is afraid to burn himself.—Why does your brother-in-law not brush his waist-coat?—He does not brush it, because he is afraid of soiling (*to soil*) his fingers.—Does your mother-in-law wish to warm herself?—She wishes to warm herself, because she is very cold, but I do not want to warm myself because I am warm.—Have you bought any green or blue cloth for your new coat?—I do not know which to buy; both colours please me, but my father told me, that I had better buy some blue cloth.—As for me, I do not know what to say to you; I prefer black cloth to all others, and therefore my tailor makes all my clothes of that colour.—Have you much travelled?—No, madam, I have made only a little voyage.

TEMA 93.

Anthony, go and see in the kitchen, whether dinner is preparing; I am very hungry.—Of whom do you think, my dear Charlotte?—I think of my friend, who is now absent.—Does he like so much travelling?—No, sir; but he has much business, and must therefore travel much every year.—John, why have you not yet brushed my coat?—I have not been able to find the brush; somebody must have lost it.—Here is some money, go and buy another.—Do you think this foreigner rich?—I do not consider him rich; but his brother Richard, the merchant, is said to be very rich.—Where were you born?—I was born at Venice.—Why has the servant not yet swept the floor?—Because he had much to do.—Charles, is it true, that you will not obey your parents?—If I ever hear

such a thing again, I will have you chastised.—Do those drawers fit you, sir?—Yes, you have made them very well; how much must I pay for them?—Give me a thousand florins and you will not owe me anything else.—I beg your pardon, my dear friend, but I do not understand what you say, because I have the ear-ache.—Why have you beaten the dog?—Because it has not been willing to eat what I gave it.—Why do you not go to the theatre to-night?—Because I am not allowed.—Who does not allow you?—My father; I know he likes that all are at home at nine o'clock in the evening, and being a good son, I do not ask him to permit me to go to the theatre, though I am sure that if I ask him, he permits me.—What do I see: you are smoking, Charles?—Instead of smoking you had much better give the money to the poor; bread is so dear now!—And why do you not give the poor the money, which you want to buy snuff?—Because I am much richer than you.—Has Anthony set out?—Yes, he set out this morning at ten; he intends travelling a little.—He is right; if he has money enough, why always remain at the same place?—Is it true that your father intends building a new four-storied house?—He has a mind to do it, but he has not all the money he wants, and he cannot borrow any, because nobody is willing to lent him any.—Tell him to go to my good uncle's; he is very rich and will be very glad to be able to do your father a favour.—I thank you, sir, for your kindness.

TEMA 94.

The son of a good father, going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy.—His father replied: I shall be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come healthy.—Where were you last night?—I was first at the theatre and afterwards at my friend Charles'.—Have you asked him, why he has not yet sent us the book, of which he spoke to us a fortnight ago?—Yes, sir; he said that he had not yet

been able to find an opportunity of sending it to us.—Do you make your own boots, Mr. Richard?—No, sir, I have them made by the shoemaker; but my good friend Charles makes all his own boots and clothes.—Who has told you that my uncle intends setting out?—He has told me himself.—I do not believe that being true at all, because my good uncle often lies.—Is this coat quite new?—No, madam, I have worn it these five years and a half.—Do you like the blue colour?—Yes, but I like better green clothes.—Who has cut your hair?—I have cut my own hair.—Did you travel much last year?—Yes, sir; I was in France and in Italy.—Excuse, sir, that I come so late; but somebody was at my house to speak on business, and I could not send him away.—Who has dressed my sister's boy?—He has dressed himself.—Have you asked my friend for the thousand florins you had the kindness to lend him last year?—Yes, I have asked him for it, but he says that he is not able to give it me back; that he wants some more money, and that he intends borrowing it from your brother.—I fear that my brother will not lend him anything, because he is not rich, and wants himself the little money he has.—Have you not yet had an opportunity of speaking to my enemy?—No, but I shall go to him to-night.—But I think he is oftener at the theatre than at home in the evening.—If I do not find him at home, I, too, shall go to the theatre.—Have you heard, that my mother's cook fell down stairs and broke her leg yesterday?—I was told so, but I would not believe it, till I had spoken to you: now I believe it; poor woman!—Have you been able to understand what the teacher has told us to-day?—No, he speaks too fast; but I have told him to speak slower.

TEMA 95.

Is it true that you have sold your garden, madam?—No; I have, on the contrary, bought another, and I intend building a five-storied house now.—There are only two five-storied houses in the whole town.—Well, mine

will be the third.—I thank you, sir, that you have taken so great pains for me.—What are you going to do now?—I am going to write to my neighbour Robert, who is at Paris.—What will you write to him?—I will ask him for my trunk; I lent it him for a fortnight, eight months ago, and he does not send it me back.—To whom does this new shop belong?—To our friend, the Polish merchant.—Has he many customers?—Yes, because in no place there is so good coffee, sugar, corn, and oil to be found, as there.—How many lessons have you learned by heart?—When I have done this, I shall have learned five.—How much does it want to half past eight?—Only five minutes.—Will you come and take a cup of tea at my house to-night?—With great pleasure; if you permit, I shall bring my little brother, too; he loves me so much, that I go nowhere without him.—On what floor do you live?—I live on the second floor.—Have you hurt your elbow?—Yes, a little.—How is the weather to-day?—It is very dull weather.—Is dinner ready?—Not yet, sir, but it will be ready directly.—What was your sister doing; when you came home?—She was writing to her good friend Henry.—How much more money shall you have left, when you have paid for your boots?—Very little, I shall have left only five florins.—Do you know your lesson?—I knew it, but I have already forgotten it.—When and where have you made Capitain Blumsy's acquaintance?—I made his acquaintance at the theatre last year.—How do you like him?—I like him very much; he is a very clever man, he plays well the flute and the harpsichord, dances well, speaks five languages and is always satisfied, when he can do a favour to a friend of his.—Is he married?—No, he loves ladies very much; but he says that he will never get married.—Why?—The friend of his youth, whom he loved more than himself, married another, his greatest enemy.—And why?—Because being invited one evening to a ball together with her, he did not dance the whole evening with her, and told her that he had the head-ache.

TEMA 96.

A lawyer being sick, made his last will, and gave all his money to fools and mad-men.—Being asked why he did so, he said, „From such I had it, and to such I give it again.“—A friend of mine, hearing an acquaintance say according to the Italian proverb, that three women make a market with their chattering, said: Well, add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.—Why have you not yet explained this rule to your pupils?—Because they have so many others to learn and they are so lazy, that I thought it was better not to explain it to them yet.—Do you believe they will succeed in learning the French language?—Perhaps, but then they will be obliged to study more.—They play rather than study, and therefore they are wrong; but I will have them chastised and then they will perhaps like better to study.—Why have you torn your coat, sir?—Because it does not fit me.—And why not send it rather back to the tailor?—Because I have no mind.—Have you written to your friend without your father's knowing it?—No, he knew it.—Had you played upon the flute before your sister's going to the theatre?—No, sir, we read together a very useful book: The Italian proverbs by Giusti; and when she went to the theatre, I played upon the flute till my father came home.—Have you already read the whole book I have lent you?—Not yet, I have no time, because I am learning English, and as without studying one cannot learn anything, I read and write all the day.—Can I see Milan from Venice?—You are mad, that is impossible.—Doctor, may I drink wine to dinner?—No, sir, you must not; you drink too much and that is not healthy.—Did you go out together with your sister yesterday?—No, madam; I went out after her going to the theatre.—Are you tired with walking?—No, I can walk six hours, without being tired.—You may come and see us if you have time.—I have been able to keep my promise.—I sought you every where, but I could not find you.—Rather than build a

new house, you had better buy one.—Why?—Because houses are very cheap now.—Well, but add a little more money and you build a new one.—Excuse, sir; but you are a fool.

TEMA 97.

At what o'clock will you go to take a walk this afternoon?—At half past six.—Why do you not go earlier?—Because it is too warm.—Is it true that your father has made his last will?—I do not know whether it is true; the lawyer has been here this morning and they have written together long, but I do not know what.—Can you tell me, when our English teacher will arrive?—I cannot tell you, because I do not know.—Pay attention, otherwise you will tear my coat!—My little brother went to the theatre last night, without our parents' knowing it.—Have they chastised him after his coming home?—Yes, they have beaten him; but he has been beaten so many times, that it appears no more a chastisement to him.—Have you succeeded in finding the Spanish merchant, who sells so cheap?—I have not been able to find him.—Charles, ask your mother, whether you may come with me to the theatre to-night.—I have not the courage to ask her, because I have not done my exercises to-day.—I had already spoken to the Dutch locksmith, before your telling me that he had arrived.—I will rather tear this coat than give it to so lazy a servant as mine.—Have you drunk all the wine, that was in the bottle?—Yes, sir; the bottle is empty now.—Have you had an opportunity of speaking to my enemy Henry?—I saw him the day before yesterday; but I could not speak to him, because he was with two strangers.—Have you undressed already?—Not yet.—What do you do in the morning after washing?—I dress, breakfast, and go out.—Do you not wash yourself?—No, sir, I never wash myself in the morning, I wash myself before dinner.—I ask your pardon, sir; but if anybody washes himself before dinner, instead of washing himself in the morning, he must be mad.—I

think, too, that I am mad, because all the town say so.—What were you going to do last night, when I came to your house?—I was going to write to my good friend Robert.—Is he your best friend?—Yes, he is my best friend, because he is the most sincere.—Of what does a man think, when he is thinking of nothing?—Of a woman's promise.—Has a woman already promised you anything?—Yes, sir; my first wife always promised me to give me a house, and I hoped so, but she has not kept her word.—Was she so bad?—Yes, she always wanted to be right.

TEMA 98.

The little Pastry-cook.

I was going to take a walk, the other day, and saw a little girl only six years old, sitting in the street, with a table before her, covered with all sorts of tarts and cakes; I stopped and bought a cake, not because I wanted it, but because I wished to talk to the little girl and I did not like to talk to her without buying anything.

When I had bought the cake and paid for it, I said: „Have you a father and mother, my little girl?“ „I have a mother,“ said she, „but my father is dead; and I have many brothers and sisters.“ „Is your mother very poor?“ said I. „Yes, sir,“ replied the little girl, „but my mother and all my brothers and sisters work at anything we can receive to do, and therefore we do not want anything.“ (To be concluded.)—Good morning, Mr. A., sit down, if you please!—No, I thank you, I have no time.—Does that cloth my brother has sent you suffice to you?—No, madam, I shall buy some other.—Do you think that my uncle Charles will arrive to-night?—I doubt much that he will arrive; he wrote to me two months ago that he had much more business.—How long have you been waiting for your friend Mary?—I have been waiting for her these two hours and a half; but she does not come yet.

—Have you seen my young cousin sitting under the tall tree in our neighbour's garden?—I happened to see her two hours ago, when at the window of our house.—When did you see our enemy N. the last time?—I happened to see him at the market yesterday.—I have not yet been able to see the Spanish merchant, who arrived the day before yesterday.—I neither.—He has sold all his books, even his English grammar.—I long to eat some nuts.—I never long for any thing.—Where does your brother Richard live?—He lives in my father-in-law's house.—Has he fine lodgings?—He has very beautiful lodgings, which do not cost him much; he pays only twenty florins a month.—This room is twenty nine feet by fifteen feet.—How many feet is this tree high?—It is only fifteen feet of height; that tree in my sister-in-law's garden is much taller.—I saw a man under the gate of my house, but I did not know him.

TEMA 99.

Pray, sir, lend me the book you have shown me the day before yesterday.—I cannot, because I have given it to my mother-in-law.—Give me that bottle of wine which is upon the table, if you please.—I do not like travelling in summer; it is too warm, I find it much more pleasant to travel in autumn.—The weather always was fine in the spring, in which your cousin Robert was here.—If you happen to see Mr. P., tell him, if you please, that I have sent him fifty florins and that I do not know, whether he has received them.—Why will you not sit down?—Because I have no time; I have told my mother to wait for me with supper, and she has been waiting for me long time.—Have you succeeded in selling your old picture?—Not yet, but an acquaintance of mine has promised me to buy it.—How many feet is this well deep?—It is twenty-seven deep.—Do you know French?—No, sir; I have forgotten all, even to read.—Are you fond of tarts?—No, I like better cakes.—What large gates that town has!—How long have you been waiting for your

friend Henry?—I have been waiting for him these nine hours.—I will rather burn this book than read it.—Why? Do you not like it?—Without patience nothing can be done in this world.—Does this paper suffice to you?—I do not know, how many letters my father will give me to write, and therefore I cannot know, how much paper I shall want.—My brother-in-law has requested me to send him eight bottles of wine; but I have only four, what shall I do?—Buy four more, here is some money, if you have not any.—Have you read this book without your mother's allowing you?—I read it, when my mother was not at home.—I happened to see our joiner yesterday, and he told me, that he has sent us a chest and six chairs.—Is it true, that your nephew has become an officer?—I do not believe it, because he likes much to lie, and I believe in nothing he says.—Do you consider my mother's house large?—I do not know what to say; I have never seen it, but she told me once that it had twenty five rooms, three cellars, and four kitchens.—I am much surprised, that my mother has told you so; she was mistaken, because her house has only nineteen rooms.—Never mind, I have no wish to buy it, either with nineteen or with twenty five rooms.

TEMA 100.

The little Pastry-cook.

Conclusion.

„And pray, my little girl, do you not long to eat some of the sweet things you have to sell?“ said I. „Yes, sir,“ answered she, „I long very much, but my mother has taught us, that we must not eat every thing we long for, and she tells me every day, that if I ate any of the tarts or cakes, she should not receive anything; therefore I eat nothing of all (that) I have before me; but when I am hungry, my sister or brother brings me what my mother can send me.“

I gave something to this good, little girl, as a reward for her obedience; then I went away and said to myself, I would tell the story to all the little girls and boys I knew, and that I would say to them: „Pray, my little boys and girls, do you think you could sit quite alone in a pastry-cook's shop without taking anything?“—I am sure they must be very good children indeed, who can do that.—If your master is at home, tell him that we have received a letter from his brother.—I wish that he (may) succeed in selling his house.—However beautiful and rich she (may) be, I do not like her.—I will speak to him, lest he beat you.—It is necessary that your uncle come himself.—Let him not speak until he know the whole affair.—She shall not be punished, unless she (will) deserve it.—I do not know, whether he (will) arrive to-day.—If our physician come to-morrow, he will find you much better than yesterday.—If he find an opportunity in a few days, let him come and see me.—I hope that their business (will) go well.—I will have him punished, unless he (will) promise to conduct himself better.—Do not give him the money, lest he drink too much.—I shall keep the books till he (will) come himself to take them.—Why has your servant thrown away this pen?—Because it is good for nothing.

TEMA 101.

Do you think my father will arrive to-morrow evening?—I doubt it.—Why do you doubt it?—Because he has written to me that he has so much business, that he will not be able to come before a month.—Have you been invited to Mr. Wurry's?—Yes, but I have declined the invitation, because I was already invited to Mrs. L...s.—Why have you refused to Mr. Robert to do him a favour?—Because nobody will do me one.—Does my little son deserve to be rewarded or to be chastised?—He has studied very much these eight days, and he therefore merits to be praised and rewarded.—What is the name of the Emperor of Austria?—Francis Joseph the First.

—Have you heard that the king has given a fine snuffbox to Mr. D.?—Yes, it was a mere chance: God out of the towngate, the king fell; Mr. D. was just passing and gave him his hand to get up.—Do you think your brother will marry Miss M.?—No doubt he will. He has told her so often he loved her, that he himself believes it now.—Is she pretty?—No, she is ugly, but poor, and lazy.—Poor Richard!—Why then does he marry her?—Because she dances very well.—If he is not satisfied, why does he send for the physician?—If you are thirsty, why do you drink?—If your daughter has no bread, you must give her some.—If the garden is to be sold, I will buy it.—If you see him, tell him to come.—Unless he tell me the price I will not buy it.—Whether he come to-day or not, you shall see him to-morrow. I shall not be satisfied, except he give me ten florins. If the book is at home, you shall have it.—If this money does not suffice to you, tell me: I will give you some more.—Captain, I do not deserve so much kindness. My brother is a fool: he threw away his new hat yesterday, saying it was good for nothing.—Are there any chances of your neighbour's succeeding in learning English?—Few, because he studies very little, and never understands what I tell him.—Good bye, my dear friend.

TEMA 102.

The father of an Irish student, seeing his son doing something that was not right, said: „How, did you ever see me do that when I was a boy?“—When George I was once praising General Wolfe, some one said that the general was mad. Oh! is he mad? Indeed? (overheard) He is mad?—Is he? asked the king very quick. That I wish he would bite some of my other generals.—Milt was asked by a friend, whether he would have his daughter learn several languages? to which he replied: „No, since one tongue suffices for a woman, and sometimes it is even too much.—Do you love your step-father?—I do not love him, because he gives me good advice and be-

dinners.—Why have you scolded your servant?—I have scolded him, because he has thrown away a match, saying it was good for nothing; but that was not true!—When do you expect your step-son?—The day after to-morrow, if it does not rain.—I do not care if my tailor (will) bring me my new coat to-morrow or the day after to-morrow, I have several others more.—Have you done well your exercises?—I do not know.—If you have made any faults (*mistakes*) you have not studied well your lessons.—Has your little sister done her exercises?—She has not had time to do them; but she promises to do them the day after to-morrow, if you do not scold her.—Should you receive any money, if your mother were here?—I do not know, whether she has any.—Would you have been satisfied, if your step-mother had given you any money?—If she had given me much, I should have been satisfied.—Would you have praised my little sister, if she had been good?—If she had been good, I should not only have praised, but also loved and rewarded her.—Should we be praised, if we did our exercises?—If you did them without faults, you would be praised and rewarded.—Would my little step-brother have been chastised, if he had obeyed his teacher?—If he had done what his teacher had told him, he would not have been chastised.—Would you have spoken to my daughter, if you had seen her?—I would have spoken to her and requested her to tell me, why she loved me no more.—I wish that you would write to my step-sister.—I will write to her to-morrow; I cannot to-day, because I have no time.

TEMA 103.

I wish that you had learned English; but now it is too late.—I should call my sister, if I knew where she was.—Would he come, if you called him?—I do not know, whether he would come, if I called him.—Would you go to your friend's, if he were at Berlin?—If he were there, and if I knew, where he lived, I should go and see him.—Would your step-mother give my cousin a good

book, if she asked her for it?—She would give her one, if your cousin asked her for it.—Would you buy my house, if I sold it?—We should buy it, if you sold it cheap, and if we had money enough.—Would this glass break, if I dropped it?—I should be very sorry, if you broke my best glass.—Would not that tree be much finer if it grew better?—If it grew better, it would be the finest and tallest tree in your garden.—Should you be obliged to brush your own coat, if you had no servant?—If I had no servant, I should be obliged to brush my own clothes.—Would your children dress themselves, if they could?—I do not believe so, because they are very idle.—Should I have been allowed to go out, if I had had a new coat?—I do not know, because you are not diligent.—Would your friend's sons come, if I invited them?—They would come; if you promised them to give them much to eat and still more to drink.—Why do you burn this letter?—I burn it lest my sister see it.—Will your brother go to the theatre to-night?—He shall not go there except he finish his translations at five.—Have you still a mind to buy the Irishman's horse?—I have still a mind to buy it; but I shall not buy it, unless he sell it for much less than he asked yesterday.—May my step-son take your umbrella?—He may take it, provided he bring it me back directly.—Cannot you hold your tongue, Charles? You have spoken so much, that I have the headache.—Would you drink a bottle of good wine, if I sent it you?—If you sent me a bottle of very good wine, I should drink it with great pleasure.—Give me a match.

TEMA 104.

The children who played with fire.

Little Charlotte was only four years old, and she could read very well. Her brother James was five years old, and he could read and write.—These children were very fond of being taught (liked very much to be taught);

and they were always pleased when their father or mother would teach them any thing, and showed them how some thing was done.—When their mother was making some thing in the kitchen, Charlotte would go to her and say, „What are you doing, my dear mother?“—And Charlotte's mother would answer, „I am going to make a cake or a tart.“ Charlotte would then always ask, whether she might remain in the kitchen and see how she made it. Her mother happened sometimes not to have time to take care of her little daughter, and then she would say to Charlotte that she must not remain that day in the kitchen, but must go to her brother in the room, and play till she was ready to come. And Charlotte would go directly into the room and play like a good child, till her mother came.—(To be continued.)—Why does that man not complain, if it is true that my son has beaten him?—Because he is dumb; were he not dumb, he would certainly complain of him.—Why are you angry with your sister?—Because I told her not to go out; but she went out and remained from home all the morning; had she had anything to do I should say nothing; but it is a pity to lose one's time in that way.—You ought to give your son more money, my good friend.—No, sir; I give him enough: did I give him more he would give it to his bad friends.—You might have very well written another letter!—No, sir; I could not, because I was cold, and had a violent head-ache; I went to bed and ought to have sent for the physician, I could not sleep all the night.—My dear father, ought I to have written to my friend Henry?—Certainly, you ought to have written to him; he loves you so sincerely.—Were we to receive the money (ov.: if we receive the money), we shall buy a fine carriage.—Should he arrive to-day, we shall invite him to dinner.

TEMA 105.

With whom are you angry?—I am not angry with any body; but my brother is angry about his servant's breaking his finest glass.—Of whom did you complain last

night?—I complained of my neighbour, because he has a big dog which makes much noise.—After having spoken much he was silent all the evening, so that he who did not know him, would have thought him dumb.—Do you doubt what your brother has told you?—I doubt, because my brother will lie, when he speaks much.—When at Turin I would take a walk in the afternoon and in the evening.—Were he here he could see her whom he loved so much.—Had I known that he was at Vienna, I could have written to him.—My good mother, I am very unhappy!—And whose fault is it? Why have you not done what I told you?—Had you got married, you would now have perhaps some children, and certainly you would not be so unhappy.—Charles should have gone to the theatre last night; he would have seen there a foreigner who wished to speak to him.—I will come no more to your house, unless you promise me to be more obedient.—Would you send me the book of which we spoke last night, you would do me a great favour.—What a pity, that this man is deaf!—It is very vexatious, that my father is not here; were he here, I could ask him for some money, and then I could take a ride.—Had you bought my house last year, you would live now in a house of your own.—But I could have bought and sold it again too.—I was at our friend's ball last night, without my father's knowing it.—Are you satisfied with your lodgings?—No, sir; they are too small; I have only four rooms and a kitchen.—Should he come to my house to-day, tell him that I am not at home, that I went into the country.—Where were you yesterday morning?—I was first at church and afterwards at the Polish merchant's to buy some matches.—What a pity, that this fine girl is blind! Were she not blind, I would marry her directly.—At what o'clock did you go to bed last night?—Very early, because I was tired with walking.—Are there any chances of your uncle's succeeding in selling his garden?—No, there are none, because he asks too much for it; only a fool would give him so much.

TEMA 106.

Continuation of the children who played ec. ec.

Charlotte's mother happened at other times to have more time, and then she would say to her little daughter, "Come, Charlotte, and sit down near me, and see how I make the tart or the cake." Charlotte would sit then without speaking anything and look at all that her mother did; and never touched any of the sweet things that her mother had brought into the kitchen, although they stood sometimes very near her.

Charlotte was always good and obliging to every body, even to the poor, and if she could fetch anything for any one or do anything to help, she always did it.—And Charlotte's brother James was quite as good a boy as Charlotte was a girl.—Although the little children were so good, they made their mother sometimes very unhappy, because they had one great fault: when they were alone, they always began to play with the fire.—They had often been told not to do it, and their father had often said, that, if they did so, they would surely be burnt some day or other.—(To be continued.)—Look at that old man! —What is he doing?—He is putting on his spectacles to look at that fine picture.—How do you generally spend your evening?—I go to the theatre, then to supper and after supping I go to bed.—The captain of a ship called down into the hold, "Who is there?"—"Dick, sir," was the answer.—"What are you doing?"—"Nothing, sir"—"Is John there?"—"Yes, sir," answered John.—"What are you doing?"—"I am helping Dick, sir."—"Do you know my good cousin William?"—Yes, sir, I know him by name; he is a very obliging man.—What is the price of this umbrella?—Ten florins, but I have cheaper ones.—Give me any you like, only make haste.—Your neighbour is a very tedious man, he only knows to speak about horses.—Does this coffee suit you?—No, sir; it is too dear and too bad.—What did you dream last night?—I dreamt that I saw my sweet-heart alone in a large

wood with three thieves who were going to rob her.—Give me one florin or two.—I will have every pupil do his exercise.—And I will have every bad boy chastised.

TEMA 107.

What were you doing at your uncle's last night?—There was card-playing.—Did you play for money?—No, we played for love.—My son spent much money of late.—It is your fault: why have you given him so much.—Excuse, sir; I gave him very little money, but he borrowed some every where, and then I was of course obliged to pay it.—Had I any money, I would give you some.—Come and see me, I am alone at home.—This is quite as fine a book as yours.—Of whom does your son complain?—He complains of the teacher, who has chastised him.—Why have you thrown away this ribbon?—Because it is dirty and torn, it is good for nothing.—Why does that coat not suit you?—Because I do not like the colour.—I spent very well the evening yesterday: our neighbour told us a fine story, and then we played at chess.—Do you love your step-father?—Were he rich, I should love him.—Why is this man so unhappy?—Because he has lost all his money; he did a business which I had told him not to do, but he thought to know more than I, and now he has become poor.—You should have written to your stepmother, when you heard that she was married.—I would have written to her, had I had any paper and pens.—It is a pity that fine lady is dumb.—I wish you would tell your brother not to come ever more to me, because he behaved so ill the last time he was here, that I will see him no more in my house.—Give me that bottle of wine, if you please.—All the town say that you will get married.—And yet it is not true.—What is the first rule to become rich?—Never spend any money.—And when one is hungry?—Tell a friend to invite you to dinner.—This chest is very heavy, I cannot carry it alone to the joiner's.—Call two or three men more.—What is the price of this bonnet?—Give as much as you

like for it: I never have a price for so beautiful a lady, as you are.—You are very obliging, sir; but if you do not tell me the price, I cannot buy the bonnet.—She would have every man kiss her hand.—And why did you not do it?—Because I kiss only my mother's hand.—Did you sleep well last night?—No, sir; I dreamt that my mother had died, and that my father had set out without any body's knowing for where.

TEMA 108.

Continuation of the children who played ec. ec.

One day, when the children were alone, they began, as they often did, to play with fire. James went and fetched a great deal of paper, put it over the fire, and said, "Now we shall have a great blaze." But as it did not burn soon enough, Charlotte began to fan it with her gown. But, going too near the fire, her gown began to burn, and she stood all in fire, before her having done fanning it.—Charlotte and her brother began both to cry in a dreadful manner.—Their mother heard them and ran into the room.—Only think, dear children, who read this story, in what a fright the poor mother must have been, when she saw her dear girl on the floor all in a blaze.—She threw a green carpet that was on a table upon her daughter, so that her clothes could not burn any longer.

As soon as Charlotte's mother thought the blaze was out, she opened the carpet and saw how Charlotte was burned. One side of her face was quite without skin; her hair was burned almost all; and one of her arms was all covered with large blisters. (To be continued.)—Wishing to see him, and not being able to find him any where, I wrote to his wife.—Finding it will be impossible for me to keep my promise and to spend this evening with you, I beg of you to excuse me.—Why does this poor woman weep?—Because her son died the day before yesterday.—Here is some money for your doing

what I like.—Is your cousin rich?—He is any thing but rich, he has a great many debts.—What is the matter? Why are you making so much noise?—My friend has beaten me, because I told him, that he was a stupid boy.—Upon what does your brother live?—He lives upon what his wife's father (*father-in-law*) gives him.—How much does he give him?—Three thousand florins a year.—Does that suffice to him?—Yes, because he spends little.

TEMA 109.

Is your neighbour handsome?—No, she is any thing but handsome; her forehead is too large, and her eyes are too small.—Have you forgiven your enemy?—I cannot forgive him, because he has cheated me.—Do you rely upon your servant?—I rely upon him, because he always does what I tell him.—Of what have you made a present to your son?—I have presented him with a fine gold watch and silver watch-chain.—Why do you praise my son?—I praise him, because he has done well his exercises.—Now a days there are few men to be found, upon whom one can depend.—Why does Mr. R. run so much?—Because his wife is ill and he is fetching the physician.—What does this man live upon?—He lives by his trade.—What is he?—He is a tailor by trade.—Why does your brother not go to school?—That does not depend upon me, he does what he likes, and our good father does not allow me to tell him anything.—You will oblige me much, sir, if you will lend me Cowper's works.—Have you remarked that Mrs. B's gown was torn?—Yes, she said, it was her servant's fault; that she had not known that it was torn.—I have hurt my left knee.—Did you fall?—Yes; I ran too much; I did not pay attention and I fell.—Does this hat suit you?—No, sir, I want a black hat, therefore this does not suit me, because it is white.—What is the price of this cloth?—It is sold four florins an ell.—What salary has your brother?—Two thousand florins a year.—Having not money enough, I cannot buy

your garden; I have already many debts, and shall be obliged to borrow some money in order to pay them.—Of whom do you complain?—I complain of my teacher, he always comes half an hour too late.—Why does this little child cry?—It cries for sugar.—Make me a present of some florins, my good friend!—I cannot; but I advise you to ask my neighbour Charles for some, he is a very rich and also very good man.—You are wrong, sir, in scolding me.—Hold your tongue, otherwise I will beat you!

TEMA 110.

Continuation of the children who played ec. ec.

Charlotte's father and mother took great care of her, and told her she should not be chastised for having played (ov. *for playing*) with the fire, for the pain she had to bear was chastisement enough. „But,“ said Charlotte, „pray, forgive my little brother James too, for it was I who first began to play with the fire, and I am certain he will never do such a thing again.“—These good parents promised Charlotte that her brother should not be chastised, and then they went to seek him (*to look for him*), and they found him crying and sobbing in the corner of the room.—„Do you not think,“ said the mother, „you deserve to be severely chastised for having been (ov. *for being*) so disobedient as to touch the fire, although you have been so often told not to do it?“—„O yes, dear mother,“ said James, „I know that I have been a bad boy and I will bear any chastisement you will give me, if you forgive my poor dear sister. I hope she will not die.“—When James had said this, he sobbed so much, that he could say no more. As soon as he could speak again, he said, „Pray, chastise me instead of Charlotte, for it was I who fetched the paper to make a blaze.“ (To be concluded).—Will you give me the money of which you have spoken to me?—I will not give it you, though you beg of me ever so much.—John, send for the barber.—He has been waiting this half hour in

the other room.—Why have you dissuaded your brother from selling his garden?—Because he wants no money.—Why has that man threatened you?—Because I have killed his dog.—Pray, save my umbrella till to-morrow; I do not want it now, because it does not rain any more.—Why is this child crying?—Because it has been willing to gather some flowers in my uncle's garden, and he has not allowed to do it.—Do you like writing letters?—I have always so many to write that, if I am not obliged, I write only those my father gives me to write.—Take my advice: write these letters very ill, and your father will not give you any more.—For God's sake, be silent, or we are lost.—Cry for help!—No, I am not afraid.

TEMA 111.

Why do you not send your coat to the tailor's to get it mended? there is a large hole in the left sleeve.—What did you do while your father was writing (*during your father's writing*) his letters?—I was reading what my friend Henry wrote to me.—Do you suspect this man to have killed any body?—No, but I cannot bear him.—Take care of my poor horse, it has broken its knee.—Why do you save so much money?—In order that my daughter may find a good and rich husband.—Do you hear, how that girl is sobbing?—I do not hear, because I am a little deaf.—Cease to write; to work too much is not healthy.—He will not be dissuaded, to buy that ugly garden; I have told him that it would be a pity to spend so much money, but he will do it, and we must be silent.—Do these exercises for my sake, otherwise your teacher will get you chastised.—Have you suffered much?—Yes, I have been sick these five months, I have lost my father, and my neighbour Mr. Buller has cheated me for a thousand pounds; I am a very unhappy man.—Is that news agreeable to you?—Yes, but I cannot think it true.—Who is that man there in the corner of the room?—He is my barber.—Cannot you persuade your friend to lend me once his horse?—No, sir; it is quite impos-

sible.—How is Mrs. Maltry; is she severely ill?—No, sir; she is only indisposed.—Do you prefer dancing, or playing the harpsichord?—I like neither one nor the other; but I am very fond of card playing.—Will your mother go to the theatre to-night?—I dare say, she will, because I have seen her prepare a fine new silk gown.—Do you know many people in this town?—I know there only a few persons, but these please me very much; there is for instance Mr. Blumsky, who is a very good man, though he be ever so severe.—You will not be advised: you will never learn German, if you do not take a teacher, who knows it well himself.—While I was in the kitchen the cook killed a chicken.—Are you not afraid of seeing blood?—I am not a woman, I fear no one and nothing.

TEMA 112.

Conclusion of the children who played ec. ec.

„I think,“ said the father, „you will be chastised enough, when you go up-stairs and see your poor sister all covered with blisters; and I think also you will never do such a thing again.“—James told his parents, that he would never do any thing, when he was alone, which they would not allow him, when they were with him.—James's father and mother forgave their little son, kissed him, and told him, his sister had begged for him as much as he had begged for her.—Charlotte was very long time ill, but at last she got well, though she had deep scars in her face and on her arm, that never went away, and when Charlotte was a woman, she would show her arm and face to the little children whom she knew, and tell them, that she had received those scars, because she had been a bad girl and played with fire.—Why do you hide your cigar?—Because my step-father does not permit me to smoke; I asked him only once, whether he permitted me, and he answered me, „That is quite out of the question.“—Why did you not come last night?—Because I was indisposed, I went to bed at half past seven.—

Then you should have sent me word, that you were not able to come.—I had nobody, my servant I had sent for the physician, but he could not find him, and therefore he came back very late.—Why is that man in such a hurry?—His wife is dying and he has lost his wits, he does not know what to do.—Why do you not go to assist him?—Because he is my greatest enemy.—Did you see Mary eat the tart I had bought?—No, madam; but the cook told me to have seen it.—What does that mean? Why do you not fill this bottle with wine, as I told you?—Because I am not your servant; if you want any wine, fetch some yourself.—Who has concealed my purse with my money?—I, because you spend too much, and I will have you be more saving.—Look at your brother! He is so economical, that he has bought a house and a small garden with his savings.—So much the better, he will never get married, and when he dies, all these savings of his will belong to me.—How is the weather?—It is very muddy, I cannot advise you to go out, madam.

TEMA 113.

An old gentleman having been told that Mr. G.—the physician had died, exclaimed, „Good God! I am always glad to hear of a physician's death, it saves so many lives!—Has the thief been pursued?—Yes, but he has concealed himself somewhere so well, that they have not been able to find him.—What do you mean by this so much the worse?—Excuse, gentlemen, but my servant has just told me, that my tailor has not only not made my new coat, but that he has also sold the cloth I have paid seven florins an ell.—I hope you will be satisfied with what I have given you.—I thank you, sir; I do not deserve so much kindness.—I say, Charles, listen to what I am going to tell you!—Pray, let me go, I am in a hurry.—For God's sake! what has happened?—Nothing; excuse, my good friend, but I cannot tell you.—About what is your brother angry?—He is angry, because his teacher has complained of him to his father, and now

he does not allow him to go to the theatre.—Is church over?—Not yet, but it will be over in a few moments.—What does **that** mean?—That you have not done your exercise and that you have not studied your lesson, otherwise you would know, what that means without asking.—James, have you filled all the bottles Mr. Hartung has sent us with wine?—If you succeed in speaking to my enemy on my business, have the kindness to drop me a line or two.—With great pleasure.—In what does your sister occupy herself during the day?—She reads, writes, plays upon the harpsichord and often takes a walk.—What fine a life!—Where is John?—He ran out of the shop, to pursue a boy who stole a silver spoon.—I saw a woman beating her son yesterday, as if he were of wood.—My feet are cold.—Go into my room, there it is always warm.—Is it dusty?—No, it is pouring.—You are not saving and therefore you will never become rich.—All is over for me.—Do you see that man selling handkerchiefs and pocket-books?—Yes, sir.—Well, he was once the richest man in the town, but as he was not economical, he spent all, and is now obliged to live by his trade.—He would not be advised, it was his fault.—Why does your tailor make you so wide sleeves?—Because I like better wide ones.—Send me word, if you come to-morrow.

TEMA 114.

Ragle was asked, whether women could keep a secret. „There is one secret“, said he, „and that is the only one they can keep: their age“.—If I knew a land, where one did not die, said somebody, I would go and end there my days.—A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed upon watching each four hours in the night for their security. It was first the barber's turn; he shaved the scholar's head while he was sleeping, and then wakened him, when his turn came.—The scholar, feeling his head bald, exclaimed, „You are a stupid man, you have wakened the bald man instead of me“!—Is it

true that our friend, Dr. Barth, has lost his hearing?—I do not know, but I think that not to be true.—Guess, how much money my father gave me yesterday?—I do not know, but I am certain that though he gave you ever so much, you are dissatisfied.—Why did you run away in such a haste yesterday?—Because a stranger had stolen from me my handkerchief.—Have you caught him?—No, sir.—Why is Mr. F. so envied?—Because he has a young and handsome wife.—Whose turn is it to go out to-day?—It is the cook's turn to-day.—Do you not find the writing of English exercises very interesting?—No, sir; because your exercises are too long and difficult.—Then do less of them; instead of doing two exercises a day, do only one.—There is nothing like a good dinner.—But I know another thing which though it be not better, is necessary for the first: a good appetite.—Is it true, that Mr. Wolty's son was drowned?—Yes, he fell into the water and not being able to swim he was drowned.—Is this book interesting?—Yes, sir; it is very interesting, but I do not like it.—Do you know this man?—He served me as cook during two years.—When did you see my step-sister last?—As I went to the theatre.—Why do you not conduct yourself like your sister?—She always is praised and rewarded, and you on the contrary there is no day without your being chastised and blamed.—Will you have me make you long sleeves or short ones?—Do as you like.—Why do you despise this man?—Because he has cheated me. We have agreed to pay every day another, each in his turn, the dinner for all. When his turn came, he said he was poor, he had no money.—And what have you done?—We have told him to be a thief and have beaten him.—Guess, what he said.—I do not know.—Well, he said, that we had been fools to believe he would pay a dinner.

TEMA 115.

Is not dancing an agreeable amusement?—Yes, but not in summer, because it is too hot then.—Do you

shave every day?—No, sir, I get shaved twice a week; I came just to my barber's yesterday, as he was shaving himself.—Why do you not speak?—Of what are you thinking?—I am at a loss, how to find a book I have been seeking these four days; I promised it to a lady, and must now give it her.—Do you think your sister will come with me to the ball?—I do not know, but I believe she will do nothing without asking her husband.—Why do you envy every body?—Because all are happy and satisfied; only I am dissatisfied.—At what o'clock does your servant waken your brother?—He generally wakens him at half past nine.—Does he rise so late?—Yes, because he goes to bed very late.—I have caught a cold.—I am very sorry for it.—Your father is bald.—Yes, and yours will soon be so, we shall all be bald in a hundred years.—Our neighbour Richard is a very good man, he came to see us last night; he played at chess with our father, played on the harpsichord and told an interesting tale.—Why do you hate this man?—I despise and hate him, because he is a false man and cheats even his relations, if he can.—Is it true, that the Italian physician has drowned himself?—I do not know, but I do not believe; he is young, handsome, rich, loved by every body, he has a fine, young wife, he wants nothing.—Charles, you have soiled the floor in my room, now you may sweep it.—What do you mean?—That you have deceived me. We had agreed upon that business, and now you speak quite otherwise as you spoke yesterday.—But if I tell you, that it does not depend upon me. I must do what my father tells me.—Whose turn is it to read this book?—It is my turn, and then your sister's will be, each in his turn.—At what o'clock have you risen this morning?—At seven, but I did not rise directly, because I was still tired.—The thief has been pursued, but he has not been caught.—My dear friend, exclaimed the poor girl, save me or I am lost.—Why have you concealed this book?—Because I will have you study and do your exercises; if you could find that book, you would

do nothing but read all the day.—When my turn will be, I shall go to the theatre; I am a good son and never do anything my father does not allow me without my asking him.

TEMA 116.

A gazeteer wrote into his paper, „Some say Cardinal Mazarin to have died, others he is still living; but I believe neither the one nor the other.“—An Irish soldier who came with General Moore from Holland, being asked whether he had found there much hospitality, replied: „Oh, yes, too much, I was in the hospital all the time I was there!“—Somebody asked an absent person, „How does your lady do?“—„Five weeks after Easter,“ replied he. „I beg your pardon,“ added he after some moments, „I thought you had asked me, where I was going in such a hurry.“—„My dear,“ said Mr. N. to his wife, „suppose we go to the theatre to-night.“—„What piece will there be represented?“—„What we have not seen since long time.“—„*Peace at home.*“—I cannot understand, how my friend Roberts has succeeded in selling his house.—Suppose, we go to Mrs. Blunt's ball to-night?—As for me I cannot go there, because the shoemaker has not brought me the shoes he had promised me.—Has your teacher praised you?—He praised me for studying my lesson better than the last time.—Why is your old aunt angry with your sisters?—She is angry with them, because they came home so late (*for their coming ec. ec.*).—Have you attempted writing an English letter?—I have attempted writing one.—Why does your uncle avoid seeing the Spaniard?—Because the Spaniard always wants to borrow some money of him.—When shall you have done (*finished*) writing your letters?—I hope I shall have finished writing them by half past eight.—Why have you invited Mr. Bloom to dinner?—I could not help inviting him, as he heard that I invited his friend.—Do your sisters go to the ball to-morrow?—No, they prefer remaining at home.—Do you enjoy good health?—No, sir; I have

been indisposed these five weeks.—What is the matter with you?—I have a violent head-ache, I am suffering much.—Have the kindness to repeat what you have told me, I have not understood you.—I have a hope to receive a fine dog.—How are you enjoying yourself to-night?—I am enjoying myself very much, because I see her whom I love more than my life.

TEMA 117.

Have you already spoken to my good friend, Mr. Worm?—Yes, I like him very much, all my acquaintances esteem and love him.—Why do you shun this man?—Because he has bad habits.—Do you like the Italian custom?—Yes, sir; I dine at five, sup at three o'clock in the night, go to bed at five o'clock in the morning, and rise at noon.—Do you not breakfast?—No, sir; I have not this bad habit.—Why do you think breakfasting a bad habit?—Because it cannot be healthy to eat three times a day.—But suppose, you are hungry?—Then I wait till dinner.—What has Mr. Blary said?—I have not understood what he has said; he is always so absent.—Why do you refuse lending me any money?—Because you would not give it back to me; you have cheated me once, and I believe you no more now.—Why have you declined going to Mr. Waller's ball?—Because I am indisposed.—I cannot help telling you that you are a liar. You have told me that your father is arrived and I have received a letter from him from Paris to-day.—But excuse, sir, if you like, we may go together to his house and you shall see that he is arrived; the letter will have been sent to the post-office after his setting out.—Have you read the newspapers to-day?—Yes, madam; but there is nothing new at all.—Do you think that we shall have peace?—I do not know; but I do not hope: I am a soldier and prefer therefore war.—I intend going to London a fortnight after Easter.—If you will wait for me some days, I shall come with you.—Why do you repeat so often the same thing?—Because I have been

told, that you are deaf.—That is not true, and he who has told you so, is a liar.—Why do you prefer living in the country?—Because I do not enjoy myself in town.—Have you already seen the new hospital?—Yes, our good king has had it built for the poor.—I avoid seeing your friend, because he has deceived me, and did I see him, I could not help telling him, that he is a liar and that I despise him.—I fear going to my father's, because my teacher has complained of me to him; he has told him, that I am very idle and that I never do my exercises; I am afraid now, that he will chastise me.

TEMA 118.

The choice.

Four of the workmen of a Quaker living at Paris waited on him to make their compliments, and ask for their usual new year's gift. „Well, my friends,” said the Quaker, „here are your gifts; choose each, fifteen franks or the Bible.” „I cannot read,” said the first, „therefore I take the fifteen franks.” „I can read,” said the second, „but I am poor and want very much some money”: he, too, took the fifteen franks. The third likewise made the same choice. The Quaker now looked with much kindness at the fourth who was a youth of sixteen or seventeen. „Wilt thou too take these three pieces of money, which thou mayest obtain at any time by thy labour?” „As you say the book is good, I will take it and read from it to my mother,” replied the young man. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between two leaves a gold piece of forty franks. The others were very much ashamed, and the Quaker said he was very sorry they had not made a better choice. —A peasant, who had been showed many fine houses at Vienna said, „All this is very fine; but, pray, where is the house of Austria?—Why have you neglected taking the letters to the post-office?—Because I had no time, I had so much to do.—I say, John, has the chimney-

sweeper been here to-day?—No, sir.—Does your cousin intend to continue reading?—I do not know, whether she intends to continue reading, because each of us does as he likes.—Where is my book?—It lies upon your writing-table.—Which of these gowns has your lady chosen?—She has chosen the yellow silk gown.—Then she has made a bad choice, she should have chosen the green gown; the yellow colour does not fit her.—Where were you last night?—I was at the Dutch surgeon's and when I entered his house, I saw Mr. Blair going up stairs.—Have you waited on Mrs. N.?—I was there yesterday to make my compliments, but she had already left.—Do you think your friend will come?—I am sure he will.—Do you not know, whether your neighbour William has set out?—I am certain he has, I saw him go away.—Have you sold well your wine?—Yes, sir; wine sells very dear this year and therefore I have done a good business.—Do you see this gentleman for the first time?—I have not as yet seen him.—Have you received a fine new year's gift from your father?—He has given me nothing.

TEMA 119.

I will not tell you again, Charles; I will have you obey me.—Mr. Richard, I will never come to you to dinner again, because you have made so many compliments with me.—Excuse, sir, that is my usual dinner; you are mistaken if you think I have had anything more made for you than the other days.—Have you sent your inkstand to the turner's?—Yes, sir; but he says he cannot mend it, because it is good for nothing more.—Why have you sent me this book?—I sent it you, that you might read it.—I sent word to Mr. Giari yesterday, that he might come early to-day.—Does that door shut well?—No, sir; and therefore I have sent for the joiner that he might mend it.—How many pieces of twenty franks do you want?—Give me six, that I may pay for my clothes.—I shall go to your mother's to-morrow in order

to tell her, that I will set out the day after to-morrow. —Why has your servant neglected making any fire?—He had no more wood, and I had no money to buy any, therefore he has not been able to make any fire.—Why do you never wish to enter my room?—Because I always walk so much that my boots are dirty, and I am afraid of soiling your carpet.—James, you have spoiled this chest, carry it to the joiner's and have it mended.—Are you certain that Mr. Mopsy is arrived?—No, sir, but he told me he would surely come to-morrow morning.—Have you a mind to continue playing upon the harpsichord? Then I will go away, you know that I am not fond of music.—Have you seen Mr. M's workman?—I saw him lie in the street: he had drunk too much.—I shall go to the theatre for the last time to-night.—Why?—Because I shall get married to-morrow and the girl who is to be my wife shall never go to the theatre, and alone I will not go there either.—Somebody knocks at the door.—Walk in!—Why do you not like to come in, my dear friend?—Because I am in a hurry; my sister has broken her arm and I come to see, whether the surgeon is at your house: his lady told me, that you had invited him to supper.—Yes, but he did not come.—Send this hat to my poor neighbour, that he may go to the theatre, he is so poor that he cannot buy one.—I called upon Mr. L. yesterday, that he might not think me (to be) his enemy, because I have not been at his house these three months.

TEMA 120.

A gentleman went one morning to see an Irish officer and found him angry; being asked the reason, he replied he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings, that cost eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should soon get them again, for he had ordered to cry the loss with a reward of half a crown to the person who brought them. His friend observing that this was too poor a reward for such a pair of silk stockings, „Pooh! you are a stupid man,”

replied he, „I told the crier to say they were worsted ones.“—A negro servant being asked what colour he believed the Devil was?—„Why,“ replied he, „the white men say he is black, we say he is white; but from his great age I should suppose him grey.“—When at London, in what hotel were you?—I was at the White Horse.—How have you found this book among so many others which were upon the same table?—I have looked for it with great patience.—Did that garden cost much (to you)?—Yes, I paid six thousand florins for it, but it is very fine, there are many flowers; if you go there, you will find roses, pinks, lilies, violets, and a great many other flowers.—Have you recommended to your friend, not to spend so much money?—Yes, and he promised me to do what I told him.—What is your sister doing?—She is sewing some shirts for your brother.—Does your cousin knit her own stockings?—No, she gets them knit by your cook's wife.—Will you stitch me on these buttons?—With great pleasure, my good Mr. B.—Why do you not avail yourself of your father's carriage for going to Superga?—Because my father's horses are good for nothing.—Why does your servant sing?—He always sings when he is tipsy.—But he appears to be drunk to-night?—No, sir; you are mistaken.—Will your step-father arrive before half past six?—I think he will.—Do you not know the reason, why your brother went away so early?—Give me a letter of recommendation for Mr. Birk.—I cannot, for I do not know him.

TEMA 121.

My eldest brother grows richer and richer.—Yes, but he is the greatest miser that I know.—Do you see that little woman between those two doors?—Yes, she is my servant's wife.—What is the greatest happiness for a man in this world?—To have a wife who loves us and who understands us thoroughly.—You have lost a button, are you not ashamed to go out in this coat? Directly go to the tailor's, and have a button sewed to your coat, other-

wise I will never again go out with you.—The more you scold him, the less he will obey you.—Then I will have him chastised.—What is the greatest evil that can happen to us?—When a woman, upon whom we have relied for many years, cheats us.—Have you many laurels in your garden?—The loss, which my brother William has had, is so great, that I do not know what to tell him.—Has he lost all his money?—No, he has lost his wife he had married only two months ago.—Do you like ivy?—Yes; I have a great deal of it in my garden.—The oftener I see him, the better I like him.—Is that man drunk?—No, but he has lost his wits. Poor man, in one week he has lost his wife and five children.—Do you sew much, madam?—Yes, sir, I sew every day in the morning and in the evening.—Pray, sir; can you show me the Black Eagle Hotel?—That hotel is very far, and I do not advise you to go there, because it is very dear there; you had better go to the Golden Lion.—Will you have the kindness to take this pink to Mrs. Mummy; she told me yesterday, that she liked pinks better than all other flowers.—Will your servant be able to find the English joiner?—I think he will.—But I think not; because he is very stupid, and because it is very difficult to find the house where this joiner is living.—Will you not avail yourself of my garden? Your physician has told me that you should take a walk every day; here is the key of my garden, you may go there whenever you like.—This trunk of yours has cost too much, I shall buy a cheaper one.—What is the name of this inn?—That is the „Golden Cock Inn.“

TEMA 122.

As the late Dean Swift was (ovvero: The late Dean Swift being) once upon a journey with his servant, he put up at an inn, where he remained all the night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant immediately brought them to him; but when the Dean saw them, he said, „How is this, Tom, my boots

re not cleaned?"—"No, sir," replied Tom, "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again."
—"Very well," said the doctor, "go and prepare the horses." In the mean time the Dean told the landlord to give his man no breakfast. When the servant returned, he asked him whether the horses were ready. "Yes, sir," says the servant.—"Go and bring them out then," said the Dean.—"I have not yet had my breakfast, sir," replied Tom.—"Oh, never mind for that," said the Dean; "if you had, you would soon be hungry again." They mounted and set out. As they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and began to read.—A gentleman met them, and seeing the doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but went on till he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman?" said he to the man.—"My master, sir," said Tom.—"I know that, you blockhead," said the gentleman; "but where are you going?"—"We are going to heaven, sir," said Tom.—"How do you know that?" said the gentleman—"Because I am fasting and my master is praying."—"Ask, and it will be given you; seek, and you will find.—Why do you use so bad ink?"—"Because I have no other.—How could you be so stupid, as to send me the money by your little brother?—I had nobody else to send.—He is so avaricious as to eat only bread.—The exercises were so difficult that the pupils could not do them.—What has your friend James become?—He was a turner, but he turned cooper.—I say, Joseph, send for the locksmith, the lock of my door is spoiled; and afterwards post this letter.—Do you fear death?—No, sir; because I have always done what was right, and if I could do a favour to any one, I have always done it.—To whom must I apply to have some good coffee?—Go to Mr. H's, he is the best merchant in town.—May I trouble you for some soup?—Here is some, my good friend.—Whom are you waiting for?—For my brother, I hope he will come in half an hour.—In the mean time we might drink a glass of wine.—Yes, but I have no money; if you will lend me any, we may go to the

Faithful Shepherd; I know the landlord and he will give us some good wine.

TEMA 123.

Pray, Mr. Bilk, give me some money.—Do not disturb me now; I have no time.—My uncle is so rich as to keep his carriage.—Have you met Colonel B., when you went down-stairs?—Yes, sir, I met him in the street.—Are you fond of fasting?—I never fast, because I am a Protestant.—What have you pulled out of the drunk?—Your new silk gown.—Have you found the book you looked for (*sought*)?—No, I have not found it, but I met with an English book which will perhaps amuse me better than that I sought.—Do you often ride?—I very seldom ride now, because I have no horse, but my cousin Edward has a fine horse; I saw him mount last night, he has one of the finest horses in town.—At what inn did you put up when you arrived at Trieste?—I put up at the Crown Inn.—Were you satisfied there?—Yes, sir; I was much satisfied, it was very cheap, clean, and clear there.—Will you be so kind as to lend me a book to read?—I have none, because all the books I had were burned last week.—May I trouble you for a glass of wine?—Here is some excellent.—Does that wine cost much?—No, it is very cheap, because it costs me nothing; my friend Charles made me a present of it.—You employ your time very ill, my good friend; you will learn nothing.—Do you use black or blue ink for writing?—To write my exercises I use black ink, but to write my letters, I use blue one, and if I write to my sweet-heart, I use green ink, the colour of *Hope*.—Where is your brother gone?—He is gone to post a letter.—In the mean time we may play at cards.—No, because my brother does not allow to play at cards at his house.—What do you mean?—Nothing, sir; I said only that you have deceived me, but I now see, that it is not true.—Did you enjoy yourself at Mrs. Mudry's last night?—Yes, very much; she has good wine, and the supper is always very good at

her house.—Who has spoiled the lock of our bed-room? —I do not know, I have been at the locksmith's to-day, and he has told me that he has no time to mend it this week.—Go to James, he was a locksmith before he turned cooper.—Apply to your father, if you like to buy this house, tell him to give you some money and I shall sell you all you like, my wife, too.—Guess, who has been here to-day?—I do not know.—Mr. M., do you know him?—No, sir; but I knew his late brother.

TEMA 124.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his last will, some friends who were present were surprised, that he had no more to leave.—„Why,” said the good old man, „I do not leave much; but what I do leave, was honestly acquired; for it never cost a sailor a tear, or the nation a farthing.“—Foote being at table near a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, he took it and cut a piece off. „Sir,” said his neighbour, „that is my bread.“—„I beg your pardon, sir,” said Foote; „I assure you, I took it for the loaf“, —Is there no one at home to go to the physician's?—No, madam; I am alone at home.—Let me alone, I am tired and have a mind to go to bed.—Can your little son already spell?—Not yet; he is very idle and has a bad teacher; but I shall send him to school next month and then I hope he will learn more.—Is that the only exercise to be done?—No, our teacher gave us five to do; but he is mistaken, if he believes that I shall work so much.—Ask your father, whether he permit you to go with me to our friend Robert's?—I will not ask him, because he told me yesterday, that he will let me go out no more unless he go with me.—Have you many creditors?—Yes, I have spent too much; my income was small, my wife always wanted much money, and therefore I have been obliged to make many debts, and now I do not know how to pay them.—Has your uncle left much money?—He was the most avaricious man I ever knew,

and now he died and left his money to his relations who say he was a fool not to spend anything.—Is doctor Burger a learned man?—Yes, he has acquired much knowledge; he is a man who knows much and all he knows, he knows well.—I shall leave you for ever, if you do not obey me; I will not give you one farthing more, if you do not do what I tell you.—Why do you forbid me to read this book?—Because you are too young to read it; do what I tell you and you will become a wise man.

TEMA 125.

The queen will leave London in the spring.—I let him think of this business as he likes.—Let these pins alone.—Let the poor woman alone.—He would be the last man to do that.—You always are the last to have done.—You are the only man to do it.—We were the first to hear that news.—Do you write many letters?—No, I have nobody to write to.—Pray, Mr. Worm, give me some money; I have not any more, and you have promised me to give me some.—Let me alone, I have told you that I have no time.—Put the knives and forks upon the table.—Why are you already going away?—You seem to be in a great hurry.—I should like to stay a little longer, but my mother will have me be at home before midnight.—Who is more learned, your father or your uncle?—My father has learned much; but he has forgotten almost all again; my uncle is always studying, he has nothing else to do, and therefore he knows more.—May I help you to some excellent beef?—No, I thank you, but I will thank you for a little veal.—Charles, I have forbidden you to go to Mrs. N.'s, why do you not obey me?—If you do that again, I will have you severely chastised.—Do you permit me to go to the theatre to-night?—No; it is already late, and you have nobody to come home with.—But I am no more a boy, I can go alone too.—No. I do not suffer you to go out alone in the night.—Would your brother-in-law come with his lady to our house to-night, if we invited him?—I am

sure he would.—Charles, spell this word: „Hyphen“.—I cannot spell it, as I do not know how to write it (how it is written).—Are you not ashamed? you are already fifteen, and you cannot yet well spell.—Mr. M., be so kind as to forbid your servant to come to my house; his boots are always dirty, and he spoils my carpet.—Why do you not tell him yourself?—Because I am afraid of telling him.—Good bye, John, I will leave you; I see that you have much to do.—Good night, my dear friend.—Call upon me to-morrow morning, I have something very interesting to tell you, now I have no time.

TEMA 126.

Some gentlemen, being at an inn together, one of them said they should play at cards; „but, said another, I have fourteen good reasons not to play.“—„What are they?“ said the first.—„In the first place“, answered he, „I have no money.“—„Oh“! said the other, „if you had four hundred reasons, you do not want to tell another.“—The servant of the captain of a ship, an Irishman, dropped a teacup into the sea one day, upon which he ran to his master, „Pray, sir, can anything be said to be lost, if you know where it is?“—„Certainly not“, replied the captain.—„Why, then your tea-cup is at the bottom of the sea“.—Go and see who has rung the bell.—It is a poor man, who says he has eaten nothing these three days.—Desire him to come in and give him something to eat.—To-day is my birth-day.—Have you received many presents?—Yes, my mother gave me from two hundred to three hundred florins.—Have you been at Doctor B.'s?—Yes, but I have found nobody at home. I have rung twice or three times the bell, and have waited for more than half an hour, but nobody came and opened the door.—Have you offended this man?—I have told him to be a liar, I do not know, whether this is an offence.—Have you proposed to widow Mirko to marry me?—No, because she told me last night, that she was satisfied her husband was dead, and that she would never get married again.

—Have you already published the new English and Italian dictionary?—Not yet, because I had no time till now (ovvero: I had not as yet time).—With whom are you angry?—I am angry with our physician, because he has made me drink so bad a medicine, that I cannot eat anything now. Do you not know whether Mr. Brandy has set out?—I am not certain whether he has left, but I believe he has, because I saw him shake hands with his neighbour, as if he were to quit the country for ever.—Where is the book of which you have spoken to me?—I believe it is at the bottom of the trunk.—Why do you not pity that poor man who has lost all his money?—Because he is a miser, and I am very glad that he has been robbed of all his money.—Has Mr. M. offended your friend Robert that he hates him so much?—I do not know, but he is a very bad man.—Do not eat that dish, it could be hurtful to you, as you are indisposed.—Has your father a great fortune?—He has from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand florins.

TEMA 127.

Why have you not left this morning?—In the first place I had no money and in the second place I was obliged to wait for my father who was to arrive to-day.—Do not read that book, it might be pernicious to you.—Have you been at my brother's to-day?—Yes, he was quite by himself at home, and having asked him why he did not go out, he began to shake his head and told me, „but do you not know that I am ill“.—Bid the servant to bring the coffee.—What were you willing to tell me last night, when I met you with that fine lady?—That I saw yesterday Mr. N., who has stolen your watch from you; I made him follow me to my lodgings, and told him, that if he did not return you your watch, I would have him punished.—And what did he answer you?—That is an offence, sir; I am not a thief, but you are a liar.—And what shall we do now?—Wait a few days more and you will have your watch.—But how?

—That does not concern you, that is my secret.—Why have you given so fine a present to your son William? —Because it is his birth-day.—What do you ordinarily do in the evening?—I go to the theatre, then to supper and afterwards to bed.—I believe that somebody has rung the bell?—No, sir; you are mistaken.—Why do you never go out?—Because I am to publish a book and therefore I have much to do.—When the two brothers who had been enemies these six years, entered my room, they shook hands and wept like children.—What do you commonly do in this town when it is bad weather?—We remain at home.—Who is at your neighbour Richard's? —Nobody; he is by himself.—Why will you not take this medicine?—Because all physics are hurtful to me.—Do you see Mr. W. for the first time?—No, madam, I spoke to him last night at the theatre.—Mr. L.'s death is a great loss for all the town.—Why will Miss Z. not marry you?—Were I rich, I am sure she would marry me; but as I am poor, she has told me that she cannot love me.—Bid the coachman to prepare the carriage.—Master, there is a man in the garden wishing to speak to you.—Desire him to come in, but tell him that if he will have any money, he may directly go away, because I give nobody any.—Have you seen your enemy of late? —For heaven's sake, do not speak of that man, otherwise I shall beat you.—Do you believe in what your cousin has told you?—No, because he never speaks truth.

TEMA 128.

Lord St. John being in want of a servant, an Irishman asked him for that place.—Among other questions the gentleman asked him, „What countryman are you?“—„I am an Englishman, please your Lordship.“—„Where were you born?“—„In Ireland, My lord.“—„How then can you be an Englishman?“—„My lord, supposing I was born in a stable, that is no reason, I should be called a horse.“—The late Sir John Barnard's son told him one day, that he was tired of England, and wished to

see the world. Sir John listened with the utmost attention to him, and then replied, „Indeed, my son, I should not have the least objection to your travelling; but while you are seeing the world, I am afraid the world will see you.“—Do you not know what has become of our friend Joseph?—After squandering away all his fortune he died a beggar.—Why have you not performed your promise?—Because I had no time, I had some Paris gloves to buy for my sister, but I was not able to find any.—Have you understood what my father has told you?—No, sir; I have listened to him with the utmost attention, but he speaks so quick, that I could not understand anything.—After whom do you inquire?—I inquire after your uncle, where may I find him?—He is at home quite by himself.—Have you any objection to my going to London, my dear father?—No, provided you have money enough; I do not give you any, you have squandered already from a hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand florins and you have some more brothers and sisters, who are to receive something too.—I was going to the theatre when my father prevented me from going out saying it was too late.—Have you gathered many flowers to-day?—Yes, I have gathered a great many; I gave the finest to my mother, and the others to my aunt.—Have you seen the Messieurs Mayor?—Yes, I saw them in their stable where they had gone in order to try a horse.—Why are you angry with me?—Because you always put so many questions, that I do not know how to answer them.—Do you permit me to go to the theatre to-night?—I have not the least objection.—The bad weather hindered me from continuing my journey and therefore I put up at the Gold Cock inn.—Do you know Lord N.?—Yes, I met his Lordship in the street with my brother, and I spoke to him more than half an hour.—When will you get married?—That is a question I cannot answer, because it does not depend upon me.—When does your Lordship intend setting out?—I do not know yet; because I am waiting for my carriage that it not yet arrived.—Is it

true, that Mr. B. died a rich man?—Yes, he left from eighty thousand to ninety thousand florins.

TEMA 129.

I was prevented from calling upon you yesterday by several persons who came to see me, when I was going to leave.—I should have begun my letter yesterday, had I not been prevented by my brothers who desired me to take a walk with them.—Had the workmen not been hindered by the bad weather, they would have finished the house last week.—Every honest man ought to perform his promise; why have you not performed yours?—I was prevented by my father who told me, that I was a fool to give you so much money.—Do you permit me to put a question?—Yes, sir.—Do you not know who has sold his Lordship the fine English dog?—He bought it of a blind beggar.—How much has he given for it?—Two crowns.—If you always waste your time, you will learn nothing.—Why do you inquire after Mr. Whimsy?—Because he has offended me.—Have you any objection to my sisters' going to Mr. Molly's ball?—I have not the least objection, provided he lend them his carriage, because it is too bad weather to walk.—Has your son already squandered away all his fortune?—Not yet; but he has spent so much that he has not left much.—Have you already hired a room?—Not yet; but Mr. B. has told me that he would let me one.—Of what are you in want?—I am in want of a friend upon whom I can rely.—Rely on me, I will never deceive you.—Why have you let all your house?—Because I intend leaving in a few days.—For whom have you gathered all these cherries?—For my cousin Robert who is very fond of cherries.—What has hindered you from writing the letter you had promised me to write?—I was hindered by my ink which was too bad.—Will you have the kindness to tell Lord Abingdon, that I am arrived and that I wish to speak to him?—He is not at home, but Mylady is, do you wish to speak to her?—No, tell her Ladyship, that I shall call

another time upon her; I really have no time to-day.—Are you fond of May-flowers?—Yes, madam, I gather some every morning, when I go into our neighbour's garden.—Does he allow you to gather his flowers?—I have never asked him.—I have hired a ship to send some corn to London.—Where do you buy this paper?—This paper is not to be found here, a friend of mine sends me some sometimes.—Go to the Gold Star inn, and inquire after Lord S.; if he is at home, tell his Lordship that I shall call upon him in two hours with a letter that arrived for him a fortnight ago.—Perform your promise, otherwise I will tell all your friends, that you have deceived me.

TEMA 130.

I was with Lord Nelson at Copenhagen, said General Steward, when he wrote to the Crown-Prince of Denmark the note proposing terms of arrangements. A cannon-ball struck off the head of the boy who was just entering the cabin with a candle to seal it. „Bring another light,” said his Lordship. I observed, that I thought the note might be sent as it was, for it would not be expected that the usual forms could be observed at such a moment. „That is the very thing I should wish to avoid, colonel,” replied he; „for if the least appearance of haste were to be remarked in the manner of sending this note, it would spoil all.” Another candle being brought, his Lordship sealed the letter and gave it to the officer who waited for it. The moment is said to have been a very critical one, and this note to have determined the events.—Are you willing to accompany me to the theatre?—I am very sorry, that I cannot go with you, however if you will come with me and help me to finish my work, I promise you, that after having done it, I will go with you as far as you like.—How many shillings are there in a pound sterling?—Twenty.—My brother is very awkward; for instance he dropped yesterday the finest glass I have in my house.—Why do you not convince your friend

that he is wrong?—Because he always wants to be right and if anybody convinces him to be wrong, he turns his enemy.—Where have you seen Mr. O.?—I saw him at the coffee-house.—My son is very idle; he is the last pupil but one in school.—That is a very tiresome man; he always comes, when we are going to dine and then we cannot help inviting him; and he is so bad a man, he always tells me vexatious things.—Have you a spare room?—No, madam, but my neighbour Henry has two to let.—Where do you intend going?—I have a mind to make a long journey; I intend going to Spain, Portugal and Switzerland.—Do you smell this fine flower?—No, sir; because I have lost the smelling.—What have you in that bottle, it is an excellent odour?—Why do you call in question what I tell you?—Because it seems impossible to me, that the story you have told me be true.—I will not sell him my house upon any terms; he offended me once, what I shall never be able to forget. We can forgive an enemy, but never forget the offense.—Will you come to me to-morrow or the day after?—As soon as I have time.—The moon is the friend of young ladies.—Do not believe that, the appearance deceives sometimes.

TEMA 131.

At what are you vexed?—I am vexed at my brother's being so bad.—Has your father much money?—He has enough and to spare.—How long would it require to read this book?—Not long, I believe that you can read it in a fortnight.—Spare me this tedious tale!—Have you ever been in Denmark?—Yes, sir, I lived seven months at Copenhagen.—That rose has a very agreeable odour; if you have several, pray, give me one.—It really is impossible, because I have only this, and I have promised it to my aunt who is very fond of flowers.—Do you often go to the coffee-house?—No, sir; I go there only after supper.—Charles, bring the light.—It is not yet ready, madam.—Why do you always contradict me?

—Because you never are right.—Is it true, that my neighbour Joseph has cheated you of fifty florins?—Yes, he is a rascal.—Do you know, my little boy, which is larger, the sun or the moon?—The sun; but the moon is more useful to us, because we see her in the night, when it is dark, and we need not so much the sunshine, because it is clear enough in the day.—Do you see that little star?—Yes, sir.—Well, that is the star of my happiness; in few months I hope I shall have ceased being happy, because I cannot bear any longer so dreadful a life.—Will your uncle, too, go to Mr. B.'s?—No, he need not go there, because he is rich.—Do you not seal this letter?—No, there are no secrets, everybody may read what I write.—That is the very book I longed for.—I am very sorry, my dear friend, that I cannot lend you my carriage, because I have given it to my daughter-in-law; however go to my brother's with this note, and he will lend you his.—I cannot give you this book upon any terms, because it does not belong to me.—Is your enemy rich?—Yes, he has enough and to spare.—To whom have you let the last room but one of your house?—To a good friend of mine.—We dine and sup together and after supper we read some fine book, smoke a good cigar and drink a glass of good wine.—Have you a large stable in your house?—No, sir; it is a stable for four horses.—Leave me alone, I have to write to my father who is angry with me, that I have not written to him these two months.—I shall not tell you again, you ought to be ashamed, that I must tell you every thing ten times! —Call the locksmith and have that lock mended.

TEMA 132.

„Why, for heaven's sake“, said a young physician to an old philosopher, finding him drinking coffee late in the evening, „you drink coffee! Coffee is slow poison.“ —„Yes, it must be slow indeed,“ replied the philosopher; „for I have drunk it these sixty years.“—An Irish gentle-

man meeting an Englishman thus addressed him, „Oh, my dear, is it you? when I saw you at the other end of the street I thought you were your cousin; as you came nearer I thought you were yourself; and now I see you are your brother.“—Some one had to cross a river, and entered the boat on horseback. Being asked the reason, he replied, „I must ride, because I am in a hurry.“—A lady sent for her shoemaker, and asked him, „How is this, I have worn these shoes only ten hours, and they are torn already?“ „Oh,“ replied the shoemaker, „the cause is clear: you have doubtless been walking in them.“—Have you saluted my neighbour Richard?—No, sir; I have not seen him.—Is it true that your uncle has won a prize in the lottery?—I do not know, because I have not seen him this fortnight; I am told that he has caught cold and that he is now obliged to keep his bed.—Have you seen home the ladies last night who were at your parents?—Of course; I have seen them home and told them that I shall come and see them to-morrow.—Has it already struck five?—I do not know what o'clock it is; because my watch is broken, it is at the watchmaker's.—Do you like that black-eyed girl?—No, madam; I like better that red-nosed gentleman.—Has your father-in-law a fine carriage?—Yes; he has a four-horsed carriage.—Do you already wear winter clothes?—Not yet; because I am not yet cold.—Do you like my neighbour? I think him a good-natured man.—No, sir; you are mistaken; he is a very proud man; I saw him on horseback late in the evening yesterday, but he did not salute me.—It was perhaps already dark and he will not have perceived you.—Why is that girl shedding tears?—Because her lover is dead.—Poor girl! She has been sobbing and weeping these four hours.—How has the English lawyer addressed you, when he met you in the street?—He addressed me thus, „My dear friend, how are you? how I have longed for seeing you, and for telling you that I esteem you!“—And what did you answer him?—I told him, „Excuse, sir; but I do not know you!“

TEMA 133.

Do you often go to the theatre with your sisters?—No, sir; I go there only now and then.—I will try by all means to buy this book, and if it cost ever so much.—Have you got your shirts washed?—No yet, sir; because my washer-woman is ill.—Is she obliged to keep her bed?—I do not know, because I have not seen her; but I shall send my servant to her to-day in order to see, how she is.—Is this lawyer a clever man?—Yes; he is a clear-sighted man.—Is it true that your neighbour has been drowned in the river which passes near his house?—Yes, he came home tipsy late in the evening yesterday and fell into the river; as he cannot swim he was drowned.—Why do you not salute Colonel Welrod?—Because we are enemies; he told me that I am a liar, and I answered him that he is a rascal.—Does your cousin do much business?—Yes (*ovvero: He does*); he is a very industrious man; he has gained much money.—Charles, see Mr. L. down-stairs!—Here I am; good evening, Mr. L.; if you allow, I will see you home.—If you will come with me, I shall give you the book I promised you four days ago.—What is there in this bottle, may I drink a little?—For heaven's sake, let that bottle alone, there is poison in it.—Pride is a great vice; a proud man is nobody's friend.—Mr. F. is a philosopher; he does not care about the world and does what he likes.—Why do you not cross the street to salute your neighbour who came back from Switzerland?—I assure you that I should not have known him, had you not told me that he is my neighbour; he has become very old.—What a beautiful yellow-haired girl!—Yes, but I like better black-haired and blue-eyed women.—What o'clock is it, Anthony?—It is just striking nine, I must go away, because I have promised to go to the theatre with my lover; if I do not go out with her now and then, the poor girl is obliged always to remain at home, because her father is dead and her mother is ill; she has been keeping her bed

these five years.—James, call the physician; I have caught cold and am ill.—My uncle has bought a fine one-horsed carriage, and told me that if I like to take an airing in the carriage with some friend of mine, he will lend me his carriage.—Thus you will save much money, because you shall not want to hire a carriage.—Your uncle is a very good-natured man; what a pity that I have not a relation, too, who lends me a carriage.

TEMA 134

Good and bad.

Two friends who had not seen each other a great while meeting by chance, one asked the other how he was. He said he was very well, and had got married since he had seen him the last time. „This is good news, indeed,” said he.—„No, not so very good one,” replied the other, „for I have married a shrew.”—„That is bad,” said the other.—„Not so bad either; for I received two thousand pounds with her.”—„That is well again,” said the other.—„Not so well either, for I laid it out in sheep, and they died all of the rot.”—„That was hard indeed,” said his friend.—„Not so hard either, because I sold the skins for more money than the sheep cost.”—„That made you amends,” said the other.—„Not so many amends either,” said he, „because I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned.”—„That was a great loss,” replied his friend.—„No, it was not so great a loss, because my wife was burned also.”—„Have you been a hunting to-day?”—„Yes (ovvero I have).—How many birds have you killed?—I have killed seven.—Does your father like hunting? No; he prefers remaining at home and reading a good book.—Is it my turn to shoot?—No, sir; it is your brother’s turn now.—Have you had the two fine fishes fried which I have bought?—No, sir; because our cook is ill and has been keeping her bed these five days.—James, ask the landlord, whether he has not any better wine; this is like vinegar.—Do you often go a hunting?

—No, sir, I go there only now and then.—Does Mr. W. sell on credit?—No, sir, he sells only for cash.—Have you hit the bird, at which you had fired?—No, because I have aimed ill.—Do you know that man behind my brother?—I do not know him; though I have seen him several times.—Do you like roast potatoes?—Yes, madam, but I prefer boiled ones.—In what does your uncle lay out his money?—He lays it out in his shop.—Of what has your little son died?—He died of the small-pox.—By when do you believe the shoemaker will bring my boots?—I cannot know when he will bring them; but he has promised me surely to bring them by nine o'clock.—I lay a wager that my cousin will not set out for N.!—Why not?—Because he speaks much, but never does what he says.—How is your father-in-law, sir?—I cannot tell you how he is, because I have not seen him a great while.—My brother-in-law has got married since I saw him for the last time.—Why did you not go and see his lady?—Because I am nobody's servant; had he wished that I knew his wife, he would have invited me to spend an evening at his house, but I do not care about it.

TEMA 135.

Does it not seem to you that my sister resembles much my mother?—Yes, sir; I have met her in the street to-day, and taken her for your mother.—Are you fond of roast meat?—Yes, sir, I am very fond of roast beef.—Charles, have you any boiling water? I should like to make some tea.—No, sir; but if you will wait some moments, I will have some boiled.—How often have you fired that gun?—I have fired it only once, because it is not good.—My cousin and his sister resemble very much each other.—Yes, it is true; but they do not love each other at all.—Have you heard a report?—Yes, it is my son trying the gun of which I have made him a present, because to-day is his birth-day.—Joseph, at what have you fired?—I have fired at a cat, but I have not hit it; I have aimed badly.—Ask the cook whether she

has any fried potatoes.—She has none, I asked her an hour ago.—How much has your mother-in-law left you?—Twenty thousand pounds.—That will make you amends for the loss you have had.—How long shall you write?—I shall write till I have finished my letters.—James, why do you not go out?—Because my barber has promised me to come by nine, and I cannot go out without having got shaved.—In what did Alnaschar lay out his money?—He laid it out in bottles, glasses and plates.—What did he do with them?—Nothing, because he broke them all.—Who is that huntsman?—He is my brother-in-law, he goes every day a hunting, but we have not as yet eaten any bird killed by him.—Whom does my lover resemble?—She resembles very much her brother William.—Take care not to burn yourself.—That would be impossible, because there is no fire.—Why do these two brothers hate each other?—Because their father left more money to one than to the other.—Did your father gain much money last year?—Yes, he gained from five thousand to six thousand pounds.—Is it true that your friend has laid a wager to his neighbour?—Yes, he bet with him that you will set out to-morrow evening for Venice, where you intend getting married.—Tell him if you see him that he is a fool, because I have no mind to take a wife.—I have not seen my enemy N. a great while, but I assure you that I am not sorry for it at all.—Is it true that your brother has got married?—Yes, he has taken a shrew; it is not possible that he can be happy with her.—Will you hold a wager that I go to Baccari in one hour and a half?—I hold your wager (*I bet*), because it is impossible.—We shall see.

TEMA 136.

A gentleman who did not always speak the truth, related once that having been some years ago a hunting, he had shot thirty-three hares before breakfast. Thirty three hairs! exclaimed a friend of his, then you must have fired at a wig.—An Irish workman bought a pair of shoes,

and asked the shoemaker what would prevent their being spoiled on the sides?—The shoemaker said the only thing to prevent that was to change them every morning. The workman then returned the following morning, asked for another pair of shoes, put them on, left the pair he had bought the day before, and was going to leave the shop when the shoemaker asked him, what he was doing and told him at the same time, that he had forgotten to pay for the boots he had just bought. „What I am doing, you ask me? Am I not doing what you told me yesterday, viz: changing my shoes every morning“.—There is not one family in town but what he knows.—He never meets anybody but what he has something to say to (*to tell*).—I never see you, but you wear a new coat.—Do you not spend much money in clothes?—I assure you there is nobody in town but spends more money in clothes than I do.—Has your uncle many acquaintances in town?—He has more acquaintances in town, than I who have been here much longer than he has; there is not one family in town but what he knows.—Have you read Shakespeare's works?—I believe there is not one of his works but what I have read.—But for my uncle's help my friend Charles would have been drowned, because he fell into the water and he cannot swim; but he is very grateful, too; he tells him every day that he has saved his life.—But for your father's telling me that you are arrived, I should not know it.—But for your being at home, I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you.—Can you draw?—I have been learning to draw these three years; but I cannot as yet draw, because I am very idle.—Do you know my brother?—Yes, he is a very well-bred man, it is easily seen that he has been brought up in France.—Mr. N., I feel much obliged to you that you have sent me the books I have asked you for.—Why do you speak so loud?—Because my friend is deaf.—Have you not translated the letter I gave you to translate into French?—Excuse, sir, but I have had no time.—I cannot believe in what you say, because you

never speak the truth.—Can you change me this florin?—No, sir, because I have no money.—Have you already tasted the wine you have bought?—Yes, sir, I tasted it last night; it was so good, I drank so much of it, that I became tipsy.—Have you related to your father what has happened to me?—No, sir, because I have not seen him since four days (*ovvero: these four days*).

TEMA 137.

Shall you have perhaps time this afternoon to go with me to my aunt's?—I have much to do; not so much, however, but I may find time to go with you.—Who knows but he may come to-night.—There are few people but would be satisfied with the present I have given you.—But for his lending me some money, I should not have been able to pay (*I could not have paid*) for the boots I bought of your shoemaker yesterday.—Your brother is a very ungrateful man; but for my father's lending him a coat, he would not have been able to go to Mrs. N's ball, and now instead of sending it him back he has sold it.—What is your cousin's husband?—He is a weaver, he is very industrious and therefore he is gaining much money.—Is it long, since you saw my enemy for the last time?—I have not seen him a great while.—Where has Captain N. bought this sword?—He bought it of Mr. Bluff.—Why do you speak with such a low voice?—Because I have caught cold and cannot speak loud.—Was it your taste to choose this dress?—No, madam, because I do not like it at all; but my wife who is a shrew would by all means buy this and therefore I took it.—If you did not like to come to me, you should at least have sent me word that you were not willing to come; any wellbred man would have done so, but your father was a weaver and your mother a washer-woman, and therefore was nothing else to be expected of you.—Mr. N., you have offended me; if you do not ask my pardon, I will kill you.—I think you are a fool.—Why have you related to your wife what I have told you?—Because I

have no secret, but what I tell her.—Poor man, how I pity him; it is not long since he lost his father and last night died his wife.—I feel very sorry not to be able to perform my promise; but I have so much to do, that it really is impossible for me.—Do you believe in what my cousin has related to you?—No, madam, because he never speaks the truth.—Have you translated from French into Italian?—No, sir; I do not know French, and therefore I cannot translate from French into Italian.—Does your father wear a wig?—Yes, because he is bald.—Here is all I can give you, viz: my love and twenty thousand pounds; does that suffice to you, my handsome madam?—As for the first, you may keep it for yourself, the second I accept with all my heart.—Why have you changed your coat?—Because it was torn, and I was willing to send it to the tailor's, to get it mended.

TEMA 138.

A lady at the Bristol market, laying her hand upon a piece of veal, said, „I think, Mr. F., this veal is not quite so white as usually.“—„Put on your glove, madam,“ replied the butcher, „and you will think otherwise.“—It is not necessary to say, that the veal was bought without any other objection.—Some one hiring a room, said to his landlady, „I assure you, madam, that I am so much loved every where, that I never left my lodgings, but my landlady shed tears.“—„Perhaps,“ replied she, „you always go away without paying.“—A gentleman, going to see Mr. Graham, a writer, found him at home in his writing-room. He found the room very warm, and said it was as hot as an oven, „That is right,“ replied Mr. Graham, „because it is here I make my bread.“—Why has your servant not gone to the post-office?—Because your landlady has not told him where to go.—Have you given the English books to your friend Stephen?—I have not given him anything, because I did not know which to give him.—Do you know Mr. Mathew V.?—Yes, sir, he is a rich heir.—Has he given you much money?—

No, sir, he has not given me scarcely anything.—Why did you fall asleep at my father's last night?—Because the heat was insupportable.—Have you seen the Portuguese merchant who has sold me some sugar?—No, because my servant Andrew told him that I was not at home.—Have you read yesterday's newspaper?—Yes, but there is nothing new at all.—Why do you love your sister Amelia?—Because she has made a sacrifice of fifty thousand florins to do me a favour.—Who has dragged here this calf?—The Swiss butcher; he intended selling it to the Russian peasant; but he said it was too dear.—Do you permit me to go out to-night?—I have not the least objection to your going to the theatre or to the inn.—What colour is the silk gown you have got made, Mrs. Sophia?—Dark-green.—Can you distinguish my father's house?—I see a fine three-storied house, but I cannot tell whether it is your father's.—I do not know how to make this coat, sir.—Make it, as you like.

TEMA 139.

Why do you not like Miss Sophia?—Because she has a disagreeable voice.—How is the weather to-day?—It is cloudy.—Do you think it will rain?—I think it will.—My uncle Adolphus does not know which lodgings to choose.—He should take that my father has offered to him, because he wants also a writing-room, and in the other lodgings there are only three rooms.—What has Mathew told you?—He has not told me scarcely anything, and I do not know now what to do.—Did you sleep well last night?—No, madam; I did on the contrary not close an eye all night.—What is your cousin Andrew?—He is a writer.—Do not go out, Amelia, you are unwell and the thaw will hurt you.—I am much tired, because I have taken a long walk.—How many tickets have you taken for to-night?—I have taken only three, because Adolphus says he will never go to the theatre again.—Where are you going, Anthony?—I am seeking my landlord, but I

do not know where to go in order to find him.—Why do you not get married, Paul?—Because I seek a rich heiress and cannot find any.—I had scarcely fallen asleep last night when my cousin Mathew came home and made such a noise that he wakened me.—Is it windy without, James?—No, sir, it is foggy weather.—Show my servant how to clean the boots, he is very stupid.—I never see my neighbour but he wants to borrow some money of me.—And do you give him any every time?—No, sir, I told him the day before yesterday, that I will not give him any more.—What colour is the cloth you have bought for your new coat?—Black.—Do you know that red-nosed man?—Yes, sir, he is a good-natured man.—How long would it require to go from here to Milan?—I cannot tell, madam, because I have never been there.—Are you fond of hunting?—No, sir, because I am very awkward; I shot once at a friend of mine instead of hitting a hare, and never went a hunting again.—Why do you not remain at home?—Because I have a termagant wife, who never is satisfied.—Is your friend a well-bred man?—Yes, sir; but he is a false man and therefore I will not have you say that he is my friend.—But for your help I should have been drowned.—Where is Stephen?—He is in his writing-room.

TEMA 140.

George the First, being on a journey, put up at a village in Holland; and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for one egg or two; which were brought him, and for which the landlord asked two hundred florins. „How is that?“ said the king; „eggs must be very scarce in this place.“ „I beg your pardon,“ said the host, „eggs there are enough, but kings are scarce.“ The king smiled and ordered the money to be paid.—A sailor wishing to have a watch repaired, was told that it would cost more than the original price. The sailor replied he was ready to pay even twice as much; the watch-maker then asked what he had given for the watch. „I gave a French

soldier a knock on his head for it, and if you will repair it I will give you two.“—If I knew a country where one did not die, said some one, I would go there and end my days.—Some boys meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her, „Good morning, mother of asses!“—„Good morning, my children“, was the reply.—You must speak English well, you have been studying it too long to make any mistakes.—Will your daughter Sophia go to the theatre to-night?—She is too young for me to let her go (to the theatre).—May I read this book?—You might (read it); but it is too difficult for you to understand.—Has your father bought any American corn?—It is too dear for him to buy.—My servant is very awkward, he has dropped the wine-bottle on the floor.—Can you read what is written over (*o above*) that door?—No, sir, it is too far, and I have not my spectacles.—Can you jump over that chair?—No, it is too high.—He broke his leg just above the knee.—Why have you beaten your little boy?—Because he is very naughty.—Order these chickens to be killed.—Order the tailor to get ready my new waistcoat for (*ovvero by*) to-morrow.—Order that inkstand to be repaired for me.—It is impossible, because there is only one turner in the town and he is ill.—Charles, cross out the word *cooper*; *tor-nitore* is translated into English with *turner*.—Do you see that peasant driving oxen to town?—I see some oxen, but I see no peasant.—Why have you given this sailor a knock on his head?—Because he has forgotten to bring me my parcel.—I have given twice as much for my gun as you have given for yours, but it is much better; I can hit a bird from here as far as the well you see.

TEMA 141.

Why does your friend Stephen not wish to drink the wine I bought yesterday?—He says it is too sour for him to believe it to be the same wine you bought.—Why did your cousins not come, too?—They were very sorry

not to have been able to come, but the weather was too bad indeed for them to go out.—Do you read in the evening?—I read before supper; if I read after supper, I fall asleep.—I always take a book with me, when I go to bed; I cannot fall asleep unless I read a page.—Why have you crossed this word?—Because I have made a mistake.—Where is my coat, James?—It hangs above the sofa.—But I do not see it.—Then put on your spectacles.—My brother has offered above forty thousand florins for your uncle's castle, but he has said he would not sell it for double the price.—Charles, do not jump so much; your friend William wanted to jump over a ditch yesterday, fell, and broke his left arm just above the elbow.—It was very cold, when I came home last night, therefore I ordered some fire to be made and went to bed.—How many casks of wine have you bought?—I have bought only one, but I would give twice as much if I could find another.—Do you like driving in a carriage?—Yes, madam, but only with good horses.—What have you thrown through the window?—A little cat that is always making so much noise that I cannot sleep.—John, while the horses are getting ready, give me a glass of wine.—If there will be so many crossings in another exercise, I'll tear it.—Do you know the American host who arrived last night?—I know him by sight.—Who lives above us?—A handsome foreign lady.—Have you already spoken to her?—Yes, the other day when she fell into the ditch behind my father's castle; I gave her my hand to get out, and she told me, „I thank you, sir; I shall never forget that you have saved my life.“—Order these dirty shirts to be washed.—How beautiful a place this village is; if I could, I would end here my days.—Did you go to my father's from choice?—No, sir, I went there from necessity, because he had told me that if I did not come he would have me chastised.—Now I have blotted out the wrong word through inadvertance, what will my teacher say?—That you are a naughty boy.—Why have you given the Swiss painter a kick?—Be-

cause he has told me to be a liar.—Order the watch-maker to repair my watch by to-morrow, because I want it much.

TEMA 142.

A dier being ordered in a court of justice to hold up his hand, that was quite black, the judge said to him, „Take off your glove, friend.“—„Put on your spectacles, Mylord,“ answered the dier.—It being proved, in a court of justice, that a man's name was really *Inch*, while he pretended it was *Linch*, the judge said, „I recollect the old proverb that somebody being allowed an Inch, takes an ell.—A fellow was asked by a talkative barber in what fashion he would be shaved. In silence, was the reply.—An officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in a battle.—Lying on the field, an unfortunate man near him, who was also severely wounded, howled in a dreadful manner, what so irritated the officer, who bore his pain in silence, that he exclaimed, „Why do you make such a noise? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself“?—Why have you scolded the servant-maid?—Because she has spilt the ink all over the table.—Why does this dog howl?—Because it has been wounded, a huntsman fired a gun at him.—Prove me that you really have been at my house.—The owner of the house where you live has seen me enter your ledgings.—Your father is a very good man, over and above making me a present of the money I had been owing him these four years, he has lent me a hundred pounds.—Love your fellow-creatures, and think that we are all brethren.—After whom do you inquire?—I inquire after my fellow-traveller who told me he would put up at the Black Eagle.—Do you know this man?—Yes, he is a cousin to Colonel N.—Why does your brother not get married, cannot he find a wife?—He has, on the contrary, always been a great favourite with the ladies, but he says that he now hates the ladies, since she whom he loved most has deceived him.—Is it true that you intend leaving?—

It is not true, though it is said all over the town.—Look up, do you see that star? there will be my lodgings after my death.—I had like to have lost an eye.—My school-fellows had like to have been drowned.—Do you know the foreigner who arrived last night?—He is physician to the king.—How many napkins have you given to the washer-woman?—I have given her four napkins, five table-clothes and three aprons.—Who is that man?—He pretends to be a nephew to our judge, but it is not true: he is a poor fellow.—My friend has been chosen a judge by his fellow-citizens.—Do not speak of my neighbour, you know that it irritates me.

TEMA 143.

Nobody would assist our poor sick friend, but the dier who lives in the same house with him.—My brother had like to have forgotten to do his translations.—I sent my servant for some wine and he had scarcely entered the room when he spilt the wine all over the floor.—Do you like this man?—No, he is too talkative for me to like him (*ovvero: he is too talkative to please me*).—My dear friend, why do you not speak to this man?—Because he is brother to my greatest enemy (*my greatest enemy's brother*).—What has he done to you?—Over and above cheating me of a hundred florins, he says that I am a liar.—Where does your fellow-traveller live?—He has told me that he would put up at the Gold Lion, but I have not yet been there to inquire after him, because I had no time.—Why do you live in the country?—Because I am fond of silence and in town there is always too much noise for me to study.—Hold up your head and show me your tongue. You are sick and had better go to bed.—My cousin pretends that you owe him a thousand florins, but when I told him to prove it he went away.—Why does the judge L. love you so much?—Because when he was poor, nobody would lend him any money but I.—Have you already heard the great misfortune that happened to our poor neighbour, the dier?

—No, tell me for heaven's sake what is the matter? I know him very well, because we were school-fellows.—Our unfortunate friend fell down stairs, broke his arm just above the elbow and had like to have killed himself.—Charles, come home early; you know your father to be angry with you, do not irritate him any more.—My friend Joseph is a very good man, he cannot see his fellow-creature suffer but he helps him.—I had like to have lost my pocket-book, when I went home from the theatre last night: a thief put his hand into my pocket, when I perceived it, and seized his left ear, pulling with my right hand a knife out from my pocket. I was going to cut off his ear when he fell upon his knees and begged of me to pardon him, saying he had four children at home who had not eaten these two days.—I bet that over and above pardoning him you have presented him with something.—Yes, I gave him five florins in order to buy some bread for his children.—Excuse, but you are a very stupid fellow, you believe in all that any rascal tells you.—Does any one of your school-fellows still live? (*Is-alive?*)—No, madam; they are all dead; Henry who was physician to the king, died last year and left me fifty thousand florins to pay my debts.

TEMA 144.

An Irish servant having carried a basket of fruits to a friend of his master's, waited some time for the fee, but the gentleman appearing not to think of it, he said, „Sir, should my master say,“ „James, what has the gentleman given you?“ „what would you have me tell him?“—A gentleman went to the post-office, and inquired whether there were any letters for him; the clerk asked for his name. „You will find it on the back of the letter,“ was the answer.—Some soldiers once robbed a watchman of his money and coat. He went and complained to the captain of the regiment. The captain asked him, whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore when he was rob-

bed by the soldiers. "Yes, sir," replied the poor fellow. "Then, my friend," said the captain, "I can assure you, they do not belong to my company, otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt."—Rich as he is, he is unhappy: he has nobody that loves him and we all want to be loved.—Give me that letter lying under the chair.—Here it is, madam.—Under these circumstances I cannot say any more.—How much have you given for this watch?—I bought it under cost-price, but it is good for nothing: it always goes too fast.—My brother lived under the reign of three kings.—What is the news, Mr. R.?—There is nothing new under (*beneath*) the sun.—Is it true, Miss Amelia, that you are going to marry Mr. N.?—No, many riches as he has and good as he is, I will never marry him, I am Mr. Muller's bride.—Mr. N., if you conduct yourself well, I will make you my clerk.—Whom do you take me for, sir?—I do not want to be anybody's clerk.—There are some spots on the gown you have on, madam.—Then I shall get it washed.—I had rather go to my friend's than stay at home.—May I help you to another piece of roast-beef?—No, I had rather not, I am afraid it would hurt me.—Had you rather buy a coat or a pair of trowsers?—I had rather buy a hat.—In what do you deal, sir?—I deal in cloth, silk, ribbons, and linen.—Why did you go away so early last night?—Because your father offered to beat me.—I am much affected, I have seen the poor girls whose parents died eight days ago.—Why do you quarrel with this man?—I told him to send me a new waistcoat, and nevertheless he sent me a worn out one.—I wrote to Dr. Moll yesterday.—So did I.—My father is much afraid that it will rain.—So is my father.—Have you wound the watch up?—Notwithstanding my being very absent, I have not forgotten to wind it up.—Have you given your friend's servant a fee?—Yes, I gave him half a florin.

TEMA 145.

How have you managed to persuade your father to give you any money?—I told him, „Either give me a thousand florins, or I will drown myself, and my father knowing that I do not care much about my life, gave me what I asked him for.—Who is your uncle's partner?—He is a Swiss merchant.—Whose turn is it to deal the cards?—It is Richard's (turn).—Who has given you the coat you have on?—My father's clerk made me a present of it.—Why do you not play at chess?—Because I cannot find a partner.—About what were you quarrelling with your brother, when I entered the room?—My brother said he had rather die than marry Miss Mary, and I said she is a very lovely girl.—Make haste, otherwise I cannot wait for you.—Why do you not mind what I tell you?—Because I was thinking of my lover.—John, carry this basket as far as the railroad.—I cannot, sir; I have no time, I am to go home and wind up my master's watch. He offered to beat me the day before yesterday, because I had forgotten.—Much as our neighbour has studied, he is an ass.—And much advice as I give you, you never learn not to speak ill of your fellow-creature.—Mrs. Lumb, you have a spot beneath your chin.—Notwithstanding my advice Andrew has again quarrelled with Mathew; I shall send them away both, I want silence in my house.—Did you seize the thief who was going to enter your room last night?—I did not only seize but kill him, too.—My father has given so much money to my brother, nevertheless he has still many debts.—Do not mind what this man tells you, he is a fool.—And so are you.—I can read and write four languages.—So can I.—Has your cousin Anthony comfortable lodgings?—His lodgings are very comfortable, but many rooms as they have, and fine as they are, I do not like them; I prefer living in the country.—Call a physician, make haste, my father is very ill.—And had you not better go there yourself?—I cannot, I am to go for a lawyer; my

father is willing to make his last will, and has told me, that if I do not come back quick with the lawyer, he will not leave me anything.—How did you manage to sell your house for twenty thousand florins? it is old and good for nothing.—I have given a broker five thousand florins, and he has found a blockhead who bought it.—But, sir, then you have cheated him, and I will tell him.—You had better mind your own business, otherwise . . .—Whom do you take me for, that you offer to threaten me; do you think I fear you? one word more, and I give you a kick that I throw you through the window.—What does Mr. Wolf's neighbour deal in?—He deals in sugar, coffee, rice, oil, and meal.—Where does he live?—Beneath us.

TEMA 146.

A peasant meeting an acquaintance told him, „Oh, my dear, guess to whom I have just spoken?—To your old friend James, but I assure you he has become so thin, that I hardly knew him: You are thin and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together.“—Another country-man selling brooms went into a barber's shop to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after shaving him asked the price of this broom. „Two pence,“ said the peasant. „No, no,“ replied the barber, „I will give you one penny, and if that does not suffice to you, take your broom again.“ The country-man took it and asked what he had to pay. „A penny,“ said the barber. „I will give you a farthing,“ replied the peasant, „and if that does not suffice to you, put on my beard again.“—A lady asked a gentleman why most physicians always dressed in black? He answered, „The reason is, because they are generally occupied in preparing grave-subjects.“—Whatever your brother have told you, I do not believe in it, because he is a liar.—But towards me he has always well behaved, he always spoke the truth.—Good evening, gentlemen, why are you quarrelling? what is going on?—The question is which physician to

call, because Mr. N. has had the belly-ache these four hours.—Why have you changed your tailor?—Because the tailor I have had these two years never made me a coat properly.—There is a silver spoon missing, somebody must have stolen it.—I do not know, sir, because Charles and I we have been both of us in the country.—Quiet this poor girl, she does not cease weeping.—I shall not fail, you may rely upon me; but now I am to go to the English merchant's to buy some sugar, as he has lowered the price of it.—Has your son improved much?—He has, I passed by the school yesterday, and went up-stairs to ask whether his master was satisfied with him, and he told me, though he be only nine years old, he is the first at school.—Pay attention when you are reading, you must have missed a page.—You have become poor, now you must accustom yourself to labour.—My father-in-law is thoroughly acquainted with the English language and has promised me to teach it me.—How have you managed to spill the wine all over the table? You are very awkward.—I was going to spread the carpet over the table, I held in one hand the bottle and in the other the carpet, when your brother entered the room and gave me such a blow upon my head, that I dropped the bottle, and as it has no cork, the wine was spilt over the table.—Whomsoever you may see at Mr. M's, do not tell him that I am indisposed, only say, that I have the hiccup.—Is it true that they have bled your sister Matilda?—Yes, madam; they bled her twice, once last night, and once this morning; but she is now very well again.

TEMA 147.

Whoever may ask you where my brother is, tell him that you do not know, that you have heard nothing of him since his departure.—John, these boots are not properly cleaned, clean them again.—From whomsoever you have heard this news, I do not believe it.—Whatever you may have a mind to buy, tell me; we shall go together and you will find all much cheaper, because the price of

a great many things has been lowered of late: but being a foreigner, you would be cheated in every shop.—What is going on?—The question is, whether we had rather go to the theatre or remain at home; my father says we had better stay at home, because over and above the evening-air's not being healthy, my sister has the belly-ache.—Can you afford to buy Byron's works?—Though I have but a small salary, I am very economical, I save every month some florins which I employ in buying useful books; therefore I can afford to buy Byron's works.—Of what use is the umbrella to you, if it does not rain?—I use it as a stick.—Give me that book, Mr. Bultry, it is of no use to you.—Why did you go away so early last night?—Because I got tired, I am accustomed to read a fine book or to play at cards in the evening and there was but chattering last night.—There is nothing so healthy in the world as labour; my brother is much healthier since he became poor and must work; than he was, when rich.—Of what use is that read ink to you?—I use it to correct my scholars' exercises.—If you pass by Mr. S's shop, tell him, that when he has lowered the price of the coffee, I shall buy eighty pounds.—When you go to London, we shall miss you very much; we are so much accustomed to your agreeable society.—I miss my watch, have you seen it?—No, sir, but I shall not fail to ask in the inn where we were at supper, whether anybody has found it.—Pray, say, that whoever may have found it shall bring it me and that I shall give him fifty florins.—Mr. W., I despise you, because you have failed in your promise.—Excuse, madam, I have not promised you anything; I have told you, that I shall perhaps send you the book of which we spoke some days ago, but I have not promised you: because I was not certain to succeed in finding it; if I promise any thing I always perform my promise.—Have you seen your cousin since his arrival?—No, he has been missing these four days, nobody has seen him.—I am missing twenty-five florins, I must have lost my purse.—Why does your sister-in-law always dress in red?

—Because she says, that red is the colour of love.—Who has been at my house to-day?—We have been both of us there.

TEMA 148.

Louis XV. said to a young lady belonging to his court „I am assured that you are very learned and understand four or five languages.“—„I speak only two, Sire,“ answered she trembling.—„Which are they?“—„German and Italian.“—„Do you speak them fluently?“—„Yes, Sire, very fluently.“—„Well, two are quite enough to make a husband mad.“

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge which was very dangerous, said to a peasant whom he met, „This bridge must be very dangerous, honest friend! Are not people lost here sometimes?“ „Lost? No, Sir, replied the man, „I never knew anybody to have been lost here; there have been several drowned, but they were always found again.“—„How does your new horse answer?“ said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. „I really don't know,“ replied George, „for I never put him a question“.—The celebrated Daniel Burgess, dining with a friend, a large uncut Cheshire cheese was brought to table. „Where shall I cut it?“ asked Daniel. „Anywhere you like, Mr. Burgess,“ answered the other; upon which Daniel gave it to his servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, as he would cut it at home.—My brother sent me a book, which being too dear, I sent him back.—I sent for Doctor Wurm, who not being at home, I told my brother to send me any physician he could find.—Do you often go to the theatre?—No, madam, I go there only every now and then.—What is the matter with your sister?—She had the intermitting fever, but the physician said to-day she would soon get better.—My brother has set out to-day, we parted on Waterloo bridge.—Good bye, my dear friend; Heaven grant you many happy years, and all you wish for.—Oh, for such a fine house, how happy I should be!—I shall tell you a secret, if you

give me your word of honour not to tell anybody.—Does Colonel N. live in this house?—No, he lives opposite.—Of what illness did your father-in-law die?—He died of an indigestion.—Upon my honour, if you do not give me back the book I lent you eight months ago, I shall not speak any more to you.—Has your servant spilt the ink all over the floor?—Not my servant, I am sure, because he is a very skilful man; I do not know who has done it, I believe it was the cook, because she told me, that when she entered the room, somebody pushed her and she therefore dropped a bottle she had in her hand.—Why does this boy tremble?—Because he has eaten the apricots your father had left upon the table before he went out, and he is now afraid that he will chastize him.—How does the book I have had bound for you answer?—I do not like it at all.—Does your friend speak English fluently?—Yes, madam, he is thoroughly acquainted with this language.—Waiter, bring us some raspberries.—Excuse, sir, there are not any more.

TEMA 149.

Have you seen Mr. L's funeral?—No, sir; I had gone to the concert to hear the celebrated Strauss. At what o'clock has he been buried?—At half past four.—Why has the merchant lowered the price of this ware?—Because nobody wanted to buy it, everybody said it was too dear.—Will you write to your brother, that you have bought a new house?—Not I, you know that we are enemies.—Our friend is sure to have gone to the theatre, it is already eleven o'clock and he has not yet come home.—Money I have none, if you wish to have anything to eat, I will give you.—From whom have you received this fine keep-sake?—From my sister who loves me so much.—Will you go to the theatre to-night?—Not to-night; if I have time, I shall go to-morrow.—Tell my neighbour to come to my house.—Not for all the world; you know that I despise and hate him, I will not speak to him.—I told Doctor B. yesterday that I felt indisposed, upon

which he sent me directly to bed, saying, „to-day have twenty-two persons died of the cholera, and if you do not go directly to bed, you will die too.“—Give me only your son's letter, your daughter's I have read.—The tailor sent me a new coat, which being too small, I sent him back.—I waited for Mr. M. last night, who not coming, I went home at eleven o'clock in the evening.—Is your brother-in-law already recovered?—Yes, the physician has allowed him to go out to-day.—You must go every now and then to my brother's and ask him, whether he does not want anything.—Oh, for such a fine book, how diligently I would study!—Charles, as you long for it, I will buy one for you, but I am sure you will be as idle as you were till now.—I cannot buy this watch, because I have no money, but go to my brother's who lives opposite, he is rich and has no children, he is sure to buy it.—Does the horse you have bought of the Englishman answer?—Yes, I am much satisfied with it (Yes, it does).—To whom does the last house but one in this narrow street belong?—I do not know, but I believe that a foreigner bought it some days ago.—Have these books bound for me.—Give me some money, because I have not any.—Do you like this fine landscape?—Yes, very well; I will show it to my uncle who is sure to buy it.—Have you read this book?—Not I, I cannot read Italian.—My cousin told me that I was a liar, upon which I seized his arm, and threw him out of the door.—Do you think it will rain?—I am sure it will.—Why did you push that man?—Because the bridge was too narrow for me to pass near him without pushing him.—Is your mother-in-law very ill?—No, sir, she is already recovered.—When did you and your friend part?—Last night after the theatre.—Could you not part this morning?—No, because he set out at five o'clock, and I always rise very late.—I wrote to my neighbour yesterday, who not being in town, his wife sent me back the letter.—God grant that my father arrives at N. to-day, otherwise he will not see any more his brother who is very ill.

TEMA 150.

An Irish gentleman ordered his shoemaker to make a pair of boots for him, and when his measure was taken, the gentleman observed to him, that one of his legs was bigger than the other, and that he should therefore make also one boot bigger than the other. When the boots were ready, he put the big one on the small leg, and after trying in vain to get the small boot on the big leg, he exclaimed, „I ordered you to make one boot bigger than the other and instead of this you have made one smaller than the other.“—Lord B. had married three wives, who had all been his servants. A beggarwoman meeting him one day in the street told him, „God bless your Lordship and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time.“—A painter turned physician, upon which a friend told him, „You have done well, for your faults could formerly be discovered by the eye, but now they are hid.“—Why have you not reminded your brother of the book he had promised to send me?—Because I have forgotten, but seeing to-day the same book at my friend's, it put me in mind of my negligence, and I was very sorry for it.—Has your cousin already taken leave?—Not yet.—Why are you angry?—Because I have not received the letters I expected to-day.—You told me that your son drew so well, but I have been greatly disappointed in his drawing.—What did the beggar tell you when you gave him some money?—God bless you, my good sir.—According to what my brother says, he is sure to set out to-morrow week, and will come back as soon as possible.—Have you ever before eaten so good a dainty?—I never ate so good one before.—Why does that youth curse? he always is merry, I cannot understand why he is so angry?—He was going to get married, and his uncle told him, that he was not yet of age and that he was obliged to wait.—What question did you put to Mrs. L.?—I asked her, whether she had bought her new gown for cash; and she told me that it

was a present of her lover.—How have you discovered this secret?—My uncle's cook-maid told me, she was disappointed in not receiving so much money as she thought and therefore she said it to me.—Who is that gentleman coming straight up to you?—He is my cousin.—It will be long before my brother learns English, because he is very idle.—You have advised your brother in vain; notwithstanding all your reasons he set out for London.

TEMA 151.

Will you be so kind as to pour me out some tea?—Directly, sir.—I was disappointed in that man; I thought him an honest man, and he is a rascal.—It will be at least an hour before supper is ready.—Remind me of my promise to-morrow morning.—Yes, sir, you can rely upon it.—Have you ever before spoken to the Dutch dier?—I have never spoken to him before, but I am told, that he is a very gay man.—Are you fond of dainties?—Yes, very; as for me I like nothing more than the pleasures of the kitchen.—According to what our friend writes, a beggar has won the capital prize in the lottery.—I cannot buy this hat for cash; but if you are satisfied, I shall give you the money this day week.—Who teaches you to draw?—The fine red-haired young man.—Did you repent having set out?—Yes, madam, you have spoken in vain, and now when it is too late, I see that you were right.—It will be at least two hours before I have done my letter.—I was disappointed of the book.—Who has discovered this star?—I do not know, because I do not care about stars.—When will you take leave of your lover?—It will be an hour before (I shall not take leave of her till an hour hence) I take leave of her; because I must go there the last moment, otherwise she does not allow me to set out.—Are you now going straight to the post-office?—No, sir, I shall call before on my friend.—Who has reminded you of this letter?—Nobody, but I saw another letter upon the table and that put me in mind of yours.—When do you intend going into the coun-

try?—Next Monday week; I never was in the country before, and therefore I long to go there.—What does this man want?—He is a beggar and asks for some money.—At whose house have you dined to-day?—I have dined at Mr. N's, he has a good cook and we had several dainties.—Who is that gay young man?—He is the waiter of that inn.—Go as soon as possible to the tailor's and tell him to come here.—According to that gentleman, all other people are blockheads, only he is a learned man.—Is your cousin already recovered of his sickness?—Not yet, but the physician has assured me, that he will get better by and by.—Will it be long before your uncle arrives?—Yes, because he has much more business at Vienna, and after doing it, he will immediately go to London to remain there some months.—Why does that locksmith curse so much?—Because he cannot find his hat, when tipsy he never knows where he has put his clothes.—I was disappointed in that horse, I have paid too much for it.—Do you repent having sold your house?—No, sir, because I wanted some money and nobody was willing to lend me any.

TEMA 152.

A young man standing near his father whilst he was playing, observing him to lose a great deal of money, burst into tears. His father asked him the reason why he wept. „Oh, my dear father," said the youth, „I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he heard his father Philipp had conquered a great many towns and countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept for the contrary reason, fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.“—An Irish lawyer went to dinner, and put a piece of paper in the key-hole of his chamber-door with the following words, „I am gone to the Black Eagle, where you shall find me, and if you can't read this note, take it down to the joiner's, and he will read it for you.“—A father wished to dissuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. „She who gets

married does well," said he; "but she who does not get married does better."—"My dear father," answered the gay girl, "I am content with doing well, let her do better who can."—"Have you already paid the Vienna bill?—Not yet, because it will be due only next Thursday week.—What is the amount of it?—Fourteen thousand florins.—What have you told this girl, that she burst into tears?—She wanted to buy some coffee on credit, but as she owes me already much money, I told her that I will not sell her anything more but for cash.—But your wares are rather too dear, you should lower the price of them.—I cannot possibly do it, otherwise over and above having the pains of selling, I should lose my money.—Wherever you see Mr. L., tell him to come to my house directly.—Come to my house whenever you like and you will always be welcome.—Why is Charles in prison?—Because he has not been able to pay his tailor's bill.—I dare not tell Mr. B., that I have broken his glass.—You are jesting, he is too good a gentleman not to forgive you.—Why did you run away last night?—Because Mr. Rerops, my greatest enemy, entered the room.—Where are you going?—I am going to my uncle's to bid him good morning.—There were some thieves in my house last night; they have made a hole into my chamber-door, but as I fired a gun at them, they ran away.—My dear friend, you must yield to circumstances; you cannot marry Miss Charlotte, in some years you will have forgotten her, and you will perhaps be happier with another.—That is impossible, I will never marry another woman; but Charlotte loves me and will wait some years, till I shall be able to marry her.—So long as you rely upon a woman's promise, you will always be deceived.—We shall see, I yield only to death.—James, buy me another pillow and silk bed-clothes.—Have you made a hole in this floor on purpose?—Yes, Sir, in order to conceal my money.—My father is rather avaricious; if I ask him for any money, he begins to yawn and says that he is sleepy.—Andrew, have these boots stretched.

TEMA 153.

Lend me a thousand florins.—Here it is, you have always been too kind towards me, for me to deny you that favour.—Why are you yawning?—Because this youth tells me already for the fourth time that it is rather cold.—Why have you given Frederic a blow with the fist?—Because he put some paper in the key-hole, so that I could not open the door.—Is the master at home?—Yes, madam, what do you want of him?—I wish to bid him good evening.—Wherever you be, remember that you have promised me to think of me and to write me every now and then.—I dare not jest with my teacher, he is a very severe man, and chastised me the other day for yawning during his lesson.—Have you paid the landlord for his score?—No, because I had no money.—To whom does that nightingale belong which sings so beautifully?—It is Philip's.—What is the amount of the bill our shoemaker sent us a fortnight ago?—Thirty four florins.—Have you paid it to him?—Yes, sir.—So long as you are diligent, your teacher will always be satisfied with you.—Will you go with me and see our poor friend who is in prison?—I cannot possibly go out, for I expect my tailor who is to take my measure for a new coat.—Are you fond of solitude?—Yes, very; had I no business I should never go out.—If you permit, I shall put you a question, „Why are you living quite alone in so large a house?“—Because I have already told you that I am fond of solitude.—Good evening, gentlemen, be welcome.—Why is that girl weeping?—She was very merry, but her brother came and fetched her, saying that their mother had died.—Poor girl, how I pity her!—Can you afford buying any good wine?—I can, but I have no mind to do it, because the physician has forbidden me to drink wine.—Do you often go a hunting?—Yes, sir, I am very fond of hunting; I go whenever I have time, and often bring home some venison.—Where have you bought this pillow?—I bought it at Mr. W's.—Is it true that your

cousin Alexander died of the cholera? it is said so all over the town.—That is a lie, my cousin is in the country and quite well.—What is going on (*ovvero: What is the matter*)?—The question is to know where good meal is to be found?—Mr. Lasagna sells the best.—Rich as he is, I should not like to be his son, because he is a miser.—Those children love each other as if they were brothers.—You see then, that children not always follow their parents, because the father of one is a drunkard, and the mother of the other a shrew.—You have not told me where to take this note.—Take it to the post-office.—How much cloth would it require to make a coat and waist-coat for my brother?—As he is very thick it would require at least ten ells.—Let me alone; when I was in want of you, you were the first to go away, and now you want to tell me that you are my friend, because you have heard that I won ten thousand florins.

TEMA 154.

When the late Duke of—went as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, he took an excellent man-cook with him; but they had not been there above a month, when, finding his master rather avaricious, the cook gave him warning. „What's the reason,” said the duke, „that you have a mind to leave me?”—„Why, if I continue with your Lordship a little longer,” answered he, „I'll quite forget my trade.”—An Irish officer in battle happening to bow, a cannonball passed over his head, and took off the hat of a soldier who stood behind him. „You see,” said he, „that a man never loses by politeness.”—As a clergyman was burying a dead man, a woman came and pulled him by his sleeve in the middle of the service, „Sir, sir, I must speak to you.”—„Pray, wait woman, till I have done.”—„No, sir; I must speak to you directly.”—„Well then, what is the matter?”—„Why, sir; you are going to bury a man, who died of the small-pox, near my poor husband, who never had it.”—Why cannot (can't) you resolve upon sending your son to school?—Because there

are many naughty boys, in whose society he would learn nothing good.—Were I in your place, I should take a teacher for him.—So I will.—Whom have you sent to my father's, the man-servant or the servant-maid?—I have sent there neither one nor the other, I sent there my cousin Adolphus' cook-maid.—Why do you approach so much your uncle Henry?—Because I have something to tell him.—It is better to be envied by others than pitied.—I'll write no more to my sister hence forward, she does not know even what politeness is, she never answers me and says she cannot write, because she has no time.—What's the matter with your father, why is he so uneasy?—Because he is waiting for some one who is to bring him some money and who does not come.—That gentleman leaning against the wall must be very rich, because no one passes but he bows deeply.—Cannot (Can't) you get rid of this tiresome society?—I am very sorry, my dear friend, but I can't possibly do it, because I have promised to remain here all the evening.—Do you know that seamstress going behind your mother?—No, madam; I see her for the first time to-day, but I see also, that she has a hole in her left sleeve.—Why do you withdraw from the window?—Because she whom I once could call mine is just passing, and did she see me, she would burst into tears.—Have you parted with your sugar?—Not yet; but the Dutch merchant told me last night that he would buy it, if I lowered a little the price of it.

TEMA 155.

Who will take care of my children during my absence?—I cannot (can't), because I have four children of my own.—Why have you frightened this man?—I did not intend to frighten him, I only wanted to tell him that the miller is arrived.—Then you should not have cried thus.—Have you resolved upon buying a new coat at last?—Not yet, I have no money, but I hope I'll receive some in four or five days.—Why do you withdraw from our friend's bed?—Because the physician told me that

he has the small-pox.—Henceforward I'll not envy you any more, I always thought you a very happy man, but I now see you are very unhappy.—Why have you given your master warning?—Because he gives me much to do, and little to eat.—That is a great loss for me.—But you are rich and can lose much money without becoming poor.—I can't get rid of that woman who wants to borrow by all means some money of me.—Why do you bow?—Because I see Nr. N., whom I esteem so much.—Do not approach that dog, he might bite you.—I am very uneasy at not receiving any letters from my father.—Courage, my dear friend, if you have received none to-day, you will receive some to-morrow or the day after.—Do not go out, you feel unwell and the evening air might hurt you.—Do not lean against this chair, it is very weak and will break.—Whatever my enemy has told you, do not believe in it; he is a liar who never speaks the truth.—Do you know the Misses Walty?—I know them by sight.—What colour is the cloth you have bought?—Darkgreen.—Fine as this picture is, I'll not buy it, unless your brother sell it me under cost-price.—What is the price of this book?—I cannot tell you, because I have forgotten.—I will have every one who depends upon me obey me.—Will you be so kind as to send me my books back.—What is your uncle's income?—He has from three thousand to four thousand florins a year.—Yet he is so avaricious as not to give you even a florin or two?—He is not avaricious, but he does not love me; to my sister he gives very beautiful presents.—The more I know him, the better I like him.—But for your good cousin Adolphus I should have died; I was in bed, alone in the whole house, nobody would approach my bed, because it was said all over the town that I had the small-pox.—Have you read yesterday's newspaper?—Not yet, but if you will lend it me, I'll read it to-night.—A great misfortune has happened to me to-day: I sent my friend a bill of exchange and the servant lost it.—Have you sent the servant away?—I have given him warning.—

When do you intend setting out?—Perhaps this day week.—There is a book missing, John, who has taken it?—Nobody has been here but your brother, sir.

TEMA 156.

Two sailors, the one an Irishman, the other an Englishman, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either being wounded in a battle then about (going) to begin. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was carried off by a cannonball, and asking his friend to carry him to the doctor according to their agreement, the other readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball carried off the poor fellow's head. The Irishman, through the noise, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued in all haste his way to the surgeon. An officer seeing him with the headless body, asked him, where he was going? „To the doctor,” answered he. „To the doctor!” said the officer, „why, block-head, the man has lost his head.”—On hearing this, the sailor threw the body from his shoulders and looking at it attentively, „Upon my honour,” replied he, „he told me it was his leg; but I was a fool to believe him, for he was always a great liar.”—A gentleman, who did not live very happily with his wife, on the servant-maid telling him that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she scolded her from morning till evening, said, „Happy girl! I wish I could give warning too.”—How much may this nightcap be worth?—Oh, very little, it is not worth while speaking of it.—John, take this coat to the tailor's and get it widened.—Have you heard that your brother has been wounded by his enemy?—Yes, but I have vowed revenge, that rascal must die and he shall.—Is your father awake?—No, sir, he is asleep; he always is abed all the morning.—Hang this picture to the wall above the sofa.—Where have you bought this fashionable gown, madam?—I bought it of a milliner.—Are you fond of hunting?—No, sir, I go there almost never.—Has your brother

a great appointment?—Yes, he has two thousand florins a year.—What is Mr. N. proud of?—He is proud of his beautiful wife.—And is she satisfied with her old husband?—Her brother-in-law makes her forget all that makes her unhappy.—Have you given the cook-maid her wages?—Not yet, because I had no money; but now I have inherited ten thousand florins of my uncle, and I will pay all my debts.—How does that man use his lady?—He uses her very well, he gives her some fine present every day, he goes with her a walking every evening, and is always very kind towards her.—To whom does this neckcloth belong?—I don't know, but I believe your father-in-law has lost it.—Does this clock only strike the hours, or the quarters too?—It strikes the quarters as well, as the hours.—Have this stick shortened, it is too long.—Carry off this dead man, I do not like to see about me any dead bodies.—I often went a fishing formerly, but I now prefer hunting.—On seeing he would not come, I went to fetch him, and found him asleep.

TEMA 157.

Which clock is better: mine or yours?—Mine is better because it strikes also the quarters, while yours strikes only the hours.—A good wife sweetens our life.—Yes, that is true, but not every one is so happy as to find a good one, and poor man he who finds a shrew. Rich as he were, I should not envy him, I had rather be poor and single.—Don't speak so loud, the door is only ajar.—Have you heard, that the thief who stole a thousand florins from you a month ago, was hanged?—Now I am revenged and shall die satisfied.—By whom has your neighbour been wounded?—By a stranger whom he had never seen.—Has your father-in-law a great appointment?—Yes, he has five thousand florins a year.—How much is he worth?—He is worth twenty thousand florins.—On whom do you intend to take vengeance for having been cheated?—On my enemy, all is his fault.—You use very ill your servant, I am astonished that he doesn't give

you warning.—Is what the Spanish merchant told you, true?—It is not worth while speaking of it.—Hang this coat to the wall, but not too high.—When were you the last time a hunting?—It will be a fortnight to-morrow.—Why do you use your servant so ill, madam?—Because she is idle and dirty, I am already tired of her and shall send her away as soon as possible.—Do you know French?—I know Polish as well as French.—What wages do you give to your cook-maid?—I give her eight florins a month.—Did Mr. M. give you at once the book you asked him for, or did he tell you, „Wait a little, I have no time now?“—He wanted to make me wait too, but I told him, „Either you give me at once the book or I'll go and find it alone.“—Do you know that milliner?—Yes, I went to her with my mother to buy a coif some days ago.—I have seen my friend Emily as well as her husband. They were both very gay, and invited me to go and see them.—Were I in your place, I should not wait any more; you are nobody's servant, one must never be too polite.—You have a spot on your right sleeve.—Have you already spoken to my fellow-traveller?—Yes, according to what he says, you have had a bad voyage; is it true?—Yes, sir, it rained during all the voyage.—What is going on?—The question is that there is a florin missing and that nobody knows who has taken it.—Upon my word I do not know anything about that money.—My brother bought a coat which being too small, he sent to the tailor's to get it widened.—My watch is good for nothing, it always goes too fast.—Wherever you see my tailor, send him to me to take my measure for a new coat.—Do you speak German fluently?—Yes, sir, it will be long before you speak it like me.—Is your master at home?—Yes, sir, what do you wish?—I should like to bid him good morning.—But he is still abed.—So long as you conduct yourself well, I'll always use you well.—When will this bill of exchange be due?—Next Monday week.

TEMA 158.

A French officer quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his countrymen's vice of fighting on either side for money, while we Frenchmen, said he, fight for honour. „Yes, sir,“ replied the Swiss, „every one fights for what he most wants.“—The wife of a Scotch Lord being suddenly taken ill, her husband ordered the servant to get a horse ready to go to the next town for the physician. By the time however, that the horse was ready, and his letter to the doctor written, the lady recovered; upon which he added the following lines, and sent off the servant, „My wife being recovered, you need not come.“—A friend of mine was once asked, what an Irish gentleman just arrived in England meant by perpetually putting out his tongue? „I suppose,“ was the reply, „he's trying to catch the English accent.“—Did you hear the barking of our neighbour's dogs last night?—Yes, they perpetually bark in the night.—About what are your brothers quarrelling?—They are quarrelling about a seal, each says it belongs to him.—Do you wish to take a snuff?—No, I thank you, I never take snuff.—Whom does your mother-in-law find fault with?—She finds fault with my sister, she says that she is an everlasting talker.—Is it true that your tutor has been taken ill?—I do not know, because I have not seen him this fortnight.—Can you reach that hat?—No, sir, it is too high for me to reach it.—Do me the favour to tie this box, otherwise I could lose something.—Why are you weeping?—Because my guardian has reproached me with idleness.—Do not trouble me now, I have something of great consequence to do.—But your daughter has been taken ill, sir.—Then call the physician and let me alone.—That is a very embarrassing business.—Are you a judge of wine?—Yes, but this wine is good for nothing.—Have you called the furrier?—Yes, sir, but he says he cannot come.—It matters not, call another.—But there is only one in town.—Give me a slice of roast meat.—There is not any

more left.—When did your brother arrive?—To-day.—Did he come by steam?—No, he came by the coach.—Shun the wicked, you will learn nothing in their society.—Charles, give me some wafers.—I have none.—Then give me a seal and some sealing-wax.—What kind of a cloak have you bought?—I have bought a cloak of black cloth.—Idleness is a great vice.—Who is that sorrowful man?—He is my sister's guardian; he always is sorrowful, and yet he had the luck of inheriting twenty thousand florins last year.—What sort of salt have you bought?—I bought some good salt of our neighbour.—My father looks much embarrassed.—Yes, he is to pay a bill of exchange that was due yesterday, and has no money.

TEMA 159.

Why does that dog bark?—Because it sees a thief.—And why do you not fire a gun at him?—Because I do not care at all, whether a thief enters my neighbour's house; since we quarrelled the last time, we became enemies.—Is it true, that your friend has fallen in love with a widow?—I do not know anything, but all is possible, because he is a fool.—Have you already heard that Mr. B. has suddenly died?—I am not astonished at it, because he has been long ill.—Do you believe in what your cousin told you last night?—No, sir; because she is an everlasting talker, and he who speaks much, cannot always speak the truth.—Why does your little brother's guardian find fault with the furrier who lives opposite?—Because he has not paid the money he has owed him these nine months.—Why do you trouble your neighbour? I could have given you all that you want.—Well, then give me a thousand florins.—Are you a judge of venison?—Yes, sir, I think I am a good judge of venison; but why do you ask me? are you willing to make me perhaps a present of a hare or of a deer?—No, sir, but I should like to buy a hare for my mother, and not being a judge of venison, I wanted to request you of buying me one.—With all my heart, give me the money and I shall buy

you the best I can find.—When was your lady taken ill?—The day before yesterday; and having directly sent her to bed, and called the physician, she is much better to-day.—Have you fought in the last battle?—No, sir, because I was wounded.—What do you reproach this man with?—I reproach him with having cheated me.—I am much embarrassed, my debtors do not pay me what they owe me, and I have no more money; at least I have learnt something good: I will lend no more money to whomsoever.—My mother is perpetually scolding, no servant-maid stays longer than a fortnight at her house.—Where do you buy your chemises, madam?—I buy them at Mr. D's.—Is pride a vice?—Yes, because it hides our faults from ourselves.—What kind of a watch have you given to your brother?—I have given him a gold watch.—Do you wish to take a snuff?—Yes, give me a pinch, if you please.—Here is one.—Why is that girl so shy?—Because she is accustomed always to be at home with her mother.—Mr. N. sends you word that he can't come to dinner to you to-morrow.—It matters not, the fewer we are the more we shall eat.—Where do you buy your gloves?—I buy them at the glover's.—Good bye, my dear readers, I hope you are satisfied with me; did you amuse yourselves well?—James, give me my seal and some wafers, I wish to seal some letters.—Do you want a light too?—No, had I asked you for any sealingwax, you would be right in offering me a light; but with wafers! That shows you to be a blockhead.

TEMA 160.

„Have you anything else old?“ said an English lady at Rome to a boy of whom she had bought some antiques. „Yes,“ said the youth, showing her his hat, which had seen already some dozen of summers, „my hat is very old.“ The lady rewarded his wit.—A young student, showing the museum at Oxford to some gentlemen, among other things shewed them also a rusty sword, saying, „This, gentlemen, is the sword with which Balaam

wanted to kill his ass." Upon which one of the company replied that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. „You are right“ said the student, „and this is the very sword he wished for.“—When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. „My dear gentlemen,“ said the wit to the doctors, raising his head, „let me die a natural death.“—James!—Sir?—Go and take this book to the countess of B.—How much do you weigh, Andrew?—Oh, I weigh very little, I weigh only one hundred and forty pounds.—What do you purpose doing to-morrow?—I purpose going to church, then to the bath and afterwards a hunting.—You will never have done with this book.—Patience, Rome was not built in one day.—I flatter myself to have acted well.—Yes, you did what you could.—Is baron L. good-tempered?—Yes, he is the best-tempered man I ever knew.—What is the matter with your sister?—She has the cough, poor girl! she can't close an eye in the night, she is perpetually coughing.—Do you know that pale-faced girl?—Yes, she is the rich heiress.—But I am told she is a gossip.—It matters not, but she is rich; I wonder whom she will marry.—Why did you give me a hint last night when the duchess of Bedlam came in?—To remind you to look how small a foot she has.—Will you let me a room?—It is to no purpose telling you that I have not any more, that ^{and} have let them all.—Will you have the kindness to carve this goose?—Excuse, madam, but I am not a skilful carver.—I wonder at it, because I was told you are the best carver in town.—Do you know that lady in the silk gown?—No, she is a foreigner.—Have you spoken to your friend on his death-bed?—Yes, I was so affected, that I have been weeping all the day.—Have you a carpeted room?—No, sir, but I have a curtained one.—John, buy me a fine fan.—What do you wish, sir?—I wish some ashes.—I am too soon, I fear?—No, madam, you are just in time.—Do not be too late to-morrow, because you know that we always are obliged to wait with dinner for you.—Robert is a naughty

boy in every respect. To-day he has upset his father's inkstand and has spilt the ink all over the table, and I believe he has done it on purpose to vex him.

TEMA 161.

Have you ever been in Turkey?—No, sir, but I have purposed going there next harvest.—I wonder at your brother's idleness, he always was so diligent.—What is the matter with the countess N.?—She has the king's evil.—Give Mr. R. a hint not to speak so loud, all the company will laugh at him.—You flatter yourself to be handsome, but you are mistaken, you are one of the ugliest women I saw in my life.—Have I acted well in sending my cook away?—No, you should have kept him some months more, he would perhaps have improved.—I am delighted of seeing you enjoy of so good a health, it is easily seen that you live in the country.—Do you bathe every day?—No, sir, only when it is very hot.—When will your brother embark for America?—Next Monday week, I wonder if he remain there or if he return.—You have broken this glass on purpose, because you know it to be my finest glass.—It is to no purpose chastising this boy, I'll embark and send him to Africa.—Does your little daughter still cough?—Yes, poor girl, she always is ill.—What do you wish for?—I wish for a duck and tart.—That boy is very ill tempered.—You have done in every respect a bad business, had you followed my advice instead of losing money you would have gained from a thousand to two thousand florins.—Charles, carve this hare, I cannot do it, because I have a sore hand.—Do you like that gentleman?—Yes, I like his company very well; he is a wit, and where he is, all the society is gay and laughs.—Do you know that old jewess?—I have never seen her.—Have you already spoken to the new actress?—Yes, she is a very well-bred lady.—If you do not make haste, you will be too late.—Weigh this ox.—I have already weighed it, it weighs four hundred and twenty pounds.—Have you heard what has hap-

pened to my brother?—No, for God's sake, what?—He left for Milan yesterday; an hour after his departure the coach was upset, and he broke his arm.—Joseph!—Ma'am?—Go to the Countess Wabby's and ask her, whether she will have the goodness to lend me a pound of meal, because to-day is a Sunday and there is none to be bought.—Where have you had your fan mended?—My glover has a friend who mends fans.—You have acted perfectly right, the blessing of the poor will accompany you wherever you go.—Do you often speak to your sister-in-law?—No, because she is a gossip and can't keep a secret.—Do you still cough?—Yes, sometimes in the night.—Will you carve?—No, madam, I cannot, because I have a sore arm; I hurt it yesterday a fishing.—I am much delighted at your coming (that you come).—Am I not rather late?—You always are in time, whenever you come.—Why do you give me a hint to go out of the room?—Because I have something to tell you.

TEMA 162.

A friend of Dean Swift sent him one day two partridges as a present by a servant who had already been several times on such errands, but had never received the least mark of the Dean's generosity. He therefore opened the door of the study, and putting down the partridges, cried very rudely, „Master has sent you two partridges.“—„Heyda! young man,“ said the Dean rising from his chair, „is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners; sit down on my chair, we will change situations and I will show you how to behave in future.“ The boy sat down, and the Dean, going to the door, came up to the table with a respectful pace, and making a low bow said, „Sir, my master sends you his compliments, hopes you are well, and begs of you to accept these two partridges.“—„Does he?“ replied the boy (ringing the bell); „here, John, take this honest boy down into the kitchen and give him as much as he can

eat and drink; then send him up to me, and I will give him half a crown.“—Has the judge examined the witness?—Yes, and he has sent him to prison, because he lied.—Why did you call your friend aside?—Because I had a very important secret to tell him.—Be not seen with this man in any public place, because he is despised and hated by everybody.—Has your child been christened?—Not yet, I do not know yet what name to give to it.—Who will be its god-father?—The farrier living opposite.—What is his name?—Anthony.—Well, then baptize your child Anthony too.—Who has betrayed the thief?—His best friend; he was angry with him, because he had said that his friend was a blockhead.—Why do you not tell to my face, if you have anything to tell me?—Because I am afraid of you.—Then be silent.—Who has defended that man?—My friend, the lawyer N., but he has not succeeded in saving him.—Have the soldiers already assembled?—Yes, sir, and all repeat with a loud voice, »death or victory.“—Do not stir, otherwise I will tie you.—Are you fond of vegetables?—Yes, but I prefer a partridge or some wood-cocks.—All my friends but Robert owe me some money.—Were you at the theatre last night?—No, madam, because I never go two evenings following.—Have you already been to see the fine English ship, who arrived some days ago?—I have not yet been to see her.—Does your father do wholesale-business?—No, madam, he does on the contrary retail-business.—Pay for my boots as little as possible, because I have not much money.—Dear me! who has told you so? you are mistaken, that cannot be!

TEMA 163.

Come down-stairs, I have something to tell you.—And cannot you come up?—No, because I have a sore leg, I fell from horseback yesterday, and I had like to have broken my leg.—Have you discovered the traitor?—Not yet.—Who has given you this fine nosegay?—My

father's gardener waited for me before the house this morning, and when he saw me go out, he saluted me and told me, „I take the liberty of offering you this nosegay.“—To hear you, one should believe people beg of you to accept their presents.—Where are you going in such a hurry?—I am to go to a broker's, I have an instant business.—Do you like to repeat what you said last night?—No, sir, excuse, I will never say it again.—Dear me, how many people before my uncle's house, what is the matter?—The thief has been found, who stole two thousand florins from your father.—Waiter, take that gentleman aside and tell him to come here.—When do you intend inviting me to dinner, madam?—If you like come Whitsun-monday.—Where were you on last Easter-sunday?—I was sick abed.—Good manners recommend more than knowledge.—You have betrayed me, my dear friend, you have related all the town my secret.—How much money will you have me borrow for you?—Borrow as much as you can.—Are you fond of roast pigeons?—Yes, sir; have you any for dinner to-day, then I will not wait till Whitsun-monday.—A judge examining a witness, asked him the age of the culprit. The witness said he did not know.—„Cannot you give an opinion?“—„No.“—„Surely you can guess the age of a man you have seen so often; you can say whether he was sixteen or sixty.“—„No.“—„No?“ why, could not you guess whether I am sixteen or sixty?“—„Not exactly. From your appearance I should suppose you to be sixty; but from the questions you ask, I should be obliged to think you only sixteen.“—Who has moved this table?—I do not know, because I have not been at home the whole day.—Were you already in Fiume last Christmas-eve?—No, madam, I arrived eight days afterwards.—How many tricks have you won?—Ten, I had all the diamonds, and my partner had all the clubs.—My uncle has invited me to dinner for four days following.—Two scholars slept in the same room. „James,“ said one of them early in the morning, „are you asleep?“—„Why?“ replied the

other.—„Because if you are not, I will borrow half a crown of you.“—„Then I am.“—Where have you bought this parasol, madam?—Of our farrier's wife who has a small shop.—How beautiful a butterfly! Try to catch it.—Have you already been to hear the new actress?—Not yet, but I am told that she plays very well.—Have you given my servant your errand?—Yes, I told him to buy me two partridges.

TEMA 164.

A good old woman being in church, took two wax-candles, one of which she lit before the portrait of St. Michael, and the other inadvertently before the devil, who stood at his feet. The priest who observed it told her, „I say, good woman, what are you doing? Do you not see that you offer a candle to the devil?“ The woman replied, „It is immaterial, my good sir. It is good to have friends every where, in the Paradise as well as in the Hell, as we do not know, where we shall go.“—What do you hold in your hand?—A letter of my friend, Mr. Bon.—What does he write?—I do not know yet, listen.—Dear friend, from the friendship of which you have given me so many proofs, and from your well known kindness to strangers, I take the liberty of introducing to you Mr. Frederic Pessi, who is a particular friend of mine, and who will, as I have no doubt, by his amiable qualities soon become yours.—Mr. P. visits your town for the first time, so that I desire you to make him acquainted with some people, in order to render his stay pleasant. Any kindness or attention shown to him I will consider as shown to myself. Anticipating you many thanks, I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely. B.—Are you going to the theatre to-night?—No, my good friend; I have not been able to find any box, and I am not willing to go to the pit, I prefer remaining at home.—Is it true that you are going to get married?—Yes, madam; life is so sad, when we have no one, with whom to divide

the pleasures and pains; therefore I decided to get married.—What is the name of your betrothed?—Her name is Matilda, we have played together, when children.—When will you get married?—As quick as possible, perhaps in three weeks.—I am likely to go to the great exhibition of London this year.—You could not do a better thing, I should go there too, if I could.—John, cover the table. Will you dine with me, Mr. B.?—No, I return you many thanks, I cannot, I must send off a message.

TEMA 165.

It is true, that your friend Charles is cunning, but he is sometimes very unreasonable, too. I told him last night that I had a message to send to his father, and I desired him to go there. I have done him already so many favours, that I was quite astonished, when he answered me in the negative.—If you had asked me, I could have told you beforehand that he would not do it.—Where is Charles?—He slipped on the ice, and luckily sprained only his left leg, he walks a little lame, but that is immaterial; he could have easily killed himself.—I have occasion for a novel.—My sister is such a handsome woman; she has always a plain dress, and is handsomer than my cousin, who is ugly in spite of her dear dresses; it is a pity that she is always ailing, I think that the climate does not do her good here.—Have you heard that there was a fire Thursday last?—No, sir; where was the fire?—In my father's house.—Which bonnet pleases you best, madam?—This, because it is a Paris made bonnet.—My friend B. has very coarse manners.—Tuesday last we walked together, when we arrived at the end of the street, he entered a house telling me, „Wait for me outside the door.“—Have you already bottled your wine?—Yes, sir; but I have not yet corked the bottles, because I have no corks.—You are a very unreasonable man; if you had told me, I could have supplied you with

corks.—By little and little I shall become a wise man.—Yes, but I think, that is going so slowly, that you will require long time for it.—At what o'clock will you come to-morrow and fetch me?—If you come early, we may go to the theatre; I have a box, and we have now a very skilful comic actor.—I'll come at a quarter past eight to-morrow night.—Where does this wine come from?—From the South of Sicily.—James, look sharp!—I cannot, sir I have sprained my left foot.—When did your father arrive?—He arrived at three o'clock in the morning on the 26th of last month.—What does your brother say when they ask him if it be true that he is going to get married?—He answers in the affirmative.—Shall I have any occasion to go to town?—No, my dear friend, I have already sent a message.—But do you know, Richard, that you are very envious?—You are mistaken, madam; I said only, that I do not understand, why you buy so fine a dress for so ugly a girl, as your daughter is.—You are a coarse man, otherwise you would never say of a woman that she is ugly.—You are also very fickle, because you said three months ago, that you loved her.

TEMA 166.

Queen Elisabeth made once a journey in England, and on her approaching the town of Coventry, the mayor went out with a numerous cavalcade to meet her. On their returning they were obliged to pass a very large brook, and the mayor's horse, being very thirsty, attempted several times to drink, but its master prevented it. The queen, observing it, told him, „Pray, mayor, allow your horse to drink.“—The mayor, bowing very humbly, replied, „Please your Majesty, it would be the height of presumption for my unworthy horse to drink, till your Majesty's royal horse has not satisfied his thirst.—What do you think about that mayor?—That he was excessively polite.—Sterne who used his wife very ill, was one day talking with a friend of his in a fine sentimental

manner in the praise of conjugal love and fidelity. „The husband,” said Sterne, „who behaves unkindly towards his wife, deserves to have his house burnt down over his head.” „If you think so,” said his friend, „I hope that your house be insured.”—Is it true, that your late partner’s business has turned out ill?—No, he has on the contrary gained much money this year.—Have you received the rent of your house to-day?—Not entirely; that single gentleman, who lives at my house, never pays punctually.—You will never be advised; you always lend money to any that asks you some, and now Mr. L., who owes you so much money, has failed, and I understand he will not pay four shillings in the pound.—You always foretell the things after they have happened, you never told me any thing.—I am still short of one hundred and twenty florins for paying the rent of the house, will you lend it me?—I cannot but lend you this money, you have always been so good towards me.—Why has Mr. Rapek stopped payment?—He has speculated much in sugars and has lost much money by it, which he now must put in his account of profits and loss.—Will you stay supper with us? we have received many eatables to-day.—I cannot, I have promised my father to go to his house, and if you had not spoken now of supper (*ovvero; and but for your talking now of supper*) I would have forgotten it.—You are a very thoughtless youth.—Have you made out my account?—Not yet, do you want it on a single sheet or on a double one?—Do as you like, provided that the account be small.—Did you know poor Charles?—No, he was a good friend to the late Mr. Rack.—I cannot say that I admire much your behaviour, you have very coarse manners, but you will not be advised, you always say that it is immaterial.—Is business any better, Mr. Mack?—No, it is very bad, I cannot but stop payment.

TEMA 167.

I admire your hat very much, Mr. Bawl!—It is also very fine, it is a Paris made hat.—Do not be dissuaded from going to the theatre. We have a good comic actor, and from my boy you will see many fine ladies.—Do you sell coffee by the pound?—No, but I sell brushes by the dozen.—How long will it take you for going to Rome?—Two months.—Go along, John, we shall follow you.—Multiply two hundred and fifteen by naught, and tell me the product.—But pray, sir, I do not understand you, multiply any number whatever by naught, the product will always be naught.—Who would have foreseen, that this rich merchant would fail.—Then you do not know the old Italian proverb, that the merchant and the pig are weighed, when dead?—I cannot but allow that you are right.—I am tired with walking, let us enter the Golden Eagle, the host has good drinkables.—In what have you speculated this year?—In cast iron.—In the beginning I feared to lose some money, and I had already repented that I had not rather speculated in wrought iron, but now the thing has turned out better, and I hope to gain some money.—I acknowledge that you really act tradesman-like.—What will you do with those flowers that you gathered last night?—I will adorn her whom I love.—Is it a holiday to-day?—No, my dear girl, I have been working all the day.—Do you know Mr. Pessi?—Yes, madam; he is a youth whom I admire much, he has read much, travelled still more and knows how to speak of any thing you like. I acknowledge that I am always satisfied, when I can be in his society, he is very polite.—Is it true that you had all the aces last night, when you played with Mr. F.?—I had only one, but I had all the tens.—Who is that man?—He is born deaf, and therefore does not hear you.—That is the finest novel on earth.—How do you know that, have you read them all?—Of all the beauties of nature I like nothing so much as a forest in the spring.—My poor mother was a very

learned woman, she would often say that we must supply the deficiencies of nature by our virtues.— Now we are square, but I assure you, that you shall have no running account more in my house.—Do you write this number in full?—I do not know, what is *zero* in English, it has escaped my memory.—You are very thoughtless; have you not yet forgotten your name, too?—My late partner never worked on Sunday, he said, he was afraid to go to Hell.

TRADUZIONE

DEI COMPOSIZIONI CONTENUTE NELLA I. APPENDICE.

A FEW RULES ON THE USAGES OF SOCIETY AND ON ENGLISH ETIQUETTE.

A person who knows nothing but Etiquette, is certainly a very useless thing, but a person who is entirely ignorant of all the rules which society has formed to make the intercourse of its members agreeable, may be sure not always to be well received in the company of well-bred men.

We commonly like a person with good manners at first sight, and until we have discovered he has no other merit; and we generally dislike a person without manners, till we have an opportunity to discover his merits.

The manners of a *man* may lose their grace by too much application to business, or to studies, but want of polish in a *Lady* is quite inexcusable; it being essentially her province *„to please.“*

INTRODUCTIONS.

Never introduce people to each other, without being sure that it will be agreeable to both. This rule is to be observed in particular in regard to ladies, as the gentleman must always be introduced to the lady, and

not he lady to the gentleman. Therefore in the ceremony of introducing pronounce the name of the lady first, adding, „permit me to present to you Mr.—“

In introducing two gentlemen, present the younger one to the elder, or the one of lower rank to the one of higher. If the gentlemen are about the same age, and equals in society, present the stranger to that with whom you are more intimate. The best form of expression that can be used in introducing two gentlemen, who are of the same rank, is to say, „Mr. A., let me make you acquainted with Mr. B.“ But if you are addressing an elderly gentleman or one of higher rank, say, „Mr. A., permit me to present to you Mr. B. &c. &c.“—

Never introduce in the street or in public society, unless the third person joins and walks with you, when a mere mentioning of the names of the persons is sufficient.

When a gentleman is presented to a lady, if she is in her own house and desires to welcome him, she may shake hands with him; but on any other occasion, unless the gentleman be old or the bosom friend of the husband or father, shaking hands is thought by many blameworthy. Among ladies or gentlemen shaking hands is very general in America and to omit it, is considered a symptom of coldness.—Not to shake hands with a gentleman who has been introduced to you (supposing yourself to be a gentleman) would be considered an insult.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

are to be considered as certificates of respectability, that you are a proper person to be admitted into the familiar circle of him to whom you are recommended without the risk, in these days of elegant exterior, of losing his silver spoons.

Many people believe that when they have given the stranger a dinner they have done enough, so that, with modern English coldness, letters of recommendation have been facetiously called „Tickets for soup,* and many

sensible people have been by this reason prevented from presenting themselves. It is true that among people „*comme il faut*“ the recommended person is generally welcomed with a dinner, to give him the opportunity of making the acquaintance of his host's friends invited expressly to meet him; but then, be careful not to wound his feelings by inviting those whom he may consider his inferiors either in merit or position.

If you have letters of recommendation from one friend to another, do *not take them*, but *send them*, with your card of address. Then he may choose to call on you or not; whilst by taking your letters in person you force yourself upon him whether he will or not.

There cannot be a more awkward situation for both parties than for one person to be waiting while the other is reading the letter, trying to discover who the stranger may be. Then perhaps comes a bow, a cold shake of the hand, with a few civil words, and all because you come to a stranger who is not prepared to receive you: therefore give him time to read the letter you bring, and to consider how he may show his regard to please the introducer by his attentions to yourself.

„Letters of Introduction“ are never sealed by well-bred people: the seal of the writer is attached to the envelope, leaving therefore the person to whom the letter was given the choice to close it or not.—

In *France* and generally on the Continent is the established usage that strangers on arriving pay the first visit to those who are living in that place. In *England*, with much better taste, the contrary is the rule.

CARDS OF INVITATION AND VISITS.

Invitations must be sent in the name of the lady of the house.

The usual form is, „Mrs. A. requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. B.'s company on Thursday next.“ If the

party is *small*, the hour ought to be fixed; if *large* the proper time is about 9 o'clock (when wise people should prepare for going to bed).

If the daughters and sons of the family are invited, a separate note is sent to the Misses B. and another to the Messieurs B.

The answer should be, „Mr. and Mrs. B. accept with pleasure Mrs. A.'s invitation for Thursday evening next.“

If you are obliged to send a refusal it should be expressed as follows, „Mr. and Mrs. B. regret that it will not be in their power to accept Mrs. A.'s invitation for Thursday evening next.“ The date of the invitation as well as of the answer is placed on the left hand, at the bottom of the note.

A note of invitation is always inclosed in an envelope and sealed with sealing-wax, or a transparent wafer. If a lady invites another lady whom she has never visited, she should inclose her card.

Invitations should be answered within two days. If you accept an invitation, and when the appointed day arrives, are not able to attend, be sure to send an excuse before evening.

Never invite only one day before your party takes place, unless you give the invitation in person.

When you are invited to a party, you should call on the person from whom the invitation came, on the third or fourth day after the party has taken place. It is sufficient to leave your card, without asking whether the lady is at home.—

In London, you must not pay a visit to a lady of fashion before three o'clock p. m., nor after five.—

Never leave your hat in the hall when you pay a morning visit; it makes you look *too much at home*, take it with you into the room.

When you enter a drawing room where there is a party assembled, if possible, salute the lady of the house before speaking to any one else. Even your most intimate

friends must be invisible for you till you have performed that duty.—

When you leave a room *before the others*, go away without speaking to any one, and if possible, unseen. If the party be very small, however you must take leave of the mistress and master of the house, as well as the other members of the family.

Visits of condolence are made the week after a death has occurred in the family you are visiting. Visits of congratulations, after a marriage, should be made within a fortnight.

Farewell visits must be made only a few days before your departure from the town, and it is only necessary to leave your card with P. P. C. (*Pour prendre congé*) or P. D. A. (*Pour dire adieu*) written upon it.

DINNERS.

When the invited have all assembled in the drawing-room, the master or mistress of the house will point out to you which lady you are to take into the dining-room, according to rank, age, &c.; at all events the married before the single. Give the lady the wall coming down stairs, take her into the room, and seat yourself by her side.

If you pass only from one room to another, without going down stairs, offer your left arm to the lady.

Well-bred people arrive as nearly at the appointed dinner hour as they can.

The lady of the house will, of course, take the head of the table, and the gentleman of the highest rank will sit at her right hand; the gentleman next in rank will be placed on the left of the hostess. The gentleman of the house takes the bottom of the table and near him must be placed the two ladies highest in rank.

In many houses the master and mistress sit *vis-à-vis* to each other at the middle of the table.

In almost all houses of rank, the operation of carving is performed at the side table.

It is considered a vulgar thing to take fish or soup twice. The reason is, that by doing so at a large dinner, three fourths of the company will look at you without having anything to eat. At a family dinner it is less important, and often done.

Do not ask a lady to take wine, until you see she has finished her fish or soup. But if either a lady or a gentleman be invited to drink their health at table, they must never refuse. They need not drink half a glass with each person, but only taste of it.

At every respectable table you will find silver forks: being broader, they are in every respect more convenient than steel ones for fish and vegetables.

The bread must be cut an inch and a half thick.—

Never use your knife to convey your food to your mouth. Use a fork or spoon, nothing else—the knife is only to be used for cutting.

Many people make a disagreeable noise in chewing with their lips while taking soup; that is a habit which should be carefully avoided. *In general, you cannot use your knife, or fork, or teeth too quietly.*

Do not pick your teeth much at table, as it is a very disagreeable thing to be seen.

Ladies should never dine with their gloves on—unless their hands are so ugly that they do better not to show them.

Servants wait at table in *clean white gloves*; there are few things more disagreeable than the thumb of a clumsy waiter on your plate.

Glasses, filled with tepid water are brought with the dessert. Wet a corner of your napkin, and wipe your mouth, then rinse your fingers; but never gargle your mouth at table, though this usage prevails among a few, who think that because it is a foreign habit it cannot be disgusting.

At a table where you are invited, say to the servants

„if you please“ and „thank you“; it may be said in a manner that will not encourage familiarity.

Nothing indicates a well-bred man more than a proper manner of eating his dinner. A man may dress well, and may sustain himself tolerably in conversation; but if he is not thoroughly acquainted with the rules of society, dinner will betray him.

When a man is going to get married, he generally gives a dinner to his bachelor friends; which is understood to be their „*congé*,“ unless he wishes to renew their acquaintance.

TOBACCO.

If you are so unfortunate to have the ugly habit of *smoking*, take care to practise it under certain restrictions.

Young men who want to rise *in society*, ought to take care to study and practise the usages of society; those who prefer studying and practising the usages of taverns, will only rise in *taverns*.

If you cannot leave off smoking, smoke where it makes the least your clothes smell; and then wash your mouth and brush your teeth. No one would dare to address a lady with his breath smelling of onions, yet tobacco is equally odious.

As to *snuff-taking* it is so dirty a habit that nobody who pretends to belong to the good society, will exercise it, at least not publicly.—

Chewing tobacco is so disgusting a usage that we would not mention it, were it not almost a general habit in the Southern States of America.—

CONVERSATION.

Many men of talent forget that the object of conversation is to amuse, and that society, to be agreeable, must never be made the arena of dispute. Some per-

sons spoil every party by making it their only object to prove that every one of the present is wrong but themselves.

Never „*talk at people*“: if there be anything you dislike, tell it to their face, and give them an opportunity of defending themselves; otherwise *be silent*.—

Do not repeat the name of the person to whom you are speaking, as—„Really Mr. Wabby, I quite agree with you Mr. Wabby.“ It is a bad habit in an equal, but in one of lower rank it is an impertinence.

In talking of your own children, never say, „*Master William*“ or „*Miss Mary*“, leave it to others to pay them this mark of respect: only very intimate friends will take the liberty of calling them „*William*“ or „*Mary*“.—In general it is advisable to speak as little as possible of your family and yourself. You gain nothing by showing that you think yourself and yours more important subjects for conversations than others.

Avoid speaking too loud in a conversation, or „*a horse laugh*“; both are extremely vulgar.—There cannot be a usage more offensive than calling a person aside to whisper in a room where there is a company, yet this rudeness is very common — and even with people who ought to know how to behave better.

Married ladies generally use their husbands' full name on their cards; as „Mrs. Charles Mably, Mrs. Joseph Multy,“ and not „Mrs. Amelia Mably,“ „Mrs. Mary Multy.“ Unmarried ladies add their Christian name to their family name; however the eldest daughter of the family writes only „Miss Starvy“, whilst her sisters introduce themselves as „Miss Charlotte Starvy,“ &c.

In speaking to ladies, use the word „*Madam*.“ Say „Yes, Madam,“ „no, Madam.“ It is not thought good taste for a lady to say „Yes, Sir,“ „no, Sir“ to a gentleman.

Besides contradiction, which is the worst of rudeness there is, perhaps, nothing more disgusting than interruption. Mirabeau said, „that to succeed in the world,

it is necessary to submit to be taught many things, which you understand, by persons who know nothing about them." *The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in showing a great deal yourself; he who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own wit, is perfectly well pleased with you.* Many men of merit would have made their way in the world, had they been taught this lesson early.

Never address one in a language not understood by the others; it is as bad as whispering.

If you like, give your opinion of people, but never repeat that of others, because nobody is so much to be despised as that traitor to society, who runs from house to house relating the remarks made by one upon another; and who takes a malicious pleasure (too often under the guise of affection) in wounding one friend at the expense of another.

GENERAL RULES OF SOCIETY.

If in England a gentleman meets a lady of his acquaintance in the street, it is *her* part to notice him *first*, unless they are very intimate. The reason is, if he bows to a lady first, she may perhaps prefer not to acknowledge him, and there is no remedy; but if *she* salutes *you*, you as a gentleman cannot cut her.

It is not sufficient *to nod* to a lady in the street, neither to touch your hat, but *take it off*—it is a courtesy her sex demands. Do the same, when you meet a gentleman of your acquaintance walking with a lady.

Never keep your hat on when handing a lady to her carriage.

When you go to see a lady in her box, leave it, when other visitors enter, lest you be *de trop*.

Always wear gloves in church and at the theatre.

Do not shake hands with a lady, but you have gloves on, unless she be your lover.

If you meet a friend in the street, in a coffee-house, or in any public place, never address him by name; at least not so loudly that others may hear it.

In writing to a lady, put her name at the bottom of the letter, towards the left corner; and always use a white envelope.

It is considered a mark of respect to commence (to begin) a letter towards the middle of the page. The lower it is commenced, the greater is the respect. Between friends this custom would, of course, be absurd.

Do not offer a person the chair from which you have just risen, unless there be no other in the room.

Although these remarks will not be sufficient to make you a *gentleman*, yet they will enable you to avoid glaring impropriety.

Gentility is neither in birth, manner nor fashion,—but *in the mind*. A high sense of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you have to do—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a *gentleman*.

II. MY ADVENTURES WITH A THOUSAND-POUND NOTE

or

THE COMFORT OF AN EASY NIGHT-CAP.

What are the riches of the world without peace? What is the happiest day unless followed by sound repose? And what is the softest feather-bed without an easy night-cap? The world would hardly be worth keeping awake for, were it not for our slumbers; and who can sleep in an uneasy night-cap?—If your night-cap be so tight that it binds your brows, or so loose that it falls from your head, you can hardly sleep. Oh, the comfort of an easy night-cap! But though I speak of a night-cap, that is only a figure of speech; I intend to signify by it the blessing of nightly repose, and therefore to our story.

Years ago, it matters not how many, I went to see the great metropolis, to which I was then comparatively a stranger. My objects were limited, having little more to do than to receive the sum of one thousand pounds, and to see some friends. Unwisely I went first for the money and hence arose all my trouble. The amount was paid me in a thousand-pound note, and from that moment I was an unhappy man.

No doubt a capitalist, familiar with millions, a wealthy (rich) merchant, unacquainted with the amount of his fortune, and a banker's clerk, through whose fingers large sums are passing every hour of the day, would laugh at the ridiculous position of a man feeling himself so much oppressed by the possession of a thousand pounds. I do not intend justifying my emotions, but only describing them as they were. Almost as well might I have had a millstone round my neck, as that note in my pocket.

The loss of so large a sum, though it might not have ruined me, would have had nevertheless the most serious consequences, and my fears of the possibility put me in mind, that I had often heard that at London one might lose one's handkerchief at the top of a street and buy it again at the bottom, where by the time you arrive there it would be exposed in some shop for sale.

With my thousand-pound note in my pocket, I went to the Gold Lion, an inn which had been recommended to me, not quite free from the suspicion that some thief might have seen me receive the money and followed me to the hotel. That night I slept at the Gold Lion, or perhaps it would be safer to say that I went to bed there, because sleep was a thing with which I had little to do. No doubt the noise that prevailed all the night in the yard among the porters, hostlers, and coachmen had some influence in keeping me awake; but my thousand-pound note was the principal cause. Though my money was placed under my pillow, I did not think it altogether secure. I had heard tales about travellers at inns being robbed by seemingly fellow-travellers as

well as by the servants of the establishment. Portraits were said to be hung on the walls, with holes in their eyes, through which one could look to see where the travellers put their money. I remembered this and similar tales as I lay awake listening to every sound, loud or low, that reached my ear, and yielding to the most absurd apprehensions.

The morning at length came, and while I was breakfasting, I laid down something like a plan for the day. The British Museum being near, I resolved upon going there; and I think few things can appear more ridiculous than the figure I must have cut on my way to Great Russel-street. With my thousand-pound note in the inmost fold of my pocket-book, which I had put in my breast-pocket, every moment I looked suspiciously round me putting my hand to my bosom to assure myself that all was safe.

The British Museum was not at that time what it is now; its outside and inside since then have been equally changed and improved. Such as it was, however, it called forth the surprise of the strangers, and would have surely awakened mine too, had I been sufficiently at liberty to look about me and enjoy the scene. At another time I could have looked the whole day on the heathen Gods, the canoes, hatchets, bows, and arrows of the Indians. But thus, all these things seemed endless to me and I hurried through them.

Old men with grey heads, fathers and mothers with their children, young men and boys formed a sort of living stream along the stair-case, the passages, and through the several rooms. Curiosity, wonder, and delight were visible among the visitors; all seemed satisfied and happy. What money they had in their pockets I did not know; but I was sure that not one of them had a thousand-pound note there, otherwise they would have all lost, like me, that careless ease and sincere joy.

The libraries of the museum astonished me by their extent; but I did not long remain in them, because if I

had not a serpent in my bosom, I had there what almost as effectually troubled my peace.

From the museum I ran to Westminster Abbey, a place which could not be let unseen. I hardly looked at the monuments of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Dryden and Milton. As I entered the small chapel where Henry V. lies, I observed the eyes of a man wearing mustachios fixed on me. Mustachios were not so common then as they are now, and the stranger's face did not please me at all. As I went to the opposite side of the monument, the verger who described the abbey said aloud, „This figure has lost its head, which is supposed to have been of solid silver and to have excited the avarice of Oliver Cromwell.“ At the same moment I again perceived the man with the mustachios peering at me through the crowd. „If the statue has lost its head,“ thought I, „that is no reason why I should lose my note“ (*ovvero: for me to lose . . .*) and therefore I took the first favourable opportunity of leaving the place.

On my returning to my inn, I unfortunately got into a crowd near Temple-Bar. I never knew till then what a London crowd was. A hackney-coach had been upset, and everybody who passed by, wanted to see what had happened. Several times was the cry repeated, „Take care of your pockets!“ An admonition altogether unnecessary, as for me, the care of my pocket-book being my chief, and almost my only thought. It would not be easy to describe the half of what I felt in that crowd. With my clothes torn, and trembling with apprehension, I at length succeeded in reaching my inn.

It would be tedious to relate my other visits at London, because they were all so mingled with fear as to resemble those already described. However, I was thoroughly persuaded that, whatever advantages a thousand-pound note can confer, it can also call up in the mind a thousand fears. The comfort of money is not to be compared with the comfort of an easy night-cap. If I wished to plague the heart of an enemy unaccustomed to

the possession of money, I should wish he ought suddenly to take care of a thousand-pound note of his own.

Seldom, perhaps, has a period in many respects so well calculated to afford enjoyment inflicted more pain; for, morning, noon, and night my pleasure was poisoned by my continual apprehension. At last I quitted London, and reached home in safety by the coach in fourteen hours—a journey now usually made by the railroad in less than four hours. My note was directly employed in a secure manner, and then I again enjoyed the comfort of an easy night-cap.

III. THE WIFE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain (bear) the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energy of the softer sex, and to give such an elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

I once congratulated a friend, who had around him a blooming family, united by the strongest affection. „I can wish you no better lot,” said he, with enthusiasm, „than to have a wife and children.—If you are prosperous, they share your prosperity; if otherwise, they comfort you.”

And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to improve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic happiness, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and

abandoned, so that his heart falls to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations put me in mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. It is true that she had no fortune, but that of my friend was large, and he delighted before-hand of procuring her all the pleasures she could wish for.—„Her life,” said he, „shall be like a fairy tale.”

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often remarked the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and approbation. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted with his tall, manly person. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of a well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity (*happiness*).

However my friend had embarked his fortune in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, he lost all he possessed, and found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself and went about with a haggard face, and a breaking heart.—His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of maintaining a smile in the presence of his wife: for he could not resolve upon afflicting her with the news of his misfortune. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She observed his changed looks and stifled sighs. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tenderness to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The worthier he saw her to be loved, the more torturing was

the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek, — the song will die on those lips; and the happy heart, which now beats so gaily in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related me his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair.—When I had heard all, I asked, „does your wife know all this?“ — At this question he burst into tears. „For God's sake!“ exclaimed he, „if you have any pity on me, do not speak to me of my wife; it is the thought of her, that drives me almost to madness!“

„And why not?“ said I. „She must know it sooner or later, you cannot keep it long from her, and she might hear this bad news in more terrifying a manner, than if communicated by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together — an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that you have a secret, and true love does not bear reserve; it feels offended, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.“

„Oh, but, my friend! think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects!—how I shall strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the pleasures of society, to live with me in indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued moving in constant brightness—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in opulence — how can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. O, that will break her heart!!“

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When he was a little

calmer, I resumed the subject, and tired persuading him to relate his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

„But how can you hide it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the changement of your circumstances. You must change your style of living, it is true, but do not be afflicted by that. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in riches. You have still friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it is not wanted a palace to be happy with Mary —“

„I could be happy with her,“ cried he, „in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! — I could — I could — God bless her! — God bless her!“ cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

„And believe me, my friend,“ said I, rising and grasping him warmly by the hand, — „believe me, she can be so with you. Yes, more! it will be a source of pride and triumph to her; she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which sleeps in the daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his heart is — no man knows what a consoling angel she is — until he has gone with her through the hard trials of this world.

There was something in the earnestness of my manner and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the person I had to do with; and availing myself of the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can depend upon the fortitude of one who spent all his life surrounded by pleasures and amusements? Therefore I could not

meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made his disclosure.

„And how did she bear it?“

„Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck and asked me whether this was all that had lately made me so unhappy. But, poor girl,“ added he, „she does not know what poverty is, she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She does not feel as yet any privation, she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniencies. When we come practically to experience—then will be the true trial.“

„But,“ said I, „now that you have performed the severest task, that of speaking to your wife, the sooner you show the world your secret, the better. The disclosure will be mortifying, but then it is a single misery and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation every hour in the day. In such a situation is the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse the worst thing. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.“ On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife she was only anxious to conform to their changed fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had sold his house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been occupied the whole day in sending out furniture.—All the splendid furniture of his late lodgings had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, said he, was too closely associated with the idea of herself: it belonged to the little story of their loves; for the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not help smiling at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending the arrangement of their

new lodgings. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story; and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was tired with the fatigues of the day, and, as we walked on, he fell into a gloomy musing.

„Poor Mary!“ exclaimed he at length, with a heavy sigh.

„Has anything happened to her?“

„What!“ said he, with an impatient tone, „is it nothing to be reduced to her present situation, to be caged in a miserable cottage?“

„Has she then repined at the change?“

„Repined! she has been all sweetness and good humour, all love, and tenderness, and comfort!“

„Admirable girl!“ exclaimed I, „you call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich — you never knew the boundless treasures you possessed in that woman.“

„Oh! my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be happy. But this is the first day of real experience: she has been introduced into an humble lodging—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable furniture—she has, for the first time, known the pains of domestic business—she has, for the first time, looked round her in a house destitute of everything elegant; and will now perhaps be thinking of her future poverty.“

There was something probable in this picture that I could not gainsay, therefore we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road in a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most modest poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. As we approached, we heard the sound of music.—Leslie grasped my arm, we stopped and listened: it was Mary's voice singing a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He approached a little more to hear more distinctly, but made a little

noise. A beautiful face looked out at the window and vanished — a light footstep was heard, and Mary came out of the house to meet us: she was in a pretty white rural dress, some wild flowers in her fine hair; her whole face beamed with smiles—I had never seen her so lovely.

„My dear George,“ cried she, „I am so glad you are come! I have been waiting long time for you, I have run several times down the lane, to look whether you came. I have put a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I have been gathering some strawberries, for I know you are fond of them — and everything is so sweet and still here!“—„Oh,“ said she, putting her arm within his, and looking gaily into his face — „oh, we shall be so happy!“

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom — he folded his arms round her — he kissed her again and again — he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me that though he has since become rich again, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet he never experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity, as then.

IV. THE BROKEN HEART.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have persuaded me, that though the surface of the character may be frozen by the care of the world, still there are dormant fires in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Shall I confess it? —I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly be-

lieve that it withers down many lovely women into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or an interlude between the several periods of his life. He seeks fame, fortune, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is but a history of her affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks hidden treasures. She embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if it is ship-wrecked, her situation is hopeless — for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness — it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being — he can dissipate his thoughts in varied occupations, or can plunge into amusements; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful remembrances, he can shift his abode, and can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be there at rest.

But woman's life is comparatively fixed, secluded and meditative. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if she has any sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won, and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, sacked and abandoned.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away, and nobody can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will cover with its wings the arrow that has hit it, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate woman is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely dares tell it herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the depth of her bosom, and lets it there among the ruins of her peace. Her rest is

gone—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, until her enfeebled body sinks under the slightest indisposition. Go and look for her, after some time, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, has been so soon brought down to darkness. You will be told that the wintry chill or some indisposition laid her low;—but no one knows the mental malady that sapped her strength and made her so easy a prey to death.—An instance of that kind was lately related to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them in the manner in which I heard them.

Many persons must recollect the tragical story of young E—the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—he possessed all we like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so intrepid! The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his honour—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.—

But there was a heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a celebrated Irish lawyer. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first love. When blasted in his fortune; when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his enemies, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image!

Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from which all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful! so dishonoured!

To render her widowed situation still more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy of friends have reached a spirit so shocked, she would not have wanted any consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate attentions were paid her by families of distinction and wealth. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and to make her forget the tragical story of her loves. But all was in vain. She was as much alone in the midst of pleasure as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her.

The story of so tender a woman could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid her his addresses, thinking that a being so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably occupied of the memory of her first lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He did not solicit her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own dependent situation; for she was living on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of her woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an

effort to be happy, but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a *broken heart*.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the lines that are found in the following collection of poems under the title of *„the broken heart.“*

V. CHRISTMAS.

Numerous indeed are the hearts, to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and love which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future state of existence for the happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken.

We write these lines now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped, have grown cold, the eyes we sought, have hidden their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Oh! happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and the

traveller, hundred of miles away back to his own fireside
and his quiet home!!!

Boz.

VI. THE TWO MYSTERIOUS ENGLISHMEN.

In the year 1767 two Englishmen arrived at Calais; they did not go to Desseins hotel, which was at that time much frequented by their countrymen, but took their lodgings at a little inn kept by a man named Dulong. The landlord expected every day that they would set out for Paris, but they made no preparations for departure, and did not even inquire what was worth seeing at Calais. Their only amusement was to go sometimes a hunting.

The landlord began after a few weeks to wonder at their long stay, and used to gossip upon this subject with his neighbours. Sometimes they decided that they were spies, at other times that they were runaways. However they lived well, and paid so liberally, that it was at last concluded that they were fools, which was still confirmed in Mr. Dulong's opinion by a proposition they soon after made to him.

They called him into their room and said, Landlord, we are very well satisfied with your table and your wine, and if the lodgings suited us, we should probably remain with you some time longer; but unfortunately all your rooms look into the street, and the noise of the carriages disturbs us very much.

Monsieur Dulong began to feel alarmed, and said if it were possible to make an arrangement to procure them more comfort, he would gladly do it.—Well, then, said one of them, we have a proposal to make to you which will be advantageous to you; it will cost some money. it is true, but we will pay half the expense, and you will gain enough with us, when we remain much longer at your house.—Well, said the landlord, what is it?—Why, said the Englishman, your garden is very quiet, and if you will run up a wall in the corner, you can

easily make us two rooms, which is all we want; the expense will not be great, as the old wall that is there will form two of the sides, and your house will be worth so much the more.

Dulong was glad to find so easy a method of retaining such profitable guests: the rooms were constructed, the Englishmen took possession of them, and appeared very much satisfied; they continued to live in their usual manner, to the great profit of the landlord; though he was at a loss to imagine why they shut themselves up in such an obscure corner. Thus passed almost two months, when one day they told him they were going a hunting, and that as they should be absent three days, they would take abundance of ammunition. The next morning they set out with their guns on their shoulders, and their hunting-bags heavily loaded; the landlord wishing them good sport. They told him that they had left some papers in the apartment, and that they had therefore taken the key with them.

The three days passed, and so did the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, without the return of the strangers. Mr. Dulong became suspicious, and at last, on the eighth day, he sent for the police officers, and the door was broken open in the presence of the necessary witnesses. On the table was found the following note:

„Dear Landlord, — you know, without doubt, that your town of Calais was in the possession of the English during two hundred years; that it was at length retaken by the Duke of Guise, who treated the English inhabitants as our Edward III. had treated the French; that is, seized their goods, and drove them out. Sometimes ago we discovered among some old family papers a document of one of our ancestors, who possessed a house at Calais where yours now stands. From this document we learned that, on the retaking of Calais he was obliged to flee, but hoping of being able to return, he buried a considerable sum of money near the wall in his garden; the paper contained also so accurate a de-

scription of the spot, that we did not doubt of being able to discover it.—We immediately came to Calais, and finding your house on the spot indicated, we took there our lodgings.

“We were soon convinced that the treasure was buried in the corner of your garden, but how dig without being seen? We found a method, it was the construction of the apartment. As soon as it was completed we dug up the earth and found our object in the chest which we have left you. We wish you good success in your house, but advise you to give better wine, and to be more reasonable in your prices.”

Poor Dulong was dumb with astonishment; he looked at his neighbour, and then at the empty chest; they both shrugged up their shoulders, and acknowledged that the Englishmen were not quite such fools as they had judged them.

Do not judge the actions of any one, without knowing the motives of them.

VII. COMPARATIVE AND SUPERLATIVE UNHAPPINESS.

The greatest part of unhappy people find some interest, or perhaps consolation, in hearing of persons more unhappy than themselves, and many consider their own fate as the most miserable in the world, until they are convinced, that there are thousands more to be pitied than they are.

Several years ago a gentleman and a lady lived at V.; they had been married for some time, and were reckoned amongst the happiest of the happy. Some particular business called the husband away. Shortly afterwards the wife received a letter by express, stating that her husband was seriously ill; and that she must come with the utmost despatch if she hoped to see him still alive. She lost no time, but on approaching the inn, she met a funeral and heard to her unspeakable horror, that the hearse before her contained the dead body of her hus-

band! She fainted in the street, but when the funeral hat passed on, the people were at a loss what to do with her, not knowing who she was, nor even in what connexion she was with the gentleman who had died; for when she recovered from her fainting fit, her reason had fled. A benevolent lady, however, who saw the whole scene from her window, ran down into the street and desired that the woman should be carried to her own room.

For some weeks her mind continued unsettled, and she remembered only that some dreadful calamity had happened; at length her senses returned, and with them the comprehension of her loss. Her grief became outrageous and uncontrolled, and she constantly exclaimed, „I am the most unfortunate of women—certainly never, never was there any one put to such a trial!“—For some time her unknown but kind friend did not attempt to stop these bursts of grief, but at last she said to her mildly, though firmly,—„Your lot is hard, but you are not the most unfortunate of mortals. Listen to my story. I, too, was a very happy wife. My husband and I, we had passed upwards of twenty years in the uninterrupted enjoyment of life, in company with our two children, a son and a daughter, who were in every respect what we could desire. To our infinite horror, we discovered that a villain, a man in whom we had trusted, had in our own house, by a series of diabolical arts, seduced the affections of our poor girl! He fled from our vengeance, and his wretched victim died shortly after of a broken heart. Meanwhile her brother, who was of a delicate frame, and of a sensitive temperament, suffered so much from the pain and the humiliation that he speedily fell into a decline and we saw before us another inevitable source of grief.

„To avert this blow, however, as long as possible, a journey to the south of Europe was recommended, and the grateful air of a milder climate seemed to revive the drooping spirits of our son. One day he entered a coffee-house and had scarcely sat down when he beheld the

destroyer of his sister before him. Stupified and uncertain what to do he remained silent, while the other broke into taunts, allusions, and reproaches. This was too much for human nature to stand, and our poor boy, snatching up a knife, which unfortunately lay near him, plunged it into the heart of the monster who had ruined the peace of a whole family.

„Of course he was instantly secured. The trial took place, and in spite of the extenuating circumstances which were urged, he was condemned, and dreadful to relate, executed! My husband returned from the horrid scene apparently calm and unmoved. We felt it our duty to support one another in our misfortune. The next day we had agreed to take a drive together, he said he had forgotten something for which he must return to his room. I waited for four or five minutes, and then, becoming alarmed, I ran up stairs, and found that he had put a period to his existence!

„Judge now, therefore, my dear madam, whether there may not be women in this world still more unfortunate than you are.“

VIII. THE WHISTLE.

A TRUE STORY — WRITTEN BY DR. FRANKLIN TO HIS NEPHEW.

When I was a child, seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, I however met with a boy who had a whistle, the sound of which pleased me very much. I voluntarily offered him all my money for it, I came home, and went whistling all over the house much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing the whole family. My brothers, sisters, and cousins understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind how many good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much, that I cried with rage, and that this idea gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This however, was afterwards of much use to me, so that when I was tempted to buy some superfluous thing, I said to myself, „Don't give too much for the whistle“; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, I came into the world and observed the actions of men; I thought that I met with many, a great many, who gave too much for their whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps also his friends to attain it, I said to myself, „This man gives too much for his whistle“.

When I saw another who cared only of popularity, constantly employed in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, I said, „He pays indeed too much for his whistle“.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfort, all the pleasures of doing good to others, the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; I said, „Poor man, you pay indeed too dear for your whistle“.

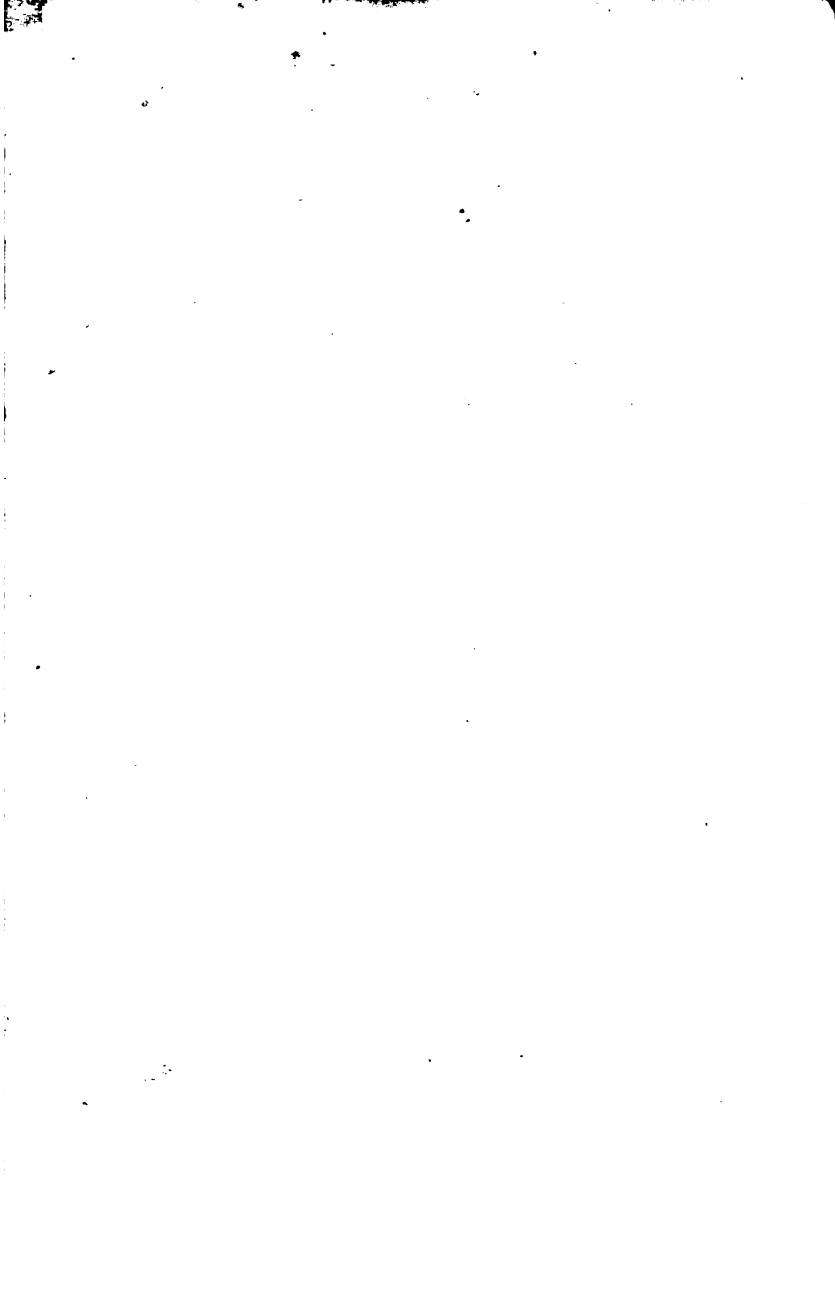
When I meet with a man who loves pleasure above all, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune to corporeal sensations, I tell him, „Stupid man, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle“.

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, and that he contracts therefore debts, and ends his career in prison, I say, „Alas, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.“

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to a coarse ill-natured husband, I say, „What a pity it is, that she has paid so much for her whistle.“

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by having ill estimated the value of things, and by their having given too much for their whistles.

FRANKLIN.



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6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk

Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

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